MAY 14 1954

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

JUNE
20c

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ELL
AZINE

ew look at
ANA TURNER

ow TONY
nd JANET saved
heir love

warning
JERRY LEWIS

your hair is romance





...keep it sunshine bright

with *White Rain*

As surely as sunshine follows rain, romance follows the girl whose hair is bright to see, soft to touch, fresh as a spring breeze—the kind of hair you always have when you use New White Rain. This fabulous shampoo sprinkles your hair with sunlight. And with sunshine all around you, love and laughter follow after. Love and laughter . . . the essence of romance. Ask for White Rain . . . the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water.

Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight
and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO
BY TONI

MAY 14 1954

Now...enjoy sweet treats and protect your teeth from cavities

New white Ipana with WD-9 inhibits tooth-decay acids*



Now you can eat the sweet things you like—and need for quick energy, a balanced diet—and stop worrying about unnecessary cavities.

Many foods, including sweets, form tooth-decay acids. But now, with new white Ipana containing acid-inhibitor WD-9, you can guard your teeth against these acids.

For WD-9 in Ipana's exclusive new formula is one of the most effective ingredients known to prevent the formation of tooth-decay acids. Acid-inhibitor WD-9 is an active anti-enzyme and bacteria destroyer.

***To get the best results** from new Ipana with acid-inhibitor WD-9, use it regularly after eating. Thus it acts before tooth-decay acids can do their damage.

Brushing with new Ipana after eating really works. A 2-year clinical test with hundreds who ate all the sweet things they wanted proved that brushing this way can *prevent most tooth decay.*

So remember, while no dentifrice can stop all cavities —you *can* protect teeth from sweet foods by brushing with new Ipana containing WD-9.

Don't cut down sweets ... do cut down cavities with new Ipana®



New minty flavor encourages children to brush teeth. No strong, medicinal taste in new Ipana with WD-9. And it makes your mouth so fresh and clean that even *one* brushing can stop most unpleasant mouth odor all day long.



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

New white IPANA with Acid-Inhibitor WD-9

Buy one jar—get another

Free



To introduce you to the doctor's deodorant discovery* that safely

STOPS ODOR ALL DAY LONG

New Mum with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

We want you to try wonderful new Mum, the *exclusive deodorant based originally on a doctor's discovery, and now containing long-lasting M-3. That's why we offer you, absolutely free, a bonus jar of new Mum when you buy the regular 39¢ jar.

New Mum stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 *clings* to your skin—*keeps on* destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours—far longer than the ordinary deodorant tested.

Non-irritating to normal skin. Won't rot fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering. Creamier, delicately fragrant, won't dry out in the jar. Today, take advantage of new Mum's Special Offer. Get a free bonus jar while supplies last.

NEW MUM®

cream deodorant with long-lasting M-3



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

JUNE, 1954

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZIN

modern screen

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* On the cover: Color portrait of brown-haired Lana Turner currently appearing in two of MGM's 30th Anniversary releases, *Flame And The Flesh* and *Betrayed*. See page 92 for other photographers' credits.

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LANA TURNER

EVEN MORE EXCITING NOW AS A BRUNETTE!

FLAME and the FLESH



M-G-M's ***sensation***
filmed in the pleasure-haunts
of Europe in color by
Technicolor!

The greatest sin... to steal the love that belongs to another woman!!

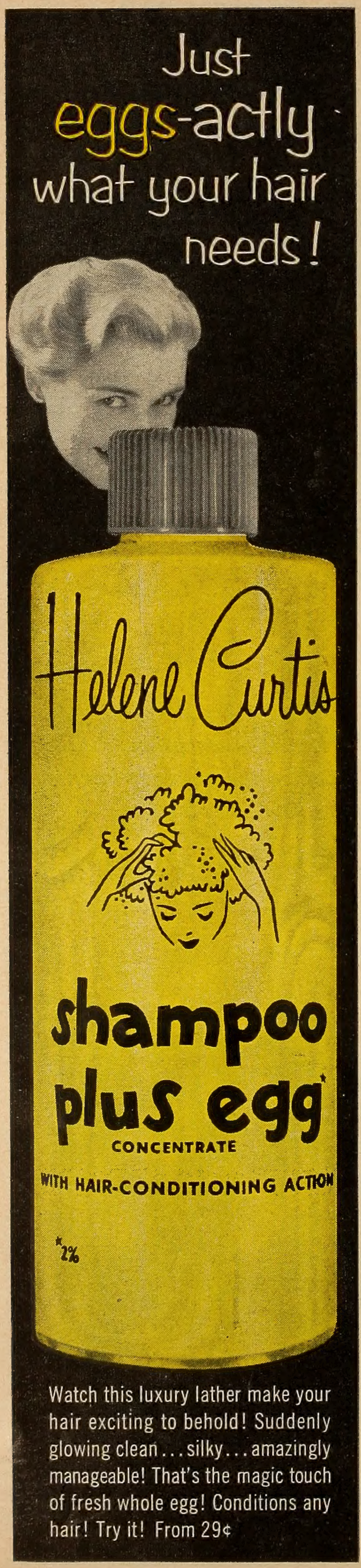


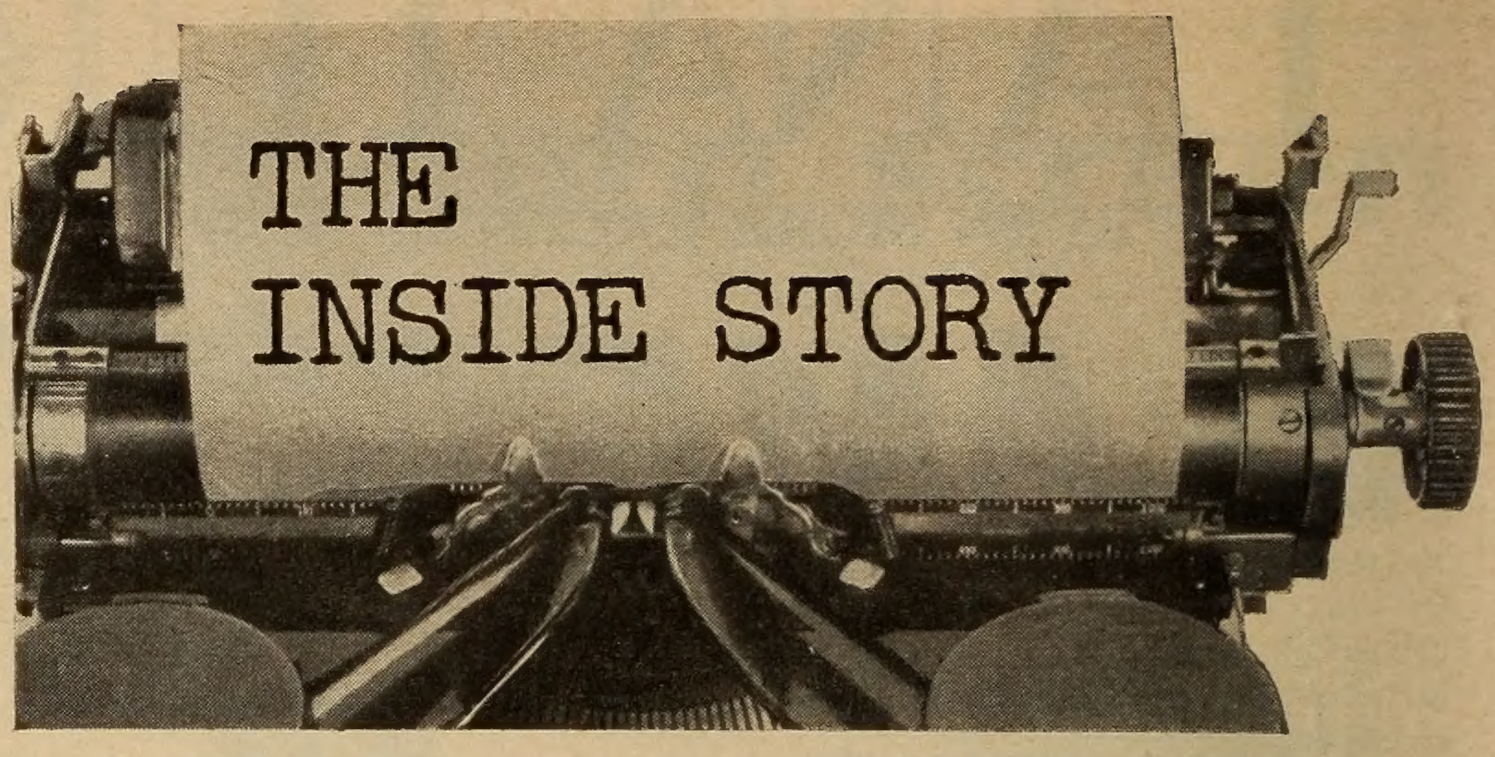
CO-STARRING

PIER ANGELI · CARLOS THOMPSON · with BONAR COLLEANO

Screen Play by
HELEN DEUTSCH · Based on a Novel by AUGUSTE BAILLY · Directed by **RICHARD BROOKS** · Produced by **JOE PASTERNAK**

AN M-G-M PICTURE





Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that Marilyn Monroe's husband, Joe Di Maggio, is a millionaire? —J.T., Fresno, Cal.

A. *No.*

Q. Why does Jane Russell want her husband to produce her future motion pictures? —V.R., Ames, Iowa

A. *She loves him, has faith in his judgment.*

Q. In San Francisco recently, James Tarantino, publisher of a weekly called *Hollywood Night Life,* was convicted of extortion. Is it true that he was backed by Frank Sinatra?
—V.T., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *No. One per cent of the stock was owned by Hank Sanicola, Sinatra's personal manager.*

Q. What broke up the Leslie Caron-Geordie Hormel marriage?
—B.B., Boston, Mass.

A. *Miss Caron's career desires.*

Q. Any truth to those Liz Taylor-Mike Wilding fight rumors?
—D.H., Augusta, Ga.

A. *No.*

Q. Is Lorraine Chanel, who sees Gary Cooper when he works in Mexico, French or Mexican or what? How old is she?
—Y.R., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *Lorraine Chanel y Cortez is twenty-nine, of Swedish-Mexican extraction.*

Q. Can you tell me anything about Fernando Lamas' second wife, Lydia? Is it true that she is English?
—J.T., Buenos Aires

A. *Lydia Lamas was born in Milan of a Scotch mother, Wilhemina Burton-Winton, and an Italian father, Giovanni Babacci.*

Q. Is it true that Pat O'Brien and a group of gamblers are erecting the largest gambling casino in Las Vegas?
—F.L., Louville, Ky.

A. *O'Brien and a group of prominent, respectable real estate men plan to erect a new Las Vegas hotel.*

Q. Can you tell me how old Mickey Rooney is, how many times he's been married, and if he is still disliked in Hollywood? —H.J., Birmingham, Ala.

A. *Rooney is thirty-two, has been married four times; is currently more popular in trade circles than he has ever been.*

Q. Are Richard Conte and Perry Como brothers? —F.H., Jersey City, N. J.

A. *No.*

Q. Is it true that John Agar has agreed to give up his daughter so that she may be adopted legally by Shirley Temple's husband? —E.U., Arlington, Mass.

A. *Agar will not consent to this.*

Q. What color was Marilyn Monroe's hair before she changed it? And what was her name? —C.F., Toledo, Ohio

A. *Norma Jean Mortenson had brown hair.*

Q. I've read that Keefe Brasselle got a break in Hollywood because his mother is Betty Grable's hairdresser. How about it? —V.L., Washington, D. C.

A. *Brasselle has a forceful personality, made his own breaks.*

Q. I understand that the reason Judy Garland took so long to finish *A Star Is Born* is that she couldn't get her weight down. True or false?
—B.F., Elgin, Ill.

A. *False. Her top weight during the production was 112 pounds.*

Q. It was recently announced that Kirk Douglas paid $70,000 for a mansion in Beverly Hills. Wasn't the real price much lower? Wasn't the $70,000 a price purely for newspaper consumption?
—F.D., Ventura, Calif.

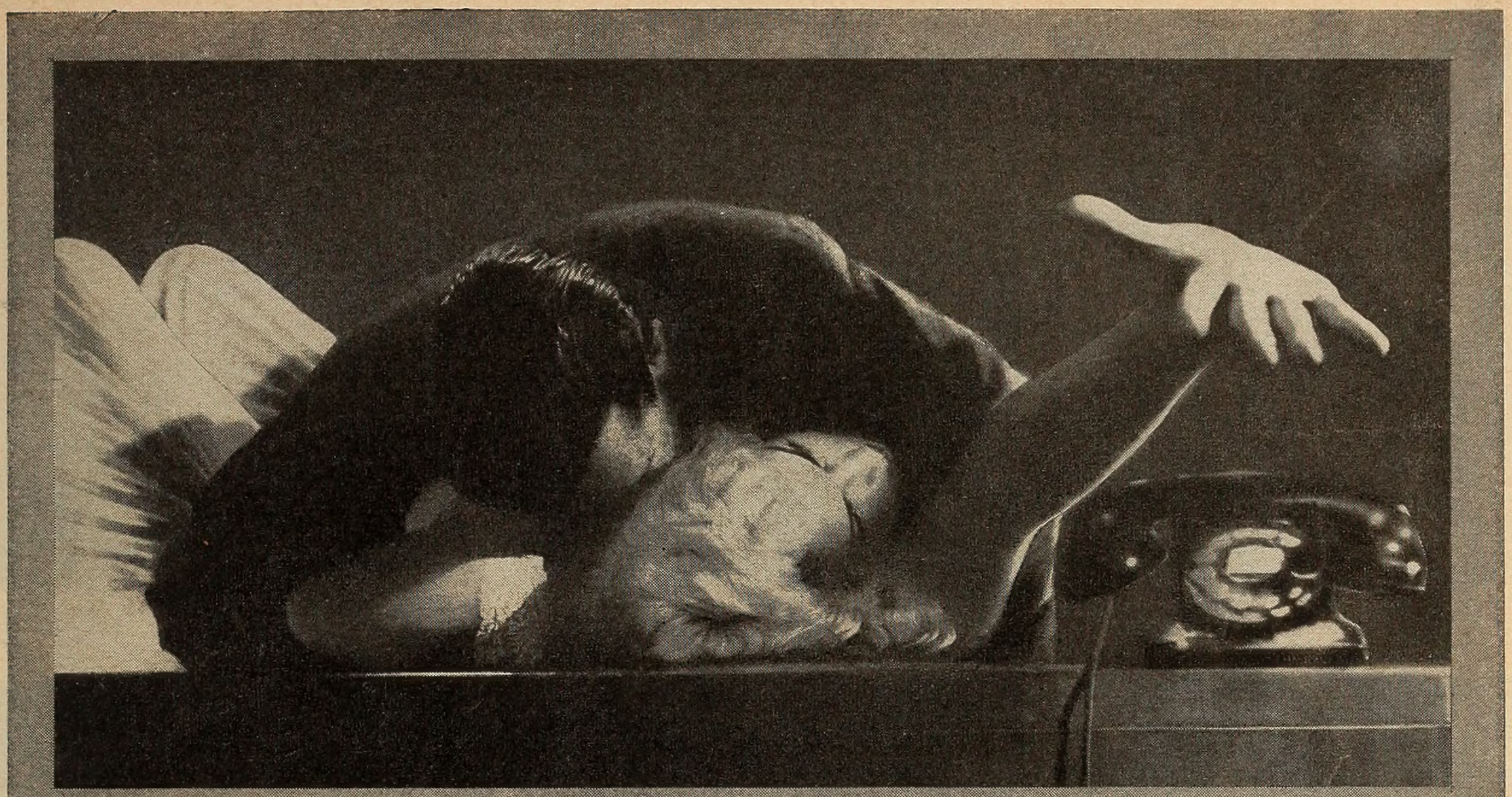
A. *Yes.*

Q. Is it true that Marlon Brando and Wally Cox were roommates long before either one was famous?
—A.R., Milwaukee, Wis.

A. *Yes. Wally and Marlon went to school together, met again in New York and decided to room together.*

Q. I've heard that Sheree North was married when she was fifteen. True or false? —J.C., New York, N. Y.

A. *Sheree married Fred Bessire when she was fifteen. The marriage lasted two years.*



ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S

"dial M for Murder"

IF A WOMAN ANSWERS... HANG ON FOR DEAR LIFE!

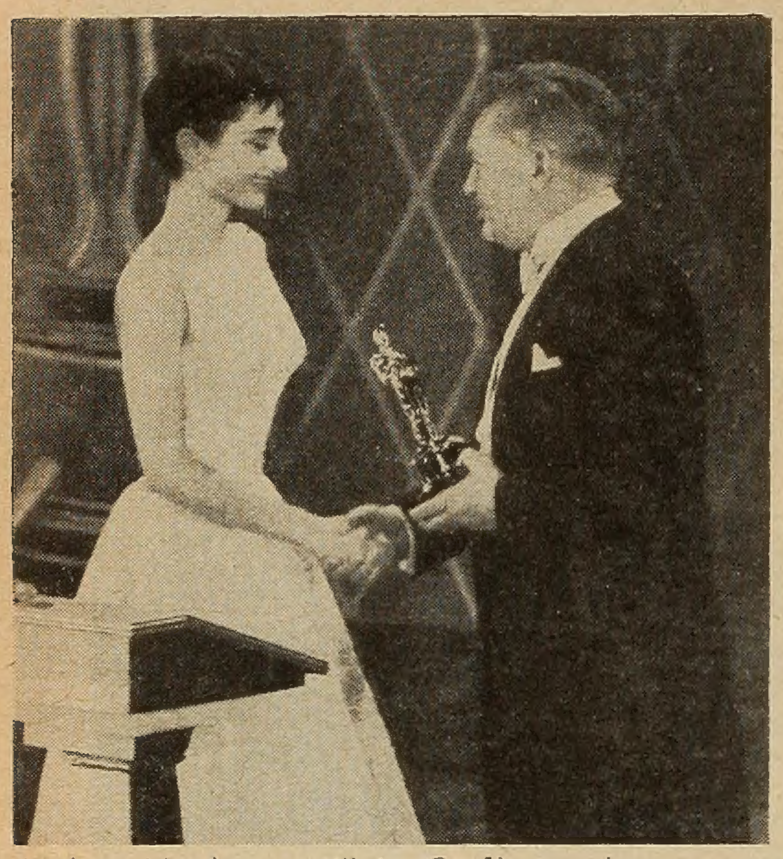
WARNER BROS. PRESENT 'DIAL M FOR MURDER' THE INTERNATIONAL STAGE SUCCESS

COLOR BY WARNERCOLOR

STARRING RAY MILLAND · GRACE KELLY · ROBERT CUMMINGS

WITH JOHN WILLIAMS • WRITTEN BY FREDERICK KNOTT AUTHOR OF THE STAGE PLAY • MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY DIMITRI TIOMKIN

Academy Award winners: Audrey Hepburn: best actress; William Holden: best actor; Donna Reed: best supporting



Audrey Hepburn, still in *Ondine* make-up, was rushed to New York's Center Theatre by a police escort to receive Oscar from Jean Hersholt.



Bill Holden (with wife Brenda Marshall) took Oscar with brief "Thank you," sorry that time didn't allow him to make acceptance speech.



Donna Reed and Frank Sinatra won supporting Oscars for work in *From Here To Eternity,* which also took honors for direction, editing.



Mitzi Gaynor arrived with Jack Bean, joined m.c. Donald O'Connor to sing "The Moon is Blue"; Cecil B. DeMille followed Mitzi and Jack in.



Marge and Gower Champion presented awards for the best art direction in color and black-and-white to *The Robe* and *Julius Caesar.*



Donna Reed (with proud husband Tony Owen) burst into tears in press room, said she didn't remember running down aisle to receive award.



THE NEW MARILYN MONROE

. . . PAT NERNEY SAYS HE'LL MARRY

JANE POWELL SOON . . .

HOLLYWOOD'S BEST CATCH: JACK

WEBB . . . LOUELLA LOVES LANA

LOUELLA PARSONS'

GOOD NEWS

THE BIGGEST CATCH in Hollywood today is not Clark Gable nor Bing Crosby.

It's old man Friday himself—Jack Webb, I mean—who will soon become a movie star in his famed *Dragnet* after selling the rights to Warner Brothers for a hot million dollars.

Now that the rumor is out that Jack is cooling with his former flame, Dorothy Towne, all the eligible glamour girls are on the prowl for this dark, moody and *rich* young man.

I ran into Jack at Chasen's a few nights ago and he was anything but moody. To the contrary, he was very funny about his reactions to becoming a movie star after years on radio and TV.

"Guess I went kinda nuts about being on the screen," he said after dropping by my table for a chat. "First thing I did was to buy Stanley Kramer's former house which has *two* swimming pools and a couple of projection rooms.

"Then I went and ordered a new wardrobe —everything from sweaters to tails—that would be the envy of the Duke of Windsor.

"The same week, I bought a pastel car—just like the ones driven by the movie stars!"

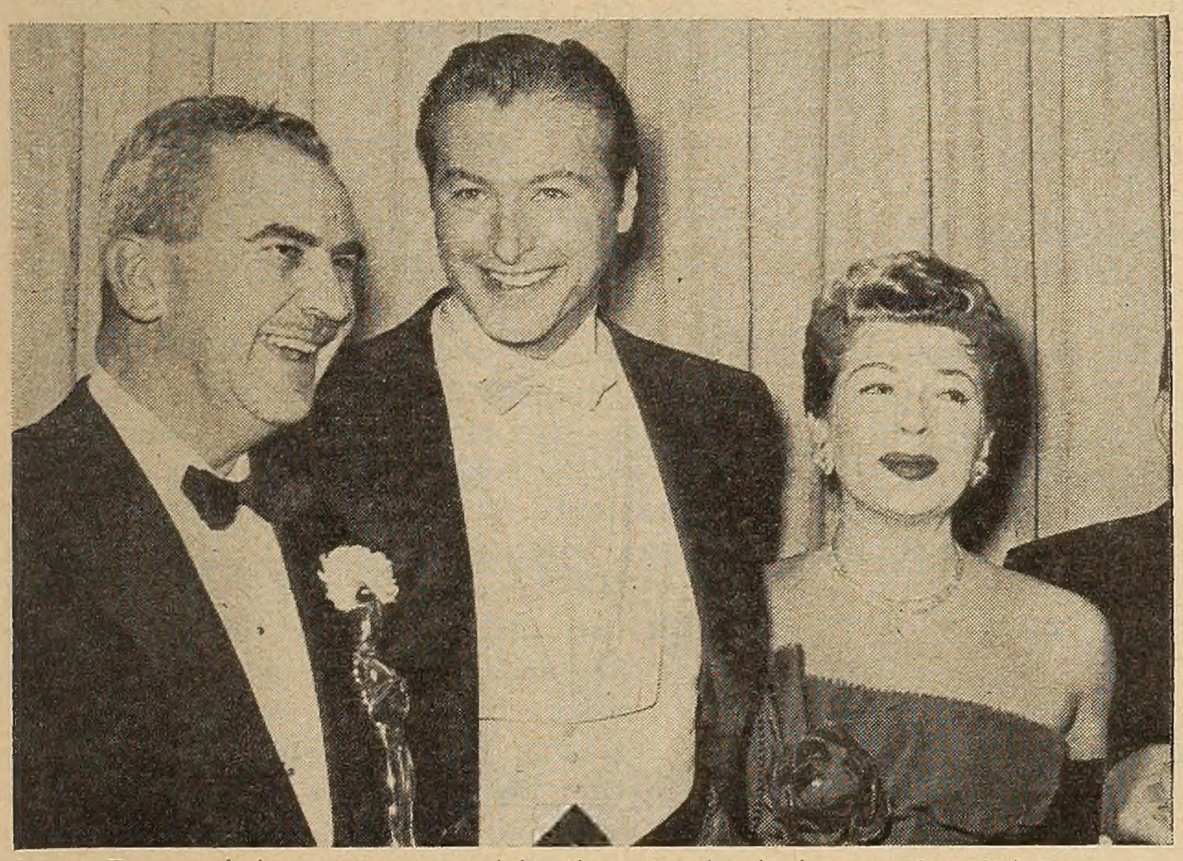
actress; Frank Sinatra: best supporting actor; *From Here To Eternity:* best film; "Secret Love": best song



Frank Sinatra brought Frank, Jr., and Nancy, made them promise not to be disappointed if he didn't win. "Don't you be, either," they advised, then presented him with St. Genesius medal with Oscar engraved on back.



Liz Taylor and Michael Wilding started the ceremonies by presenting 4 awards for short subjects to Walt Disney, giving him a grand total of 18 Oscars, 3 Special Academy Awards and one Irving Thalberg Award.



Lana Turner (almost unnoticed by fans in the balcony who didn't recognize her dark hair) and Lex Barker presented the cinematography (photography to you) awards; one went to Burnett Guffey (left) for *Eternity.*



Clark Gable brought Grace Kelly. Other pairs at this 26th Academy Award were Corinne Calvet and John Anderson; John Wayne and Pilar Palette; Carole Lee and Alana Ladd (using Mom and Dad's tickets).

I laughed, "These are the *facts?*"

Jack nodded. "These are the facts, ma'am."

"And how do you like all your movie star trappings now," I asked.

"Hate 'em, just hate 'em," said Jack. "Can't stand that huge house. I've only owned it a few months and I'm putting it on the market to sell.

"Hate all those clothes, too. But I'm stuck with them. Just for spite, I'm wearing my oldest suit.

"And *that* car is parked in the garage gathering dust and rust while I drive my old three-year-old job."

Jack sighed, "Guess I'm not cut out to be a bona fide movie star."

We'll see about that, Mr. Dragnet.

AFTERTHOUGHTS on the fabulously beautiful wedding of Joan Benny and Seth Baker:

What a laugh I got when Jack Benny whispered in my ear the real reason for the long wait before he and Joanie came down the aisle—even after the orchestra had struck up "Here Comes The Bride."

"Of all things, at a time like this, Joan says she's just got to go to the *powder room!*" gasped Jack.

Never have I seen such delightful young people circling in one room. Among the bridesmaids I thought Sandra Wilhoit, the tall blonde daughter of Gracie Allen and George Burns, was exceptionally beautiful.

The sentimental atmosphere seemed to have affected many estranged couples.

Even though Freddie Karger was leading the orchestra he couldn't take his eyes off Jane Wyman—and I don't wonder. She looked radiantly beautiful in an off the shoulder, bouffant pink dress.

Finally, Johnny Green took pity on Freddie and offered to play the piano so Karger could dance with his wife.

Bob Taylor left early for an amusing reason. He walked right out of the Crystal Room and into the cocktail lounge at the hotel and sent a note to Barbara Stanwyck asking her to join him! She did—and they talked until closing time.

Frank Sinatra was there and so was Nancy—but they just said, "Hi," as they passed one another.

One of the loveliest gowns in the room was worn by Piper Laurie who is soooo in love with Dick Contino—and he with her. However, the course of this true love is not running smoothly because of a serious difference in their religious faiths.

Getting back to Piper's dress, it was a décolleté ecru chiffon with big crush roses of the same material over one shoulder. With her vivid red hair, it was a lovely effect.

The best dancer in the room was Anita Louise, wife of Buddy Adler who has won so many honors for producing *From Here To Eternity.* Anita danced every dance and I don't know how her feet held up. I know. I tried to do the same thing!

No mother-of-the-bride was ever so thoughtful of her guests, more sentimental, or more *tired* than Mary Benny. What a wonderful hostess she was!

Tony Martin was out of town, so Cyd Charisse came with the Johnny Greens. Cyd was breathtaking in a flame colored chiffon, but I continue to be surprised at the way certain cameramen fail to recognize her and pass her up for lesser celebrities. Cyd never cares.



LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued

Dean Martin showed up. Jerry Lewis didn't.

Joan Caulfield dropped a piece of wedding cake on her beautiful gown but she laughed, "I always like to take a piece of wedding cake home to sleep on. But this is the first time I've *worn* it home."

It will be a long time before there's another social event as beautiful and heartwarming as Mary and Jack's wedding for their beloved daughter.

WHEN MARILYN MONROE came to my house to discuss her appearance on my radio show, the bride furnished me a couple of surprises.

Not formerly the neat type, Marilyn looked very chic in a black skirt, white printed blouse, and a wide belt. And every hair was in place.

Her old man, Mr. DiMaggio, likes her all spruced up, I take it.

The second surprise came as we were discussing the script. Marilyn rewrote some of it and her ideas were splendid. Don't sell this girl short. She knows her business.

Marilyn was still hopped up over her trip to Korea even though she had caught a dreadful cold.

"Joe is flying home tonight," she told me proudly. "I can hardly wait for his plane to arrive."

By way of proving this, she hopped up every five minutes, went to the telephone, and checked the airport on the time of arrival.

Marilyn used to be late for everything.

But not where Joe is concerned. She tore out of my house to be at the airport *ahead* of time when her Joe flew in.

Love is wonderful.

DEAN MARTIN and Jerry Lewis have been having terrible fights and it's obvious that somebody has been giving one of the boys, or both, very bad advice.

Jerry admitted to me that they went to it hammer and tongs, on location in Phoenix making *The Big Top*. But, over the telephone, he said:

"It was rough going for us for awhile. But I wish all marriages were as steady as our partnership is now. We won't break up."

Several years ago, it was noised around that the wives of Dean and Jerry didn't hit it off socially. My spies, however, report that the ladies aren't the cause of the present hassle.

As I get it, Dean was very unhappy about his small role in *The Big Top* and insisted on a rewrite. Someone is telling Dean that he is getting the worst of it in the Martin and Lewis teaming.

Don't think for a minute that I'm putting all the blame on Dean. Jerry has been in a bit of a battling mood himself lately. Not long ago he and his pal, Tony Curtis, had a big blow-up and didn't speak for several months.

Let's hope nothing serious comes between Martin and Lewis. No matter what they may think, neither would be so good without the other.

THE STRANGE and temperamental behavior of a certain big league star (feminine) is due to her almost neurotic belief that she has cancer.

The amazing thing about this is that the doctors say she has no malignancy.

But she broods and broods to the point where it may eventually wreck her health—and her career.

JANE POWELL says she and Pat Nerney did *not* get married in Mexico City where he met her on her return from the Rio festival. "We have no wedding plans," says Jane.

That isn't what Pat is saying. "We'll marry as soon as Jane's divorce is final," says the good-looking Nerney, formerly married to Mona Freeman.

I'm betting Pat's right.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: Julia Adams is the only brunette Donald O'Connor has ever fallen for—and as this is written Don's fallen! . . . If such a thing is possible, Mitzi Gaynor's eyelashes are *too* thick. A wag said, "Mitzi's eyes are bordered in mink!" . . . I've said it before and I'm going to say it again: Doris Day is too plainly dressed in public. She wears high necks and long sleeves when the other girls are bare as far as they dare. . . Saw Liz Taylor shopping with her baby in a Beverly Hills toy shop. Liz was wearing a blue slacks suit—and on her slacks look good—which is more than I can say for all movie queens. Most men don't like them, but Liz told me, "Mike thinks they're cute and very American." . . . Jeff Chandler's developing an "I-Want-To-Be-alone" complex almost as conspicuous as Greta Garbo's. He stags everywhere. . . . Speaking of recluses, what's happened to Dale Robertson—practically invisible since his rift with his wife? . . . The biggest feud in town is still Mrs. Rory Calhoun and Nora Flynn Haymes. . . . Never in her life has Jeanne Crain been more beautiful—and



Joan Crawford's 46th-birthday party was given at New York's The Harwyn. Danny Kaye and press agent O'Shea were among the guests.



Joan's former husband, Franchot Tone, arrived to congratulate her; they saw each other often in New York, but it's not serious, they maintain.



ELIZABETH
Taylor
DANA
Andrews
PETER
Finch

From halfway across the world, a lovely young girl goes into the Ceylon jungles ...to battle plague and savage elephants... and to learn of her own secret passions— from her husband's best friend!

in

ELEPHANT WALK

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



Produced by IRVING ASHER · Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE · Screenplay by JOHN LEE MAHIN

Based on the Novel by Robert Standish · A Paramount Picture



"Young Skin" Problems?

In the teens, "Young Skin" no longer means the baby-soft complexion you were born with.

All at once, it seems, everything "goes wrong." Excess oil oozes out, in spite of frequent scrubbings. Yet, at the same time, skin grows too sluggish to throw off its daily accumulation of dead cells. These dried flakes cover and choke pore-openings. Then—enlarged pores and blackheads may appear.

Today—skin doctors say that excess oil and dead skin must be cleared off. Now specially for "Young Skin" problems, Pond's brings you a greaseless Treatment based on this medical theory. Hundreds of girls have tested it. They say it really works!

Quick-working "Young Skin" Treatment

Reduces large pores
Clears off oiliness
Leaves skin soft!



Pond's "Young Skin" Treatment—used every day—keeps your skin looking fresh and clear! And it takes only 1 minute! Just cover face deeply, except eyes, with *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on 1 full minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action dissolves away choking oil and dead skin debris . . . frees tiny skin glands to function normally. After 1 minute, wipe off, rinse with cold water. Now see how tingling *fresh* your skin feels, how much smoother and cleaner it looks!

Heavy make-up doesn't flatter "Young Skin"
For a delicate, natural powder base—use a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Not greasy. Holds powder!

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

continued

she's always been beautiful. . . . Pretty cute and sweet of Frank Sinatra to have as his Academy Award guests his lovely thirteen-year-old daughter, Nancy, and ten-year-old Frankie, Jr.

THE "FEUD" Lana Turner Barker and I have been carrying on over her dark hair (I said in print that I didn't like it and Lana told another writer she didn't care who liked it or who didn't, she *did*) came to an end when I arrived at her cocktail party.

It was the first formal event Lana and Lex had staged since their marriage and it was a charming affair.

When I walked in, Lana said, "Look, Louella. I've put light streaks in front just for you!"

When you get right down to it, I'd like Lana's looks if she dyed her hair purple. I just like Lana.

A PREDICTION: Debbie Reynolds will be the biggest little star in Hollywood after you see her in *Susan Slept Here*. Debbie really reaches the heights as a polished comedienne in that picture.

May I add with justifiable pride that the very amusing picture was produced by Harriet Parsons, a young woman very close to my heart. And wait until you see Dick Powell as her beau.

I love this movie—and I think you will, too.

TAKE A BOW, Miss Stanwyck. Vic Damone says Barbara is the best dancer in Hollywood.

"And notice what a wonderfully graceful walk she has," opined Vic who usually dates only the younger girls, "probably the most beautiful walk of any actress, including professional dancers, in Hollywood."

LINDA CHRISTIAN POWER and Tyrone Power heatedly denied that they had a battle at dinner in a nightspot. The story went that Linda blew her top when Ty started to tell a story and yelled so all could hear:

"Good heavens! Are you going to tell that same old, old, old story all over again?"

The whole thing hands me a chuckle. Whether Linda yelled at Ty or not, many

UNDER A BUSHEL?

Well, crawl out and let us see your light! There's no reason for your loves to be a secret, you know . . . and if you're peeved a little, why, get it off your chest! You'll find a coupon below just waiting to tell the world your opinions. We therefore suggest that you get busy and blow your horn in a hurry—because we're offering one very useful dollar bill for each of the first hundred opinions to reach us.

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know which stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ Can Love Find The Way? (June Haver-Fred MacMurray)
- ☐ Susan Hayward's Story
- ☐ The Face Is Familiar (Lana Turner)
- ☐ Who's Got the Money?
- ☐ Beauty Fair
- ☐ Why Duke Likes Them Latin (John Wayne)
- ☐ Nobody's Baby Now (Pier Angeli)
- ☐ Like Father, Like Son (Glenn Ford)
- ☐ A Date With Eddie (Eddie Fisher-Mala Powers)
- ☐ What She Doesn't Have, She Doesn't Need (Audrey Hepburn)
- ☐ What's Happening to Jerry? (Jerry Lewis-Dean Martin)
- ☐ Wanted: A Man! (Kathryn Grayson)
- ☐ How Tony and Janet Saved Their Love (Curtis-Leigh)
- ☐ The Little Lessons (Debbie Reynolds)
- ☐ Julius La Rosa: How Nervous Can You Get?
- ☐ Adventures of an Ex-Choir Boy Named Smith (John Smith)
- ☐ Who's Your Little Hoosier? (Herb Shriner)
- ☐ All About Addams (Dawn Addams)
- ☐ Shoot If You Must
- ☐ Reconciliation Blues (Gene Nelson-Jeff Chandler)
- ☐ Meadows in the Clover (Audrey and Jayne Meadows)
- ☐ Pavement Pounding (Michael Wilding)
- ☐ There Are *Enchiladas* and *Enchiladas* (Mari Blanchard)
- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ New Movies
- ☐ TV Talk
- ☐ Just for the Records

Which of the stories did you like least?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

_____

_____

_____

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

_____

_____

_____

Which photographs in this issue do you like best?

_____

_____

_____

My name is.....

My address is.....

City .....

Occupation.....I am.....yrs. old

ADDRESS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN, BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

wives who have listened to the "same old, old, old story" hundreds of times can certainly sympathize with her.

THE LETTER BOX: From Pine Bluff, Arkansas, "L. G." asks my aid in getting her married to Bing Crosby! My dear, almost every eligible female from six to sixty has the same idea.

Mrs. Anne Heller, Lansdowne, Pa., writes: "Marlon Brando is superb in *Julius Caesar*. People who take cracks at his temperament must be jealous."

Oh, now come, come, come, "J.M.," Astoria, New York, requesting: "Please send me the name, make, model and size of the *bra* worn by Janet Leigh in *Walking My Baby Back Home*."

"N.W.," of Sanford, Florida, is through with "vain Vittorio Gassman" after the shameful way he treated Shelley Winters. "Shelley did her part. I don't blame her for screaming when she arrived in Rome."

The last letter this month—and the best—comes from Margo Danieje, who sends me a personal close-up of the stars she saw in Buenos Aires during the South American film festival. Margo writes:

"Everywhere Fred MacMurray and June Haver went they were loved and greeted by cries, 'MacMurray and La Monjita!' (meaning June, the little nun).

"Wendell Corey has such gracious manners and he is so well dressed.

"Irene Dunne was the hardest to recognize. She went to church the most often.

"Edward G. Robinson delighted all by looking so much like himself on the screen—even to riding in an open car, smoking a big, fat cigar just like *Little Caesar*.

"Ann Miller is so glamorous and wears such gorgeous clothes the crowds wondered why she is not a greater star in the U.S.A.

"We were surprised that Jeanette MacDonald's hair is carrot-color. But she has a dazzling smile.

"Joan Fontaine was very much the lady both in her looks and action. She wore the least make-up.

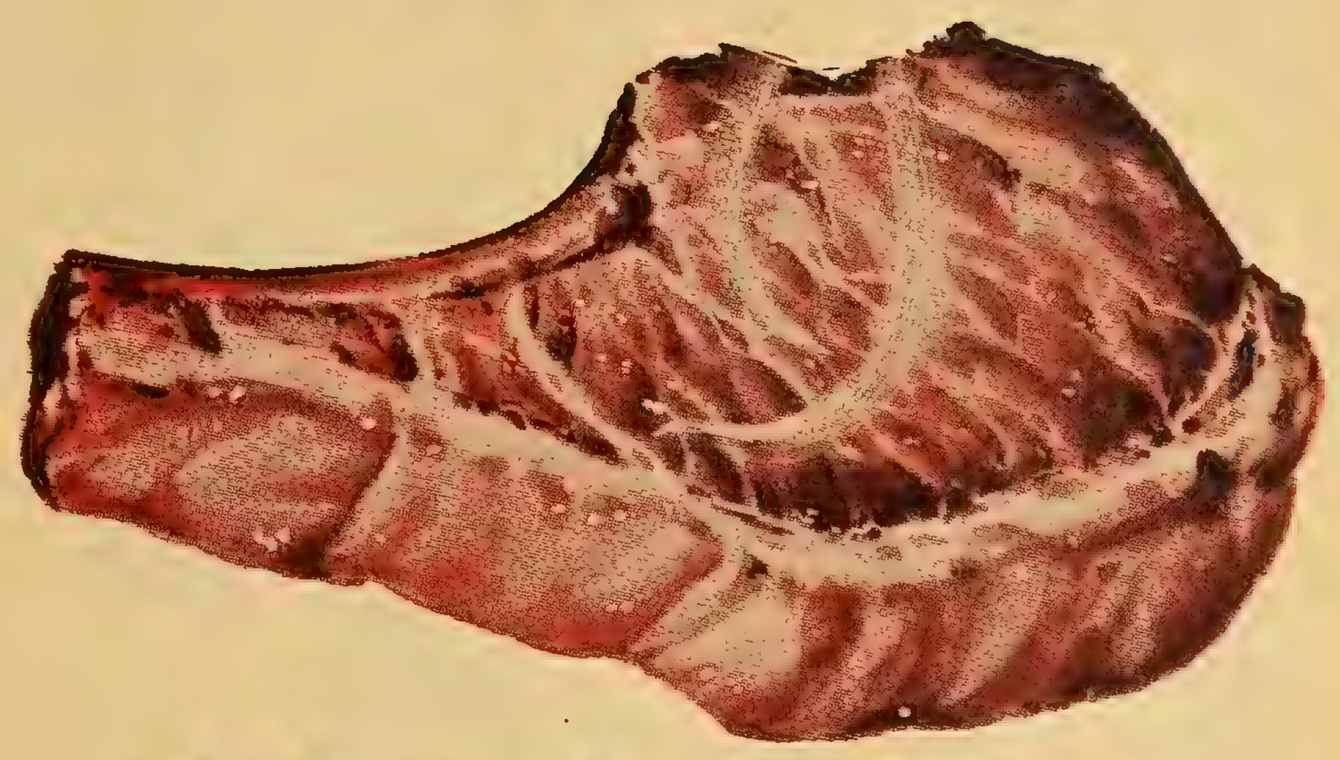
"South American fans do not forget. So is it any wonder that the crowds cheered themselves almost into a frenzy when small, dainty-looking and so *young* Mary Pickford stepped from her car blowing kisses?"

Thank you so very much, Margo, for your intimate observations about our traveling Hollywoodians.

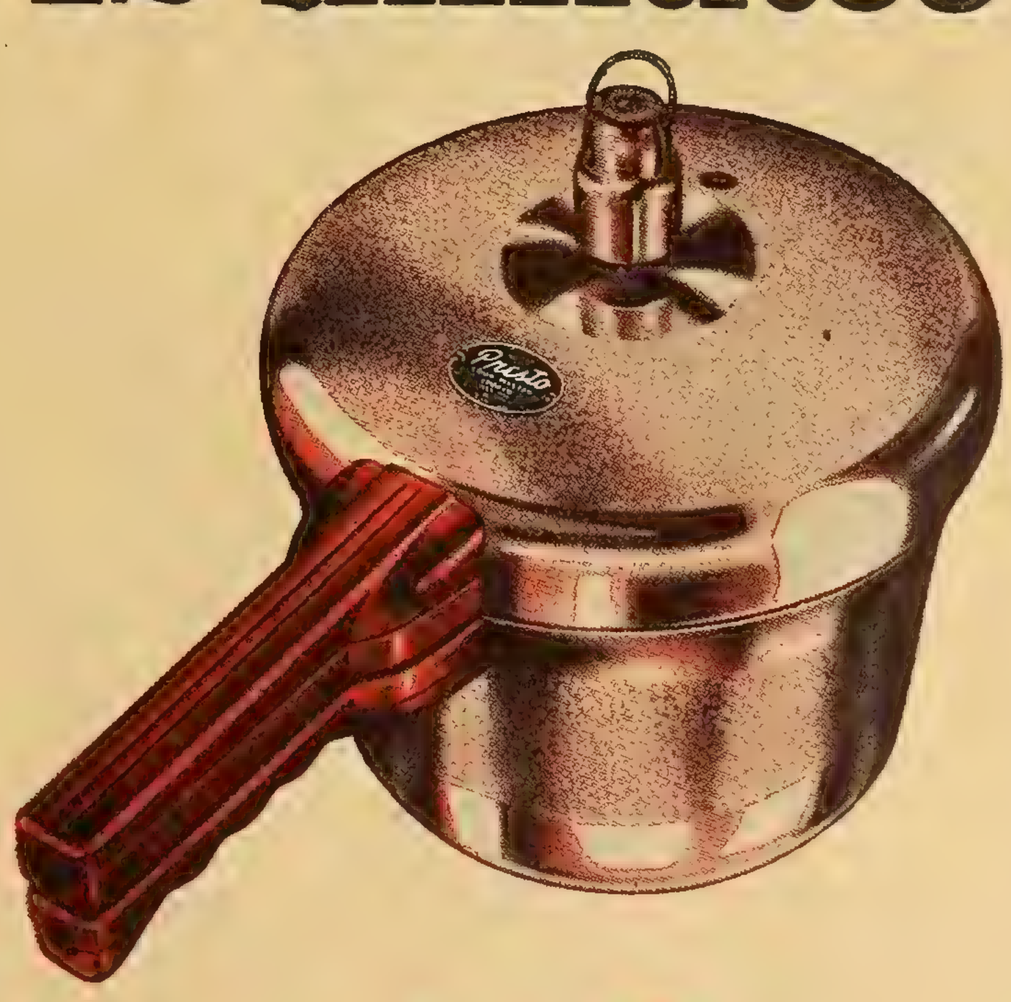


Mona Freeman and Bob Neal have been dining together regularly at Ciro's. Mona, who has been dating a great deal, may be settling down.

Presto Pork Chops



12 minutes



Presto!

Recipe

5 pork chops, ¾ inch thick
Salt and pepper
1 cup corn flake crumbs
1 egg, beaten
1 tbsp. milk
3 tbsp. fat
¼ cup water

Season. Roll in corn flake crumbs—milk mixture—again in crumbs. Heat cooker, add fat. Brown chops on both sides. Add water. Place cover on Cooker. IN JUST 12 MINUTES . . . THE MOST FLAVORFUL, TENDER BREADED PORK CHOPS YOU'VE EVER SERVED!

Unbelievable speed 'n ease, and delicious results at nickels per serving . . . reasons why you need a PRESTO Cooker. Foods retain vivid, fresh color appeal and *all* natural nutritional value. Vitamin packed meals are yours when you use a PRESTO Cooker.

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BE SURE IT'S A

Presto PRODUCT

NATIONAL PRESTO INDUSTRIES, INC.
Eau Claire, Wisconsin



Coming home from the Brazilian Film Festival, June and Fred denied elopement rumors.

CAN LOVE FIND THE WAY?

Love has ended loneliness for June Haver and Fred MacMurray. But it has created new problems, even harder to solve.

BY ALICE HOFFMANN

■ Six months ago June Haver twenty-seven, and Fred MacMurray forty-five, were unhappy—really unhappy. June, unable to adjust to the life of a novitiate and complete her orders to become a nun, had returned to Hollywood from a Roman Catholic convent at Xavier, Kansas.

Fred had recently lost his wife Lillian. They had been married seventeen years, and theirs was one of the most successful marriages in Hollywood.

Without Lillian the husky film actor felt lost. He had two adopted children to bring up, Susan fourteen, and Robert ten. And he just didn't know what to do.

For weeks June and Fred moped around town trying to adjust their individual lives.

June bleached her hair, bought a new wardrobe and started dating an old family friend, Joe Campbell.

Fred couldn't bring himself even to dine with another woman, so fresh in his heart and mind was the memory of his lovely Lillian.

But time heals all wounds, and eventually Fred and June found themselves at Ned Marin's Gay Nineties party.

"I'm glad I went," he says now. "Because I met June there and I got to know her well. And somehow she succeeded in turning the shadows into sunshine."

Early this year Fred and June began going around together. Very sedately, very quietly. But in Hollywood secrets are impossible to keep, and it wasn't very long before both of them admitted to strong affection. (*Continued on page 14*)



Casual, carefree—that's the "Turtledove" thanks to Bobbi. Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanents always give you soft, carefree curls and waves right from the start.



Bobbi is perfect for this casual new "Beau Belle" hairdo. Bobbi is the permanent designed to give soft, natural looking curls. Easy! No help is needed.



Only Bobbi is designed to give the soft waves needed for this flattering "Heather" hairdo. Bobbi gives curls and waves exactly where you want them.



Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the smooth natural look of this "Honey Ripple" hair style. No nightly settings needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

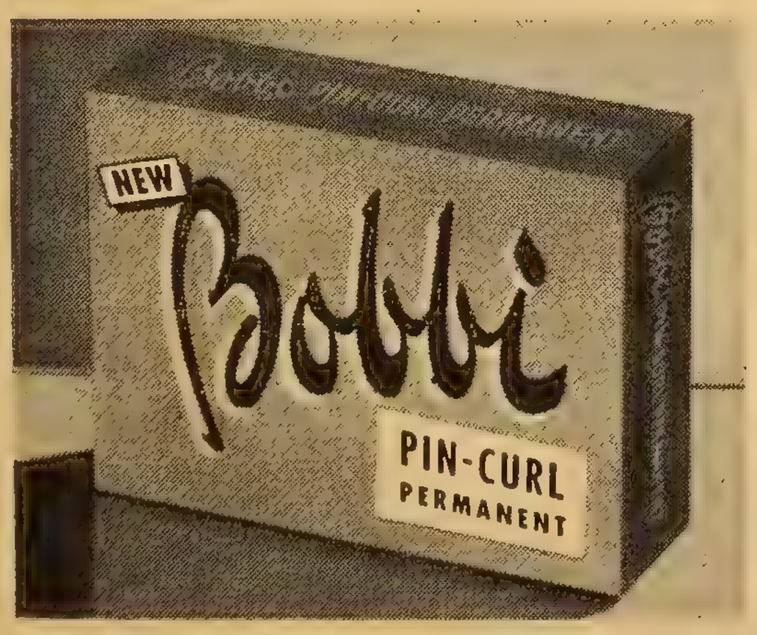
These hairdos were made with Bobbi ... the special home permanent for casual hair styles

Yes, Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is *designed* to give you lovelier, softer curls . . . the kind you need for today's casual hairdos. *Never* the tight, fussy curls you get with ordinary home or beauty shop permanents. Immediately after you use Bobbi your hair has the beauty, the body, the soft, lovely look of naturally wavy hair. And *your hair stays* that way—your wave lasts week after week.

Bobbi's so easy to use, too. *You just put your hair in pin curls.* Then apply Bobbi Creme Oil Lotion. A little later rinse hair with water, let dry, brush out—*and that's all.* No clumsy curlers to use. No help needed.

Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



Everything you need! New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins, complete instructions for use. $1.50 plus tax.





Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

(*Continued from page 12*) "Are you in love with Fred MacMurray?" June was asked in February.

She smiled and from the way she smiled anyone could see that she was. But all she would say was, "I'm not dating anyone else." Her love for Fred was implicit.

Fred, the handsome giant (six feet, three, 196 pounds) from Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, was reluctant, too, to discuss his private life in public.

"All I'm going to say is that June is a fine girl. I consider it a privilege to have her as a friend."

"She's more than a friend," he was pressed, "isn't she?"

MacMurray grinned. "Okay, she's a good friend."

Obviously, Fred didn't want to admit last February that he was falling in love with June, and she with him. MacMurray is shy, modest and conservative.

OVER THE YEARS he has rarely made an impetuous move. He is not the type of man to elope with a beautiful girl. Nor has he ever worn his heart on his sleeve.

He is a man who judges, measures and weighs all his actions. June is the same kind of young woman.

So when Fred asked June to accompany him to the Brazilian and Argentine Film Festivals in March, most of Hollywood knew that this was the trial-and-test period before the engagement announcement.

With twenty-five other film stars June and Fred took off for South America. June had no trousseau with her, and Fred had no marriage ring in his cash pocket.

They spent three hectic weeks in Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires. They got to know each other better, to see each other under a very special set of circumstances. And they liked what they saw. Despite all the South American attractions, they had eyes only for each other. One actress who returned to Hollywood before the others, remarked, "Fred and June are real gone. Bet they're married before the year is out."

The wire services didn't wait for the year to report that June Haver and Fred MacMurray planned to elope to Kingston, Jamaica, and to get married on March 20.

The Miami *Daily News* had said in a copyrighted yarn that Joan Fontaine had revealed the romantic nuptial plans upon arriving from Panama.

It *is* true that Joan had flown up with June and Fred as far as Panama, but it is not true that she told a representative from Pan-American Airlines that "they got off at the Canal Zone. Then they're going to Kingston, Jamaica, to get married."

According to Miss Fontaine, this is what happened.

"My plane landed at Miami at six-forty-five A.M. You know how it is when a plane lands. Much talk. Much hustle and bustle.

"June and Fred had gotten off in Panama. They both wanted to rest.

"Some fellow from the airlines came up to us at Miami and started to check his manifest. 'Where,' he asked, 'are Miss Haver and Mr. MacMurray? Where are Mr. and Mrs. Flynn?'

"As I say, there was much yacking. We explained that June and Fred had gotten off in Panama that morning. So had Errol and Pat Flynn. The Flynns have a home in Jamaica. I think Errol keeps his yacht there. Someone said that the Flynns had taken a plane for Kingston, Jamaica.

"Somehow, June and Fred were mistaken for Errol and Pat. The Miami newspapers were phoned, and the story went out that they were eloping to Jamaica.

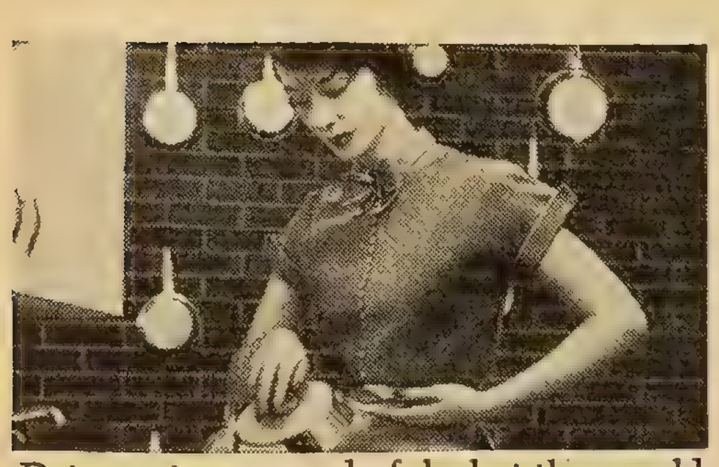
"If I had known that they had such plans, which apparently they didn't, I never would have told anyone."

The local newsmen talked to MacMurray at *El Panama* Hotel where he and June were staying.



Hardworking Mrs. Marilyn Bridgman of Watermill, New York has discovered that only Jergens Lotion gives her hands the care they need. She says:

"I scour 4500 pots and pans a year...but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"



Detergents are wonderful—but they could have ruined Marilyn's pretty hands. Yet her hands are soft and lovely still. Why?



Jergens Lotion! This famous formula has been continuously *improved* for fifty years to help *heal chapped red hands instantly!*



No other lotion works faster, or penetrates deeper than Jergens Lotion. It never leaves a sticky film (as many others do).



Contains two softening ingredients doctors have used for years. Yet, you pay *less* for Jergens, the world's favorite hand care.

Use Jergens Lotion—avoid detergent hands

"You and Miss Haver planning to get married?" a reporter asked.

"It could happen," Fred said good-naturedly.

"Could it happen here?" another reporter asked. "There was an inquiry a little while ago at the District Court in Ancon. Someone wanted to know about the possibility of your getting a marriage license in the Canal Zone."

"I can tell you this," Fred said. "We're not going to get married in Panama."

"Where do you plan to go from here?"

"On Saturday night," Fred said, "we're catching a plane for Hollywood."

IN PANAMA, June said nothing to reporters. She let Fred do all the talking, but back in Hollywood many were sure that June would not get married until she received a Papal Dispensation annulling her 1947 marriage to trumpet player Jimmy Zito. June is a devout Catholic convert. Fred MacMurray is a church-going Presbyterian. His grandfather was a Presbyterian minister.

How can these two reconcile their religious differences?

No matter how strong his love for June, Fred probably has no intention of converting from the Presbyterian church to the Catholic Church. He has brought up his two children in the Presbyterian faith and he believes strongly in most of its precepts.

He has absolutely no objections to June's beliefs and he admires her for her devotion to them.

Without the Papal Dispensation, June would be committing a sin in the eyes of the Catholic Church if she married Fred. That's why a wedding isn't likely until she gets the Dispensation.

But anything can happen and the lovers might be married as you read these very words. But it isn't likely.

Aside from their religions, Fred and June have so much in common that they should be able to make a lasting marriage. They both come from midwestern homes. Both have musical backgrounds. Both have been in show business most of their lives. And both have been married.

Gal reporter asked Lionel Barrymore if he finds acting as much fun as he used to. He snorted, "Look, I'm 75 years old. NOTHING is as much fun as it used to be!"

Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

June knows the value of a dollar, and Fred has many dollars. In twenty years, he has starred in about seventy-five films. He owns an 860-acre ranch, one of the finest herds of cattle in the West, a knitting mill, an apartment hotel, an oil company, four apartment houses and one of the most beautifully furnished homes (Early American) in Brentwood.

He is unassuming, unspoiled and one of the most likeable actors in Hollywood.

He has insisted over and over again, "I can't act. I'm just lucky."

In the seventeen years of his marriage, never once was he touched by a whiff of scandal. While Lillian was sick, more than one girl made a play for Fred. He didn't even look.

He never goes to see any of his own movies until they're playing in small neighborhood theatres where he can go in unrecognized. When people ask him if he's Fred MacMurray, he grins and says, "Everyone says there's a resemblance."

Right now, Fred is considered the best catch in Hollywood. And everyone is glad that June Haver appears to have caught him. For June also rates best. **END**

(Fred MacMurray will be seen in The *Caine Mutiny.)*



Are you in the know?

Should a college candidate plan to make—

☐ *Hay while the sun shines* ☐ *A summer conquest*

Headed for the ivy halls next autumn? Better start hoarding some greenery *now* (unless your Dad has that Midas touch!). Get a summer job. Maybe toting trays at a resort. Or salesclerking. Or working in an office, or hospital. Helps you get those college "extras" without a whimper from Pop's wallet. On certain days, job-holding's no chore when you choose the napkin that *holds its shape*. Kotex gives chafe-free softness: made to *stay* soft while wearing!



To remedy fuzzy forearms, use—

☐ *A razor* ☐ *A lightener* ☐ *Sandpaper*

Wait! You're in for stubble trouble if you mow down forearm fuzz with a razor. Instead, why not bleach it—with a good hair lightener? (Then, long time no see!) You can foil unsightly *outlines*, too, at "that" time—thanks to Kotex. The secret? It's those *flat, pressed ends*. Try Regular, Junior, Super Kotex to learn which size best suits you.



If not asked to the Big Dance, try a—

☐ *Trip to Grandma's* ☐ *Gay fray* ☐ *Crying towel*

Let the lucky bid-winners have their day—there's always another dance just around the corner, mourner! Meantime, round up all the Uninviteds (you're not the *only* one); stage a gay fray that night. Have music, ample samples (refreshment-wise). How about a home permanent party? And to banish *calendar* blues . . . be confident with *Kotex*. You get extra *absorbency*, for extra protection; poise!



More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Have you tried new Delsey* toilet tissue? It's the only one that's fine and firm and soft—like Kleenex* tissues. Each tissue tears evenly—no shredding, no waste. Delsey's double-ply for extra strength, too. And *now* Delsey is available in your favorite bath towel colors: pink, yellow, green, blue—as well as white. Ask for Delsey where you buy Kleenex tissues.

Reader's Digest Reports:

ONLY NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

with Miracle Anti-Enzyme Ingredient GARDOL*

HAS THE CLINICAL PROOF!

(Proof that Brings New Hope to Millions for LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH DECAY)

5 QUICK FACTS FROM THE READER'S DIGEST ARTICLE

"What About Anti-Enzyme Toothpastes?" December, 1953

1. Reader's Digest says—The most effective anti-enzyme toothpaste ingredient tested was developed in the Colgate laboratories.
(It's Colgate's miracle ingredient Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate)—found in no other leading toothpaste!)

2. Reader's Digest says—One of the foremost dental authorities in the world proved that this ingredient binds itself effectively to the teeth —holds acid formation below the decay level in 95 per cent of cases tested.
(Unlike ordinary toothpaste ingredients, effective only for minutes, this protection won't rinse off—won't wear off—all day or all night!)

3. Reader's Digest says—Even 12 hours after brushing, this new Colgate anti-enzyme discovery continues to guard against the enzymes that cause tooth decay.
(Thus, regular morning and night use guards against decay-causing enzymes every minute of the day and night!)

4. Reader's Digest says—In full-year clinical tests, X rays showed far fewer cavities for those people who used New Colgate's with Gardol! No new cavities for 4 out of 5.
(Distinguished dentists examined this evidence and agreed —New Colgate's with Gardol gives the surest protection against decay ever offered by any toothpaste!)

5. Reader's Digest says—New Colgate Dental Cream is the only toothpaste with clinical proof of such effectiveness in actually reducing the formation of new cavities.



NOW! NEW COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CONTAINS GARDOL
(*SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE)

For **LIFETIME PROTECTION AGAINST TOOTH-DECAY ENZYMES**

JULIUS LA ROSA:

HOW NERVOUS CAN YOU GET?

Julius sees life through La Rosa-colored glasses, but Hollywood doesn't see Julius that way.

■ A few weeks ago Jimmy Durante remarked, "The trouble with a lot of youngsters these days is that they want to start in at the top of show business and work their way up."

One of these, Hollywood suspects, is Julius La Rosa, the handsome young crooner from Brooklyn who gained national attention when Arthur Godfrey fired him because he wasn't humble enough.

Julius suddenly found himself in demand for television and nightclub appearances. He accepted a bid from Ciro's, one of Hollywood's plushiest, and was advertised by them as "the year's most exciting personality." But he didn't do very good business. Just fair. Nor did he make many friends.

Julius whirled into the swank Beverly Hills Hotel and gave orders that he didn't want the phone to ring until he gave his okay. During the afternoon reporters were surprised when they were told that the ex-seaman was still asleep. Curious about his schedule, they asked the bellhops about Julius and his friends.

Said one, "I think he's about as humble as King Farouk."

He was never seen with a date, though he did consent to pose at Ciro's with Terry Moore.

Julius was belligerent when questioned about Dorothy McGuire, a singer on the Godfrey program.

"We don't mention her name," Julius told a reporter.

"Why?" the reporter wondered. The incident had made national headlines when Miss McGuire's husband, in the Army in Korea, flew home to talk it over with her and apparently persuaded her not to get a divorce.

Julius reddened. "I told you we



Julius posed with Terry Moore but spent most of his spare time with disc jockeys.

don't mention her," he repeated. "Don't you get it?"

One evening a reporter entered La Rosa's dressingroom at Ciro's. "I have an appointment to interview—" he began. La Rosa spun him around and tossed him out of the room!

A minute later, one of La Rosa's assistants came running out. The newsman explained that Ciro's press agent had arranged an interview with La Rosa for him. "Is this the way your boy treats people?" he asked.

"Holy smokes!" the assistant wailed. "You'll have to forgive him. He's so nervous he didn't know."

"Okay," the newsman said. "Tell him I'll be waiting in the back of the club." He waited for quite some time —including some time after La Rosa had passed by (kissing two girls on the way), and sat down for a chat with his booking agent. After more unpleasantness, an apology came from La Rosa.

"I'm so sorry about last night and that reporter," he told the press agent's secretary. "I was so nervous. I had a rough time during the first show. There was a heckler down front. Really, I'm very sorry."

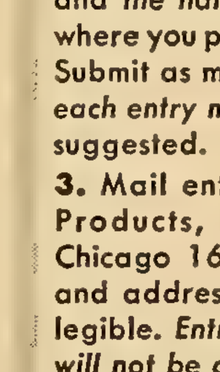
Studio representatives who watched La Rosa perform at Ciro's said they weren't interested in him for the movies until his voice had been trained considerably more. They added that he seemed to have a pleasant personality. Their wives thought he was cute.

The press is inclined to disagree. If the reporter who was tossed out of the dressingroom had not held the story, La Rosa would have been blasted in all the newspapers in Los Angeles County.

AN 11-DAY, EXPENSE-FREE

Win VACATION for TWO in Hawaii





NAME THIS HAIR STYLE

created by

JOHN ROBERT POWERS

World's Foremost Beauty Authority John Robert Powers and his famous Powers Models have selected Gayla HOLD-BOB as *the* perfect bobby pin.

Or One of 35 Other Prizes!

(2nd)Diamond-studded Lucien Piccard wrist watch. (3rd)Crosley TV set. (4th)Solid gold bracelet from Marchal of 5th Avenue. (5th)Pedigreed French Poodle from Wilson (makers of Ideal Dog Food). (6th)$100 U. S. Savings Bond from Doeskin Tissue. (7th)$100 Jantzen Sportswear Wardrobe. (8th-12th)Elgin American Compact, Lighter, Lipstick Holder Set. (13th)Lady's Suit by Rosenblum of California. (14th)Crosley V.I.P. Radio. (15th)Luxite Lingerie Wardrobe of Gowns, Negligees, Slips. (16th)Sportswear Separates by Tabak of California. (17th)Leather Makeup Case filled with Max Factor Cosmetics. (18th)Shoe Wardrobe (3 pairs) of Grace Walker shoes. (19th-24th)Three Pairs of Luxite Hosiery. (25th-30th)Two Pairs of Harms Gloves. (31st-36th)16 oz. Tabu Cologne by Dana.

ENTER THIS EXCITING CONTEST!

Just name the Gayla Golden Jubilee hair style! You can win a luxurious 11-day, expense-free, vacation for two in enchanting Hawaii! You'll fly by Northwest Orient Airlines to and from romantic Honolulu . . . stay at the palatial Moana Hotel on Waikiki Beach...eat exotic foods...dance...swim... and relax under the stars! Hurry! Enter today...*you* can be one of the lucky winners!



Gayla®

HOLD·BOB®

World's Largest Selling Bobby Pin

To mark our 50 years of hair-accessory leadership, we introduce the newest, most startling bobby pin creation! It's the new, improved Golden Jubilee Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pin with new *Flexi-Grip*, the patented, *exclusive* Gayla scientific design that makes the world's *best bobby pin even better!*

Enter Today! It's Fun..So Easy to Win!



Also available in 25c cards

MAIL THIS ENTRY BLANK TODAY!

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO!

1. Suggest a name for our "Golden Jubilee" hair style.
2. Print the suggested name on a plain piece of paper. Each entry must include *the top of a* Gayla HOLD-BOB *bobby pin card or* Gayla Hair Net *envelope*, 25 words or less, telling why you prefer this Gayla product, your name and address, and *the name and address of the store* where you purchased the Gayla product. Submit as many entries as you wish, but *each entry must consist of only one name* suggested.
3. Mail entry to CONTEST, Gaylord Products, Inc., 1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago 16, Ill. Make sure your name and address and that of the store are legible. *Entries with insufficient postage will not be accepted.*
4. John Robert Powers and his staff will be the judges and their decisions will be final. Entries will be judged solely on basis of originality and aptness. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. All entries become the property of Gaylord Products, Incorporated, and none will be returned.
5. Contest is open to all except employees of Gaylord Products, Incorporated, their advertising agency, and their families. Contest is subject to all Federal, State, and local regulations.
6. Contest closes June 30, 1954. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight of the closing date and received not later than July 7, 1954.
7. Winners will be notified by mail within a month after the closing date. A complete list of winners will be sent to persons sending a stamped self-addressed envelope.

"CONTEST"
Gaylord Products, Incorporated, Dept. DM-6
1918 Prairie Ave., Chicago 16, Illinois

Here is my Gayla Contest entry. I am enclosing my name suggestion for the Golden Jubilee hair style, the top of a Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pin card or a Gayla Hair Net envelope, 25 words or less telling why I prefer this Gayla product, and the name and address of the store where it was purchased.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone....State.....

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What made her think she was different?



Guest talks frankly to hostess

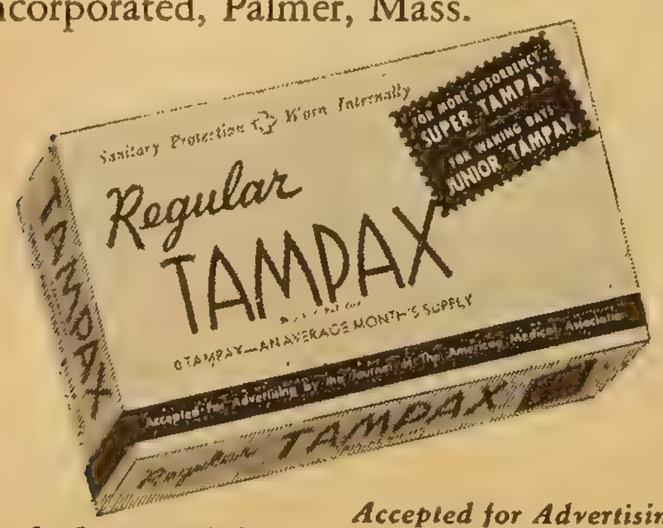
BETTY: *Oh Sue, isn't that a package of Tampax? Do you use it?*

SUE: I certainly do. And what a relief it was to get rid of bulky external pads with all their problems. Haven't you tried Tampax yet?

BETTY: *Oh no, I couldn't possibly wear anything internally.*

SUE: Listen, my dear, I used to think Tampax wasn't for me either. Ann was my good angel in that department; she told me all about how it was invented by a doctor, and used by millions of women . . . and I've been using it ever since. Honestly, it's wonderful!

IT'S TRUE! Tampax sanitary protection *can* be used by any normal woman. It's made of pure white surgical cotton in disposable applicators . . . eliminates chafing . . . odor . . . disposal problems. Actually the wearer doesn't even feel it, once it's in place. Can be worn in shower or tub, or even while swimming. Month's supply goes into purse. Get Tampax at any drug or notion counter. 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

new movies

by florence epstein



In the tournament for the hand of Princess Aleta (Janet Leigh), Prince Valiant (Bob Wagner) is defeated, fears he has lost her.



He leaves the court of King Arthur to help his father, King Aguar, recover his throne. Aleta has been promised to victorious Sir Gawain.



Having learned the identity of the mysterious Black Knight who has aided King Aguar's enemies, Val returns to court to challenge him. Sir Gawain has now fallen in love with Princess Ilene (Debra Paget), leaving the way clear for Aleta and Val to marry if he defeats the Black Knight.

picture of the month . . .

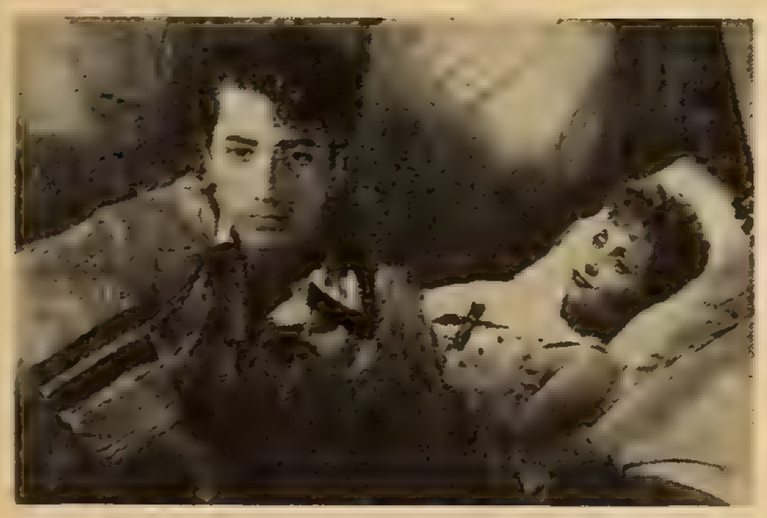
PRINCE VALIANT. A comic strip is brought to CinemaScopic life in *Prince Valiant,* and all the color, adventure, romance and flatness of character of the former medium are lavishly transcribed. Prince Valiant (Robert Wagner) comes out of exile to the court of King Arthur (Brian Aherne) for training as a knight. He's pledged to win back the throne of Scandia for his father (Donald Crisp) who was divested of it by the evil Sligon (Primo Carnera) and his lusty Viking followers. Sligon has made a deal with a mysterious Black Knight. Bring me Valiant and his folks, says he, and I'll give you a thousand Vikings to overthrow King Arthur. Who is the Black Knight? Don't ask. It isn't Sterling Hayden (Sir Gawain) who takes Valiant as his squire. Could be anyone at Arthur's round table—Don Megowan, Richard Webb, John Dierkes, James Mason, Tom Conway. Trust Valiant to find out and finish him! Meanwhile love blooms around princesses Janet Leigh and Debra Paget, war rages in the ancient castle of Scandia where Valiant almost singlehandedly subdues a horde of horn-capped Vikings and pageantry flourishes at Camelot where knights in armor meet on the tournament plain. Critics may carp at *Valiant's* complete unreality, but kids of all ages will love it. Technicolor.—20th Century-Fox



ROSE MARIE Maybe the Mounties always get their man but a woman's harder to snare, especially when she has all of the Canadian Rockies to be elusive in. Howard Keel is a Mountie in this latest version of the operetta *Rose Marie.* And Ann Blyth, possessed of a voice that does not falter before "Indian Love Call," is a wild young waif brought to heel and, eventually, to Fernando Lamas, footloose romantic of the great outdoors. Even in sparsely populated areas Fernando manages to break hearts (one he should have left intact belongs to Indian maiden Joan Taylor). Now Fernando joins Keel in pursuit of Ann. Keel's pitch is largely vocal. Fernando's is vocal, too, but his charm lies in the pauses. Eastman Color and CinemaScope capture the magnificence of the Rockies and of a slightly smaller wonder—Bert Lahr, Mountie by choice but certainly not by avocation.—MGM.



MAN WITH A MILLION There isn't a humorist to beat Mark Twain, but that isn't the only reason this is such a delightful, winning film. The acting, the setting, the vibrant colors, the whole tone of J. Arthur Rank's production can hardly be improved. Based on Twain's *Million Pound Note,* the story occurs in London at the turn of the century. Impoverished American Gregory Peck accidentally meets a couple of eccentric millionaires who present him with the note. They've bet that mere possession of it for even one month will open all doors. Peck tries cashing the million but no one has that much gold. Instead he's offered unlimited credit, becomes the most sought after man in England, wins the love of society girl Jane Griffiths. When that bank note mysteriously disappears Peck's life shifts into reverse gear. There's gentle hilarity here, but most of the fun is in its clever running comment on human nature. Technicolor.—U.A.



LA RONDE *La Ronde* is a French film with English titles. Master of ceremonies Anton Wallbrook introduces a group of characters who play out a merry-go-round of love affairs. The round starts with a street girl (Simone Signoret) and ends with her. Soldier Serge Reggiani picks her up, drops her for a maid (Simone Simon), drops her, too. Simone forms an *entente* with her employer's son (Daniel Gelin) but he bores easily, turns to married woman Danielle Darrieux. Danielle's middle-aged husband pays court to model Odette Joyeux who loves poet Jean-Louis Barrault who's mad about actress Isa Miranda who cottens to a count (Gerard Philipe) who wanders dazed into the night and waiting arms of number one girl Signoret. The incidents are deftly told with much humor. They're spicy, suggestive but at the same time reveal how tenuous, sad and empty of fulfillment such dalliance is.—Released by Leon Brandt.



She stuck in her thumb,

And pulled out **PINK PLUM**

And cried, "What a smart girl am I!"

Smart girl, indeed! For what could be more tempting to the lips than the sun-ripe, sun-sweet color of fresh plums? And what more effective accent to the whole new range of Paris blues, off-pinks, charcoal and black? (Nice, too, to know that Cashmere Bouquet's Pink Plum stays pink, stays on—for hours—without re-touching!)

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Candy Jones (Mrs. Harry Conover)

Director Conover School

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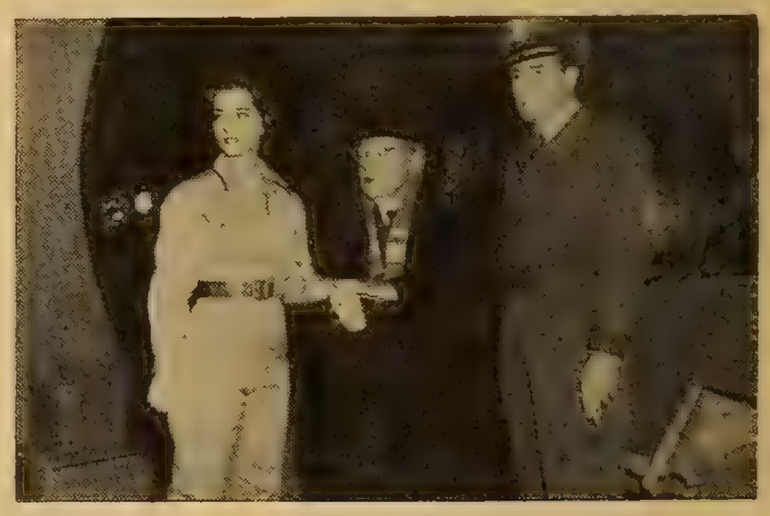
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ©1964 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC.



NIGHT PEOPLE Swiftly paced, fast talking, full of intrigue and strong-shouldered action, *Night People* is a hopped-up suspense film. When it's over you may wonder what happened but not while it's on. A young soldier (Ted Allen Avery) is kidnapped from the American sector in Germany. His father, industrialist Broderick Crawford, flies to Berlin to give orders to Colonel Gregory Peck. Peck takes orders from nobody. A woman named Hoffy (Anita Bjork) is a go-between for him and some Russians who'll give up the boy for a couple of battered, anti-Nazi, middle-aged people. This deal is considered with many midnight meetings, setbacks and surprises. The couple attempt suicide, and Crawford's determination to get back his son at any price weakens. Peck carries his assignment through to a dynamic climax, assisted by Rita Gam, Walter Abel, Buddy Ebsen, Casey Adams, CinemaScope.—20th Century-Fox.



FRENCH LINE There must be more to Jane Russell than meets the eye in *French Line*—but not much more. Her problem is: she's too rich. That is, in this movie she's an heiress out of Texas and nobody has the nerve to marry her. Anyway, nobody in the United States. So she sails for France. Her garrulous guardian, Arthur Hunnicutt, hires Frenchman Gilbert Roland to chaperone her, which is like hiring a wolf to tend sheep. Unknown to Roland, Jane has switched identities with model Joyce MacKenzie. But Roland isn't dumb. He falls for Jane. This makes her nervous, also enraged when he ignores her for "the heiress." Before that boat reaches Paris (where Jane's pal Mary McCarty will stage a fashion show) everything has become hopelessly complicated. But it's gay and frothy, studded with songs and girls—all more rewarding to follow than the plot. Technicolor.—RKO



THEM! Case you've ever wondered about the effects of atomic radiation here's something that ought to unset your mind. Giant ants. Maybe fifteen to twenty feet long. Everybody knows that even little, tiny ants are smart—set up colonies, conduct wars, employ slave labor and lift objects twenty times their own weight. State policemen James Whitmore and Chris Drake come upon a child (Sandy Descher) in a state of shock. Her family's trailer has been torn to shreds. A general store up the road has been torn to shreds and its owner, quite lifeless, tossed into the basement. Is a homicidal maniac on the prowl? No. Giant ants is all. Entomologists Edmund Gwenn and daughter Joan Weldon tackle the situation scientifically. With the aid of FBI man James Arness, a large part of the Army and martial law they destroy what they hope to be the last ant nest, in the drainage system of Los Angeles.—Warners



PRISONER OF WAR This is a fictional account of events whose brutality exceeds the imagination. It's concerned with American prisoners of war in Korea and is a study of methods used to wring confessions of germ warfare and the like out of them. Soldier Ronald Reagan has orders to report on camp conditions and joins a march of 700 captives. Two hundred make it to camp and are immediately ordered (by Russian Colonel Oscar Homolka) to perform setting-up exercises. They resist in a body but "every man has his breaking point," Reagan warns his buddies. Dewey Martin's comes early with the offer of food and a pocket comb and he's put in charge of his cell. Reagan seems to be won over by a natural cynicism. Others submit to horrendous tortures and die like heroes or, too broken in body and spirit, sign away their honor. Cast: Steve Forrest, Robert Horton, Paul Stewart, Darryl Hickman.—MGM.



THE SIEGE AT RED RIVER Guess there were a lot of good guys on the wrong side of the Civil War. Like Van Johnson—Georgia born. Charming? My word! He's just charmed a Union troop train out of a Gatling gun. Plans to sneak it to the Rebs in his medicine show wagon. Pinkerton detective Jeff Morrow catches on, but not fast enough. Union Nurse Joanne Dru falls for Van who claims to be a conscientious objector. Unwittingly, she takes the Gatling out of town in her wagon. An early psychotic name of Richard Boone—Van's hireling—rides with her. What does Boone do but dump Joanne into the back seat and sell the gun to Indians. These Indians are preparing to level a fort teeming with Union wives and children. Soft-hearted Johnson stems *that* massacre. Lucky the war's just about over, though, or he'd have been hanged for a spy. Technicolor.—20th Century-Fox.



HELL BELOW ZERO Alan Ladd flies to Capetown to beat up a crook. This accomplished, he feels much better. Good enough to sign on as first mate of a whaler headed for the Antarctic. Because Joan Tetzel is going that way to find out who killed her father, co-owner of the whaling fleet. Living co-owner, Basil Sydney, says that Dad committed suicide. So says Basil's son (Stanley Baker), who is now controlling operations. Baker has murder written all over his face, but the one man who's willing to talk catches a flying knife in his chest. Ladd panics Baker, though, and soon there's plenty of action. Ladd's boat is marooned on an icepack. Baker's boat rams it, both boats sink and everybody's left shivering in tents on the snow. But don't touch that light switch, Ladd isn't dead yet! Shots of whales being harpooned and worked over by actual factory crews are exciting. Technicolor.—Col.



Often a bridesmaid...
Never a bride

Most of the girls of her set were married . . . but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her, but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly . . . and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

Why risk the stigma of halitosis (bad breath) when Listerine Antiseptic stops it so easily . . . so quickly . . . and for hours on end, usually? It's the extra-careful precaution against offending, four times better than any tooth paste.

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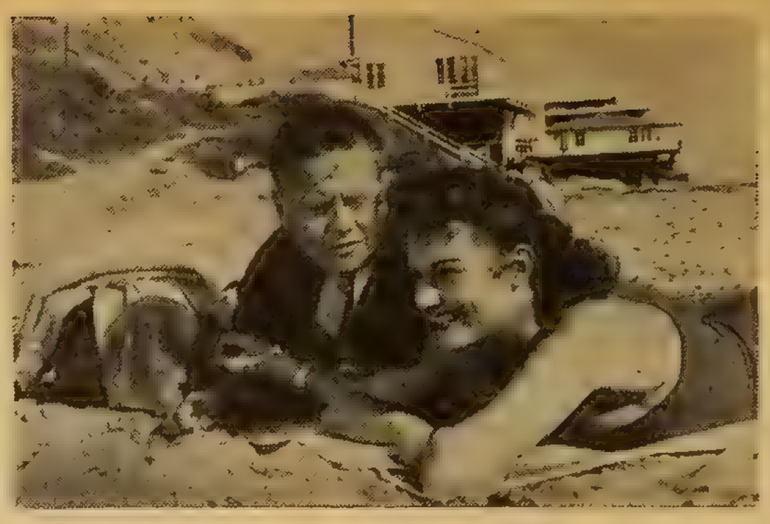
Enriched Creme Shampoo, a golden lotion creme, sudses quickly even in hardest water. Gently, efficiently, it rids hair of loose dandruff and dust—puts nature's own sheen in hair.

CREME RINSE takes only a minute more—seals in the gleam. Leaves hair tangle-free and easy to set. Try it on children's hair too, no more snarls to comb through!



Both come in 60c and $1 sizes.
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RICHARD HUDNUT



DRIVE A CROOKED ROAD The only thing Mickey Rooney knows is automobiles. He works in a garage, dreams of racing in the European meets, but he might as well dream about rocketing to Mars. He's poor, homely and shy. The only woman he ever talks to is his landlady. Enter beautiful Dianne Foster. Come sun with me at Malibu, she coos, and poor Mickey's so gone it never enters his head she has ulterior motives provided by Kevin McCarthy and Jack Kelly who live high on the beach from living low at other times. They know Mickey's an expert driver. If he wanted to rob a bank in California, for instance, and make a getaway he'd hit Canada before anyone called the cops. But he doesn't want to rob a bank; *they* do. Come in with us for fifteen thousand dollars, they plead. Go ahead, says Dianne. The pathos of his disillusionment, the tragedy caused by his trust heighten an otherwise sordid drama.—Col.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

BEAT THE DEVIL (*U.A.*): This charming and sophisticated comedy involves Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida in a variety of hilarious situations ranging from larceny to lunacy. A fantastically funny film.

NEW FACES (*20th-Fox*): Eartha Kitt in Technicolor is the most fascinating thing to happen to movies since sound. Surrounded by most of the Broadway musical's original cast, including Ronny Graham, Robert Clary, she slinks her way through "Monotonous," *"C'est Si Bon,"* "Santa Baby," other hits.

EXECUTIVE SUITE (*MGM*): June Allyson, Bill Holden, Fredric March, Barbara Stanwyck, Shelley Winters, Walter Pidgeon, Paul Douglas, are among the exciting people involved in the business (and love) life of a big corporation.

TOP BANANA (*U-I*): Phil Silvers stars in this saga of a burlesque-to-TV comedian. With good tunes, lots of girls, the movie is as funny as the Broadway show.

RHAPSODY (*MGM*): Liz Taylor, Vittorio Gassman and John Ericson are the passionate, bewildered people in this story of artists and love. Great music on the soundtrack. Technicolor on the screen.

RIOT IN CELL BLOCK 11 (*A.A.*): Filmed in Folsom State Prison with hundreds of actual prisoners appearing in mob scenes, this is one of the tensest, most exciting convict movies ever made.

THE LONG, LONG TRAILER (*MGM*): Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz star in this happy, hilarious tale of honeymooners on a trailer trip. A natural for everyone who loves Lucy and her zany ways. *Technicolor.*

MAN IN THE ATTIC (*20th-Fox*): Jack Palance as Jack the Ripper—and what could make a more terrifying combination? Constance Smith is around, as scared as the audience, and Byron Palmer is there, too, to see that everything comes out all right.

RED GARTERS (*Paramount*): This take-off on a horse-opera has Rosemary Clooney, Guy Mitchell, Pat Crowley, Joanne Gilbert, Jack Carson, Gene Barry, Technicolor and music. You want more? Well, it's funny, too!

ACT OF LOVE (*U.A.*): This is the poignant story of a soldier and a girl who meet and love in a world of blackmarkets, police and war. Kirk Douglas is excellent as the G.I. who offers shelter to the frightened Lisa (Dany Robin) and tries to protect their romance in the face of impossible odds. Irwin Shaw wrote the fine script.

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RICHARD HUDNUT



ADVENTURES OF AN EX-CHOIR BOY NAMED SMITH

Wherein Robert Van Orden changes his name and makes a hit.

■ Until his voice cracked, Hollywood's newest rage was a boy soprano with the Mitchell Boys' Choir. Beyond working with them in *The Bells Of Saint Mary's,* Robert Van Orden's only contact with movies was as a messenger boy and later as a dispatcher of messenger boys for MGM. This was fine with Bob, who at twenty-three could pay the rent and eat steak once a week.

He swears that he never thought of becoming an actor. He just happened to drop into the casting office to say hello to an old buddy. But at that precise moment actor's agent Henry Willson walked through the place for the first time in five years, spotted Van Orden and figured they could turn an honest dollar together.

Willson also figured that there were too many Vans in the entertainment business and too many Roberts. "Besides," he announced, "I am tired of being razzed for inventing such names as Rock Hudson, not to mention Tab Hunter. I swore that the next time I discovered an actor, I'd name him something as American as apple pie."

So ex-choir boy Robert Van Orden became John Smith. Everywhere he goes, people ask, "What was that name again?" But on the roster of Wayne-Fellows Productions, John Smith stands high. He's the big boy discovery of *The High And The Mighty*. According to Director William Wellman, "He lights up the screen like a Christmas tree." John Wayne adds, "He'll make a lot of actors move over." Terry Moore and Debbie Reynolds, his recent dates, don't say a thing. They just whistle.



Denise Darcel

soon to be seen co-starring in the Hecht-Lancaster production "VERA CRUZ," (Released through United Artists—Color by Technicolor) says, "No other girdle at any price gives me the support, comfort and freedom of an invisible Playtex Girdle!"

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TV TALK

Art Carney off-screen . . . Arthur Godfrey has another mad on . . . Wally Cox won't go West . . . the Bairds adopt a boy.



Silversmith Cox

All the people who think **Wally Cox** is as shy as Mr. Peepers don't know the whole story. Cox, in private life, may be quiet, but he can be very firm. When he puts his foot down, it stays down and NBC knows it. When the network tried to move his show from New York to California, Wally didn't yell or even raise his voice. He just said no, in his soft voice, and NBC gave up. They knew he meant it. Wally never has liked Hollywood; in fact, he actively dislikes it. When he signed with NBC, there were many clauses in his contract that were more to the network's benefit than to Wally's. But he did make sure of one thing: one clause read that he didn't have to go to California, ever, if he didn't want to. And he doesn't want to. (He agreed to a two-week visit a few months back, but he didn't change his mind while he was there.) NBC could move the show to Hollywood if they wanted to, but they wouldn't have Wally Cox if they did. And what would *Mr. Peepers* be without him? Nothing. And they know it. One clause in his contract that Wally couldn't fix up was the salary. He's making much less than many stars of his caliber, and there's nothing he can do about it—except do some more work. That's why he's been showing up on so many panel programs. He wants the money. He also loves 'em because they're so little work—and because he thinks he's good on them. Lots of viewers have the impression that Wally doesn't care about public acclaim. But he does. He has his friends watch his performances, and he's almost childlike about their praise. He was absolutely elated when they told him he was terrific on *What's My Line?* His current ambition, in fact, is to be on a panel show every week. Outside of his concern with money matters (which amuses him when he stops to think how broke he used to be) Wally is the same person he was before he went into show business. He still stays at home and makes things out of silver. He hasn't forgotten one thing about being a silversmith (which is what he started out to be). He's even been known to pay $25 for a silver belt buckle and then reshape it to the size he wants! . . . Everyone thinks **Sloan Simpson** is a petite lady. She isn't. She's very tall, not at all as thin as she photographs. And her voice is much deeper than it is on radio or TV . . . The rift in the **Walter Cronkite** household seems to be patched up. Mrs. C. and the two little girls moved from their house in Washington to an apartment in New York right after Walter started working on *The Morning Show* . . . **Bil** and **Cora Baird,** whose puppets are as amusing at seven A.M. as J. Fred Muggs is, have adopted a little boy. And, as is often the case, he looks just like his new father! The Bairds are ecstatic, they're so happy to have a child at last; and little Pete couldn't have a home more full of fun. The Bairds have some 1,000 puppets! Pete's favorite so far: one made in the image of the late mayor of New York City, Fiorello LaGuardia. Pete says good night to him every night. Nobody has to guess who's going to be the most popular boy in the neighborhood when Pete gets a little older! All the kids will want to play at Pete's house . . . **Art Carney** may be funny on the *Jackie Gleason Show,* but in person he's so quiet you hardly know he's there, let alone know he's a comedian. He doesn't particularly like to be interviewed because the whole procedure bores him (lots of celebrities would say "Ditto" to that sentiment) and he's likely to clam up almost completely. He seldom drinks because he's not a good drinker, so liquor can't be used to warm him up. A very serious-minded fellow, Art is strictly a family man with three children who wants to further his career. He's not one for the gay party life that comes with TV success. You'd have a hard time finding him at Shor's or Lindy's (*Continued on page 77*)



Quiet funnyman Carney



midsummer's day dream

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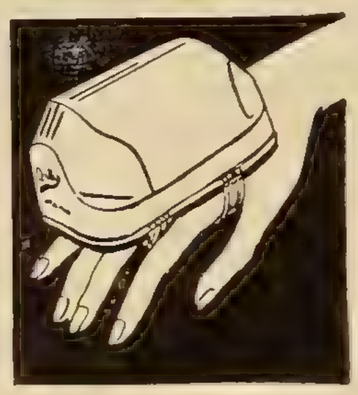
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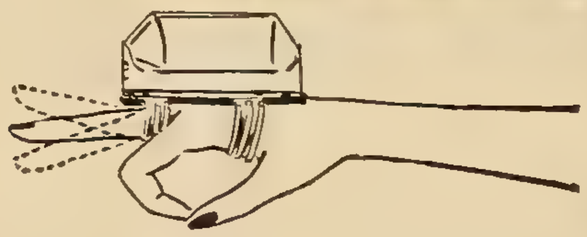
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WHO'S YOUR LITTLE HOOSIER?

Introducing Herb Shriner who's introducing two new Shriners— identical twin boys!



SLEEPY HERB examines milk for twins' 2 A.M. feeding. Their bottles are labeled "A" and "B" but even Herb can't tell the twins apart!



BORED HERB waits for milk to heat while feeding is delayed. Shriners don't own a double-barreled warmer so bottles are heated singly.



CONFUSED HERB can tell cribs apart "but if anyone switches the twins, I'm a goner!" Even harder is simultaneous double burping!



BEAMING HERB holds Kin (named for comedian Kin Hubbard) and Will (for Will Rogers) while wife Pixie takes charge of daughter Indie.

■ The Herb Shriners' twins have already provided Herb with considerable humorous material for his popular CBS television and radio show, *Two For The Money*. Shortly after the twins birth, he told his audience, "When the doctor first brought out the two babies at the hospital, I thought he was just giving me a choice."

In addition to being one of the top stars of television, the sponsor of the International Motor Sports Show, and a smart business man, Herb is a most prodigious putterer. He is a model car fancier, an amateur photographer, a recording equipment bug, and most recently, a sailing enthusiast.

Someone once said that the secret of Herb Shriner's success as our best folk humorist was that he always looked like he needed a haircut. Around his own house, he's as relaxed as an Indiana wheat farmer at a family picnic. Off the air, he wears casual clothes, and admits that he hasn't bought a new suit for two years. "Pixie says if I don't get some more clothes, she won't go out with me. But now that we have the twins, I don't suppose we'll be getting out much anyway."

(*Herb can also been seen in MGM's* Main Street To Broadway.)



Dress designed by Marie of Pandora

Stunning Modern Chest in blond oak with drawer in base, #2852. Also Seafoam mahogany, #2853, and Cordovan mahogany, #2856. Lane table, #436. Chest price, **$79.95***

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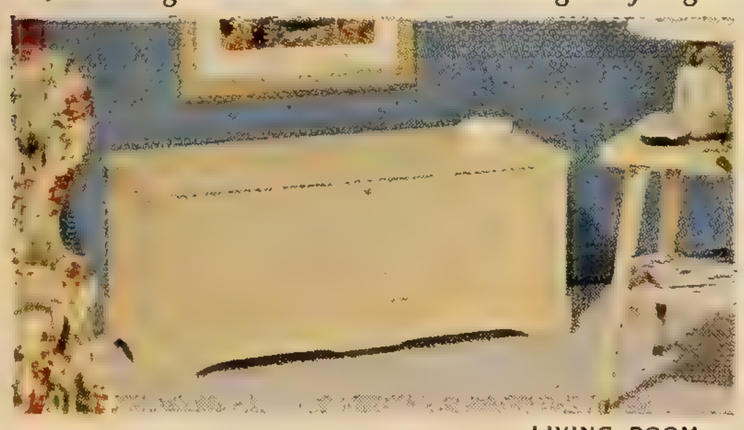
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Many at... **$49.95*** Easy terms

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LIVING ROOM

Classic Modern in blond oak. Self-lifting tray; rubbed and polished finish. Model #3025—$59.95.* Table also by Lane.



FOYER

Handsome 18th-Century Chest in rich mahogany with Lane's convenient self-lifting tray. Model #2601—$59.95.*



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Streamlined Modern in matched American walnut and paldao wood. Self-lifting tray. Model #3024—$49.95.*



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Stunning Modern in American walnut. Self-lifting tray. Model #3008. Gray walnut, #3009; Seafoam mahogany, #3022. $59.95.*



LIVING ROOM

Arresting Modern in Seafoam mahogany. Drawer in base; self-lifting tray. Model #2925—$69.95.* Lane Table, #257.



LIVING ROOM

Attractive Modern in blond oak. Model #3027. Also in Seafoam mahogany, #3046; walnut, #3028. Each $49.95.*Lane Table, #437.

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Lustre-Creme Shampoo...



Cream or Lotion

Yes, Eleanor Parker uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries— it Beautifies!



Eleanor Parker

co-starring in

VALLEY OF THE KINGS

An M-G-M Production. In Color



A MODERN SCREEN EXCLUSIVE:

Susan Hayward's Story

The headlines told only half the story. Here is the actual testimony of Susan, Jess—and the surprise third witness!

BY ALICE FINLETTER

■ Through the confusing examination and cross-examination, through the cold ritual of the courts, a clear picture of Susan Hayward and Jess Barker's marriage and unhappy separation unfolded. This was a typical Hollywood plot—the romance of Jess, a promising young star, and Susan, an obscure leading lady of the B-pictures —except for one ironic twist of fate. Barker was dubious about a marriage that might hamper his career, but Susan, (*Continued on page 87*)



by Bob Thomas

the FACE is FAMILIAR

AND SO IS THE FIGURE. BUT THIS IS A LANA NO ONE HAS MET TILL NOW—HAPPY, HOMEY AND BRUNETTE!

■ The name of this brown-haired doll is Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner Shaw Crane Topping Barker. You know her better as a blonde and by a briefer handle—Lana Turner. In other ways, too, you wouldn't recognize your Lana now.

Veteran of the Hollywood bistro belt for seventeen gay and gaudy years, Lana is seldom seen in her old haunts any more. And when she does make an occasional appearance, people say, "*That's* Lana Turner?"

It's the hair. The blondeness of yore has been replaced by dark brown. It is the most controversial head of hair since Veronica Lake took half an idea from an English sheep dog and dangled her tresses over one eye.

Some people like Lana's brown hair. Partisans include an important gent named Lex Barker, who heretofore has been expert in such matters as swinging from tree to tree and emitting loud jungle calls.

Some people hate the brown hair. These include Louella O. Parsons, who called it "mousy." This annoyed Lana. She exclaimed, "Call it unattractive. Call it ridiculous. But not mousy!"

Actually, Lana has changed in more ways than her hair color. Friends have remarked that she returned from Europe much happier than they had ever seen her. Once the queen of the night life, she now seems content to spend her time at home with her new husband and her daughter Cheryl.

"I never thought I could ever call Lana serene," says an intimate. "But she actually has a serenity about her that I've never seen before. (*Continued on page 75*)



Despite Lana's obvious pride in her husband, some spiteful gossips insist that Lex is living on his wife's income, is too muscular to be talented! Newly serene Lana ignores digs, but furious Lex accepted U-I contract to prove himself an actor.

Joan Benny Baker and husband Seth cut first slice of 200-pound wedding cake for Jack. Joan's imported gown cost $2500; wedding cost $50,000.

WHO'S GOT THE MONEY?

by Richard Moore

THE STARS AT NIGHT ARE BIG AND

■ It's been nearly a decade since Hollywood has seen a wedding as lavish as the Joan Benny-Seth Baker ceremony and reception last March 9. It cost Mary Livingstone and Jack Benny about $50,000 to marry off their adopted daughter. The wedding dress required a trip to Paris by designer Don Loper—to supervise the handweaving of the white satin brocaded in a lily of the valley pattern. It took thirty-five yards of it to make the skirt and seventeen more for the train. It took

Joan Benny's lavish wedding symbolized the immense wealth Jack's careful saving, wise investment have produced.



Bob Hope, Ann Sothern congratulated Jack and wife Mary Livingstone. Extent of Bob's assets is unknown; top-bracket money-maker, he may be a millionaire or—like many stars—one jump ahead of the sheriff.



Jimmy and Gloria Stewart attended the reception in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Working on a percentage-of-the-film deal, Jimmy makes far more than stars on a regular salary can hope to earn.



Bob Taylor joined Sue and Alan Ladd, later met Barbara Stanwyck. Bob is in the who-knows-how-much class, but the Ladds are definitely solid. Alan's percentage deal with Warners is best ever offered any star.



Tyrone Power and Linda Christian were among stars in the biggest assembly of notables since the Temple-Agar marriage. The Powers live high, own expensive foreign cars, fill their home with paintings, statuary.

BRIGHT, BUT DEEP IN THE HEART OF DEBT. IN HOLLYWOOD ALL WHO GLITTER VERY SELDOM HAVE GOLD.

$2500, in fact, to buy this wedding dress.

Other expenses: 200-pound wedding cake, vintage champagne (1945) for 600 guests, five buffet tables loaded with delicacies, the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel, white lilacs flown from Holland to California, and the services of twelve uniformed policemen and four plain-clothesmen for protecting the jewelry of the guests.

All very fancy, but not outlandish for the beloved only daughter of a famous show business couple. Certainly, the Bennys don't feel that they've spent an excessive amount. But there's been nothing like it since Shirley Temple married John Agar.

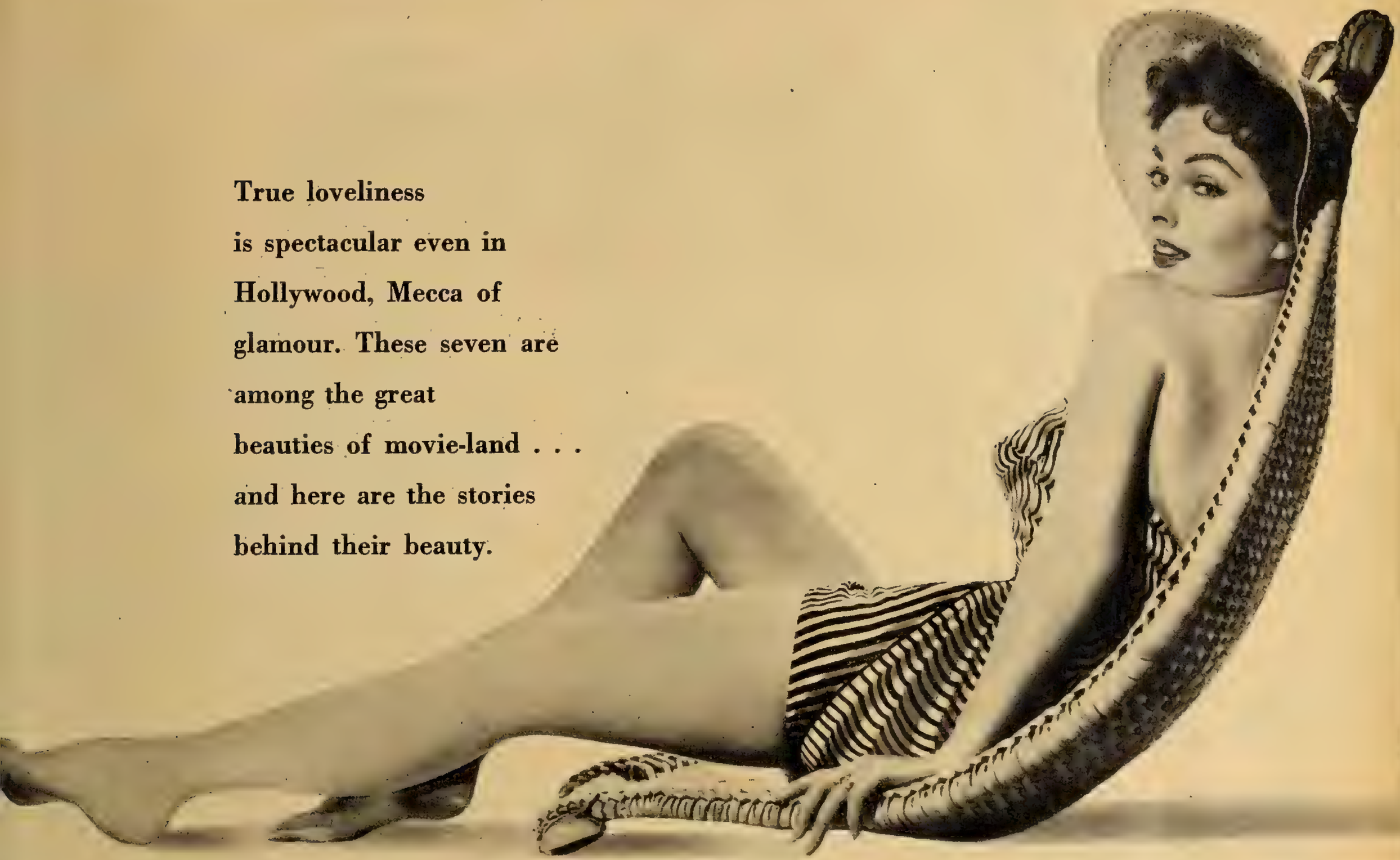
The reason for that is not far to seek. Who, in Hollywood, has enough money to toss off such a party? The stars? Well, a few of them, for sure. Jack Benny, to dispense with his professional formula for a moment, is a generous man, but loaded, nonetheless. Benny, indeed, may have a few of Hollywood's scattered millions.

Who *is* the richest star in Hollywood? Nobody outside the inner sanctum of the Department of Internal Revenue really knows, but according to the Sunset Strip grapevine, it may very well be Jimmy Stewart. During the past few years, Stewart has been leading the way in a new kind of jackpot: sharing his picture's profits. Instead of getting a salary on his current films, Stewart is part owner of the picture and conservative (*Continued on page 78*)



Once painfully shy, Ava Gardner (left) went unnoticed until she began to feel—and act—beautiful; Jeanne Crain (right) was considered "sweet" until she dropped her little-girl air and turned glamorous.

True loveliness is spectacular even in Hollywood, Mecca of glamour. These seven are among the great beauties of movie-land . . . and here are the stories behind their beauty.



Modern Screen's

BEAUTY FAIR

■ An astute Hollywood observer recently remarked, "Really beautiful people are beautiful all over. Not just their faces and their bodies. Look at their hands, their feet, the way their heads are shaped and the way they move." Truer words were never spoken of these girls who grace MODERN SCREEN's Beauty Fair, chosen by our editors and readers as models of real loveliness. They are beautiful all over—in different ways.

Some are simply born to that desirable state of being and never have to lift a finger to remain there. Like Grace Kelly. She was born of a lovely mother; her father and her brother, millionaire John Kelly and Scull Champion Jack Kelly, Jr., could run away with a contest for the most handsome father-and-son team. How could the girl miss? She started from scratch with the pulchritude, and all she has had to do to enhance its ethereal quality is to be herself—tranquil, fastidious, elegant. "She's all of that," said a dazzled swain. "And she projects more zing than a dozen more obvious women put together!"

Another well-known projector who's just doin' what comes naturally is Jane Russell. (*Continued on page 68*)

More pictures on next page

BEAUTY FAIR continued

"Her loveliness I never knew until she smiled at me," wrote a poet. Behind the coloring, bone structure, perfect measurements of each of these lovely ladies lies a unique *inward* beauty.







1. Sultry and sexy, a siren in the Theda Bara tradition, is Jane Russell. Her secret? Works too hard—for others.

2. Red hair to the contrary, Rhonda Fleming believes in moderation, shows little temper and takes life easy.

3. Refinement, culture, elegance, make up Grace Kelly's tranquil beauty. Hers is a subtle, nice-girl charm.

4. Cyd Charisse is one of the rare people who express as much with hands as with eyes and give an impression of all-over radiance.

5. An incredible child was Liz Taylor, perhaps too lovely, too young. Today she is as mature as she is beautiful.



why Duke likes them

John Wayne's on the brink of his third marriage. After all, if you can't succeed with a Mexican, try, try a Peruvian!

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

■ Several months ago when John Wayne was fighting his bitter divorce battle, the courtroom audience was fascinated by his wife Chata.

They looked at this expensively dressed young Mexican woman's flushed complexion and broad features. They watched as she gradually became completely flustered and badgered and devoid of poise.

They listened to her on the witness stand, her voice hoarse and at times inaudible. And they turned to each other and mildly incredulous, they all asked one question:

"How come he married *her?*"

At the time this was the question Duke Wayne was asking himself. He had no answer. Not then, anyway.

When the vitriol and acrimony raised by the mud-slinging had died down, he said kindly, "I know it sounds as if Chata and I did nothing but fight during our marriage. But that's not true.

"In the beginning it was warm and wonderful and we had a lot of fun. She was

Lady-like and charming, Peruvian Pilar Pallete will probably marry John when both divorces are final. John's friends met her at Ned Marin's

Latin

pretty and regular and understanding. I expected it would get better but things just didn't work out."

Duke had used almost the same explanation in 1944 when he was divorced from Josephine Saenz, his first wife and the mother of his four children. Like Chata, Josephine was of Mexican descent.

Having struck out twice with imports from the Latin American league, one might expect that Duke would now try to change his luck. (*Continued on page 85*)



Happy for a while with Mexican Chata, John claimed that Latin women have a strong feeling for home-life. At their tempestuous divorce, however, he accused home-loving Chata of too much gambling, too much drinking and entertaining other men in his house.



John married his first wife, Josephine Saenz, at the home of bridesmaid Loretta Young. Partly Mexican, Josephine had a Central-American background; her father had been a consul for Panama. The marriage lasted ten years, left the Duke broken-hearted.

Gay Nineties party, gave their approval.





Nobody's Baby Now!

By Jack Wade

DON'T GET THE NEW PIER WRONG; SHE DOESN'T EXACTLY WANT TO BE NAUGHTY! BUT SHE'S 21 NOW AND IT'S TIME THE BOYS STOPPED TREATING HER LIKE SOMEBODY'S LITTLE SISTER!



A new wardrobe was Pier's first declaration of independence; she replaced flat sandals with European high heels, bought tight black dresses to supplement her beloved (but now more sophisticated) full skirts, and went on a shopping spree with twin-sister Maria (above) to celebrate their twenty-first joint birthday.





Pier and Maria stopped at Westwood Village's famous House of Candles, bought several for the modern, newly-decorated California ranch house in Brentwood Pier bought last year.



Handling her own money for the first time, Pier bought a sky-blue Cadillac, promptly dented the fender. Other firsts since her birthday include a key to her door, unchaperoned dates.

■ A few weeks ago, a sleek study in Parisian *haute couture* swept through the noisy, noontime tables of MGM's vast studio commissary with the poised, provocative gait of a mannequin. She sported a striking leopard skin coat and a rakish hat to match, beneath which a tight black dress hugged fascinating curves. The heels that clicked the big room to attention were thin as pencils, almost as high and studded with rhinestones. Beneath a severely adult coiffure gold earrings dangled, and massed gold bracelets clicked on her gloved wrists. She wafted a tantalizing scent called *Femme,* which, of course, means "Woman." Undeniably *chic, soignée,* even *ravissante,* this continental siren looked as if she had just stepped off the *Champs Elysées,* which indeed, only a few days before, she had.

At the sight, heads swiveled, (*Continued on page 57*)



One of Hollywood's happiest pairs are Glenn and Ellie.

Pete is more than a son to Glenn Ford. With every wacky escapade, Pete becomes more and more a mirror of Glenn's own hectic, happy youth.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON

■ A terrifying object swooshed suddenly into the velvet sky over Beverly Hills, spitting blue flame and hissing ominously. Briefly but gloriously it dipped, darted and corkscrewed crazily around the roofs and gables of mansions belonging to such eminent citizens as the Fred Astaires, David Selznicks, William Wylers and James Masons. Then it clanked to burnt-out oblivion.

Windows had lighted up like Christmas trees in this select residential section. Doors flew open and telephones jangled, as one private number dialed another. What was it—a flying saucer? Had push-button war begun? Neighbors in bathrobes chattered like squirrels and peered into the heavens.

One calm householder merely yawned and kept his eyes on his TV set. "It's nothing to get worked up about," he reasoned. "Just that Ford kid down the street."

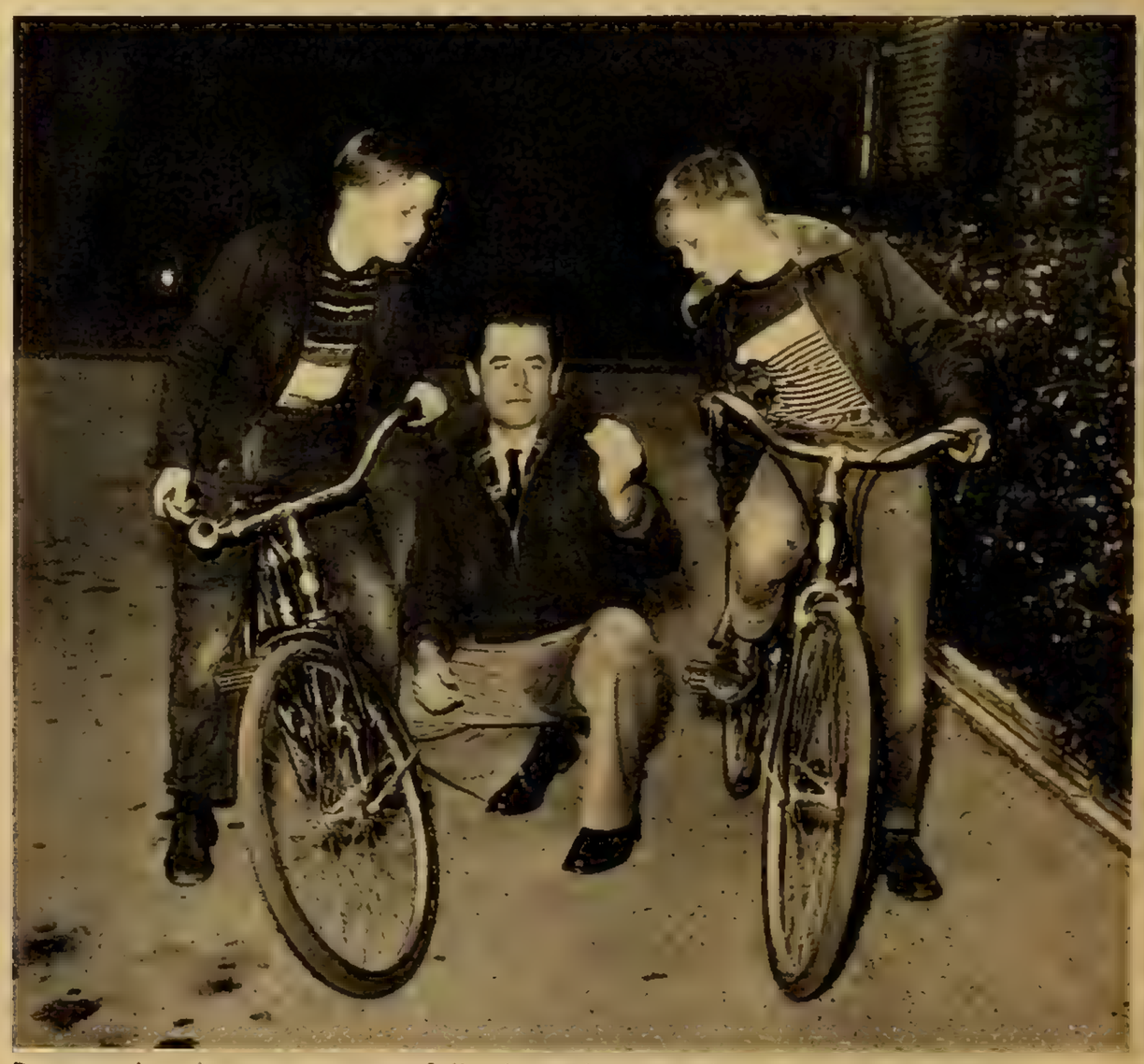
"Which one?" his wife asked him.

It was a legitimate question. Down the line in a big brick house a couple of Fords are growing to look and act like each other more and more every day. At that tense moment the pair of them, a husky nine-year-old called Pete and a tall thirty-six-year-old called Glenn, stood rooted in the darkness of their backyard, staring at each other with expressions compounded of rapture, fear, wonder and guilt.

"Dad," exclaimed the one named Pete. "It worked!"

"Yeah," admitted Glenn a little shakily, "it sure did. Come on," he suggested, "let's duck into the house before the cops come. I thought you wanted that cigar can and the old movie film for a stink bomb."

"Well," explained his son, "it's like this: you cram the film into the can, poke a big hole in the top, light it and it's a stink bomb. But if you put little holes in the bottom, stick in a fuse, put on fins and rig up a couple of boards to launch it—then it's a space rocket." (*Continued on page 96*)



Pete and pal pause respectfully for Glenn's advice on bike trouble. Glenn admits that his words of wisdom have occasionally backfired—as when he told Pete never to fight with a boy who wasn't bigger than himself!

Apple of his father's eye, adventuresome Pete is no "movie star's child," spends his days collecting bugs and making rockets with adventuresome dad.



Although Pete's first Christmas present was an electric train, Glenn was shocked to find that he had never been on a real one, arranged for the family to accompany him by train and boat to Brazil.



It is sometimes frightening to be a hero to a small boy, Glenn finds, realizing that he must weigh his words carefully. Pete accepts everything his father says as gospel, but is not above glamorizing his own experiences for friends.

photographed by Bob Beerman and Bert Parry

a date with Eddie

Most stars on a first date with a dream like Mala Powers head for Mocambo and the wee hours of the morn. But Eddie Fisher had enough of nightclubs and night life on his last trip to the coast—so this time he and Mala started out at noon to explore the *other* Hollywood!



Introduced by a mutual friend, Eddie and Mala began their first date on the famous corner of Sunset and Vine near NBC where Eddie had been rehearsing his TV show.



First stop was at Stan's Drive In, TV and radio stars' hangout. "Those page boys," Mala said, "will probably end up vice presidents." "Good," said Eddie. "I'll hang around and maybe wind up as a page boy!"



At famous Farmers' Market they sampled several of the 37 varieties of fruit juice at one stand. "I feel sort of guilty," Eddie remarked, "drinking anything but a Coke."



Next they paused for fried fish and potatoes. "Talk about your rustic atmosphere," Eddie said, ordering the food, "I'd like to come out here and rub it in my hair for a few years!"



Enjoying his second trip much more than his first, Eddie said he'd like to telecast some of his TV shows from Hollywood, had been conferring all that morning with "the guys in scriptville" (his term) about it.



Equipped with ice cream cones Eddie and Mala headed for the hills, took in churches, mansions, and Mandeville Canyon to complete their tour of the *other* Hollywood.



By EARL WILSON
famous New York columnist

What she doesn't have— she doesn't need

AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF THE YEAR'S LOVELIEST STAR, ACADEMY AWARD WINNER AUDREY HEPBURN!

■ You probably don't remember about Audrey Hepburn, at fifteen. How this thin, fragile, sensitive child victim of World War II, was reduced to eating weeds and grass from the fields of Holland.

I'd forgotten it—and I feel I know her pretty well—but Mel Ferrer, her leading man on the stage (and in real life, too, at the moment!), reminded me of it the other day.

That's why Audrey's been in precarious health lately.

"People all around her were dying of starvation," Ferrer told me. "Her ankles were filling up with water.

"There was no meat to eat. And no salt. And her serious condition was spreading. Her whole constitution was undermined.

"Now," continued Ferrer, "she eats good food, and all the meat she was supposed to have eaten back in those years. But her blood pressure is away down. Everything for her is a big effort.

"That is why," he added, "she doesn't have the strength to go out a lot socially, and do a lot of interviews.

"It makes life difficult for her," Ferrer said, "because she, like Garbo and Helen Hayes, is an actress who—I don't want to sound corny—feels she must *give* of herself to the audience."

And so that is the fight that the twenty-four-year-old Miss Hepburn is making today: to regain her health so she can give to her audiences.

But it is only half the fight. For Audrey, sitting in her dressingroom at the theatre where she stars in *Ondine* with Ferrer, plainly told me of another battle.

"I have to prove to everybody that I am not a fluke," she said.

"A fluke!" I exclaimed.

She who had just won the Academy Award for *Roman Holiday* and who was acclaimed as almost no actress ever (*Continued on page* 94)



HIS PALS DON'T LAUGH AT LEWIS

What's

■ A tide of resentment is mounting against Jerry Lewis.

Any mention of the great clown's name used to arouse only smiles, laughter and happy memories of comic pandemonium. Now it also brings expressions of regret, puzzled head-shaking and grimaces of disillusionment.

The general opinion is that Jerry is beginning to resemble the cock who thought the sun had risen to hear him crow. His large circle of Hollywood friends is getting smaller.

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis no longer make those riotous home movies with Jerry and his wife Patti. Mona Freeman, once a confidante, now blithely goes her own way.

Simmons and Lear, his writers, are objects of his annoyance. Although he is compelled by contract to pay them, he neither talks to them nor uses any of their material.

Jerry strongly dislikes Bob Hope. Bob doesn't like Jerry, either.

Although Hal Wallis rescued Jerry from an unprofitable contract, Jerry's behavior now borders on loud-mouthed hatred.



Formerly content to let "Jer" hold the spotlight, Dean is now reported to be sulky about it. Wife Jeanne has long avoided Lewises socially.

NOW. HE'S LOSING FRIENDS AND LOSING MONEY—AND GAINING NOTHING BUT TROUBLE! ■ By Steve Cronin

happening to Jerry?

Worse yet, there are signs of family warfare in the Martin and Lewis camp.

While the comedians were in Phoenix on location for *The Big Top* a national magazine was shooting a picture spread on Jerry. Apparently chagrined that he had been overlooked, Dean simply disappeared from the set, holding up production of the picture.

It had been no secret, of course, that Jerry's wife Patti and Dean's wife Jeanne avoid each other socially. Now it looks as though their resentment is spreading to the boys.

Until lately, Dean has always seemed to be content to play golf, relax, enjoy himself—and leave professional problems and decisions to "Jer." Now he's taking an interest.

He, too, could be suffering from a little head expansion. A few weeks ago a Hollywood composer dropped by Dean's house. He had a new tune he thought would be just right for Dean. This composer has written almost as many hits as Irving Berlin and he doesn't need Dean Martin to sing his numbers. But he's thoughtful and naturally he expected Dean to appreciate his gesture.

When Dean was told that the composer was downstairs he turned to Killer Gray, his aide-de-camp, and said, "Can't see him now. Let him leave the sheet music."

When the composer got the message, he grabbed the sheet music out of Killer's hand.

"Tell him for me that if he doesn't have the courtesy to come down and say hello—" his speech began.

Still, Martin has not offended by untoward behavior nearly so much as Lewis. Not long ago, Lewis, accompanied by his gang stalked into the Paramount commissary. As usual, Jerry began to shout and cavort. A veteran studio employee was entertaining a guest. He leaned over and said politely, "How about taking it easy? We can't hear ourselves talk."

"Look," snapped Jerry, "if it weren't for me and my partner you wouldn't be working here. We're keeping things going."

There are similar stories emanating from the wardrobe, publicity and script departments—all showing (*Continued on page 83*)





Unhappy with latest scripts, Dean and Jerry would like to leave Hal Wallis. Both boys are in debt to Paramount as well as Uncle Sam, but some say money troubles are not the only cause of Jerry's bad temper.



Once Jerry's closest friends, Tony and Janet Curtis are now rumored to be feuding with the Lewises, no longer take part in their home movies. Stories started when families held separate parties, didn't invite each other.



WANTED: A MAN!

No more actors,

no more charmers,

no more adolescents—

Kate needs a guy

who can stand up

to anything—

including Kate!

BY JOHN MAYNARD

■ There is an idea in some quarters that Kathryn Grayson, however eminent and undeniable her status as a star, does not, away from the soundtrack, produce the sort of chitchat that sends the troops storming into battle without their Vitamin C.

While Miss Moore, for example, dwells on the virtues of donning ermine bathing suits and Mrs. Di Maggio on those of staying clear of undergarments, Miss Grayson is wont to ponder how tough it is for a girl to shift from second into high in the middle of "The Bell Song."

Miss Hayward and Mr. Chandler are maybe thisaway, Ava and Frankie that—Miss Grayson is positively at home with a good book and a very, very good five-year-old daughter named Patti Kate.

This is the stuff that soups up circulation and stands the beauty parlor on its collective ear? No. Not this year.

"It's a shame," said Miss Grayson not long ago, "but it's sort of late to back down. My life and my career have been—what were the words you used? Dignified? Decorous? And just a little dull. Well, I can't apologize for it. I've wanted it that way. But have you ever found me dishonest or evasive in an interview? I've always answered what was asked (*Continued on page 91*)



Protesting, "I am *not* stuffy!" the usually staid Miss Grayson whipped off her skirt and did kicks with the chorus line for her last show at Las Vegas' swank Sahara Hotel. Delighted crowds had expected opera!



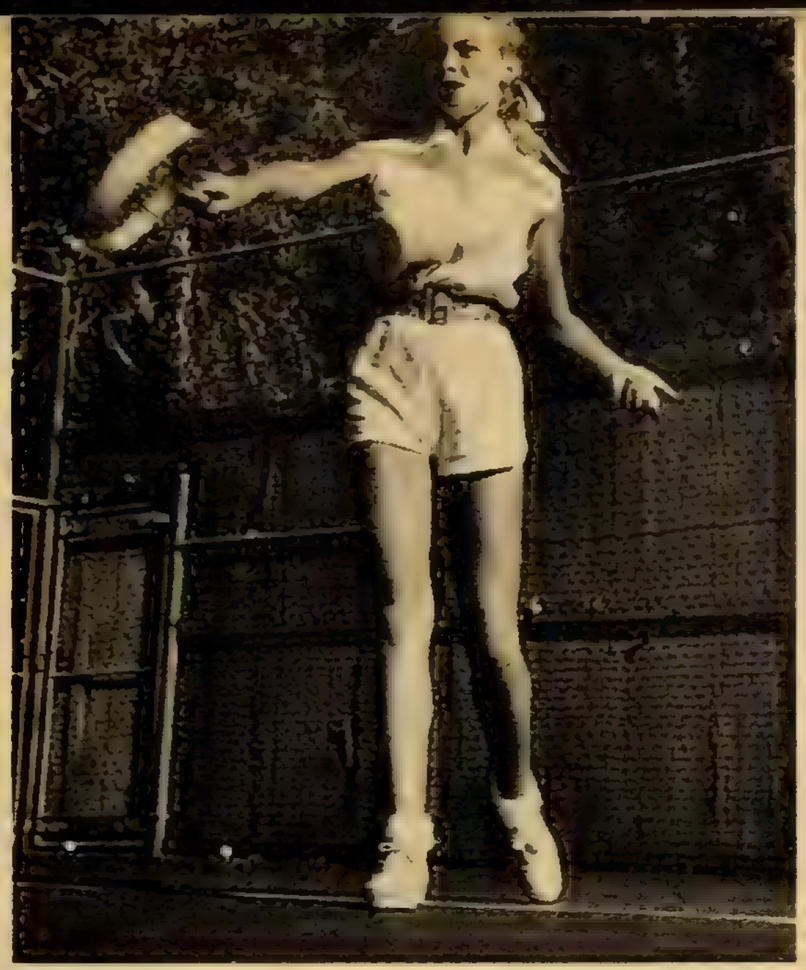
Patti Kate, led on stage by Indian actor Naji, is Kate's constant companion; Mama would like six more! Kathryn's four gowns are reputed to be MGM's most costly ever; the beading alone cost over $2000.

By Louis Pollock

how TONY and JANET saved their LOVE



There's nothing new under the sun—except, perhaps, the Curtises, who left Hollywood on the point of collapse and came home on top of the world!





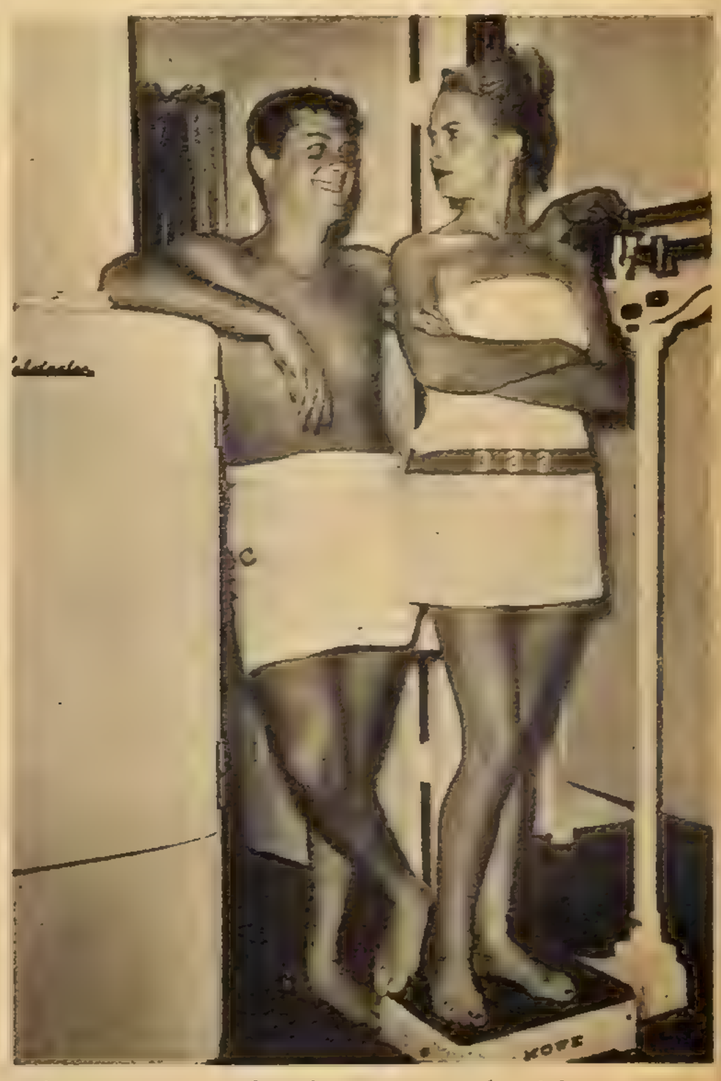
Unable to sit still, Janet relaxed by playing tennis with Charlie Farrell, owner of Palm Springs' luxurious Racquet Club, where the Curtises stayed during their vacation. Farrell is best known as Gale Storm's doting father on the TV show, *My Little Margie*.





Never without his paints, Tony did a portrait of screen writer Ed Trzcinski. He also found time to work on a year-old unfinished study of his wife. Later he gave Janet chess lessons, using the huge outdoor game played on squares of different-colored grass.





Underweight and exhausted when they left Hollywood, Janet got back to normal with the aid of massage. Despite tension of their hectic way of life, neither she nor Tony really wants to settle down; they feel young actors shouldn't be "stable—like bankers!"

■ It was Janet who was supposed to be badly in need of a rest but it was Tony who kept dropping off into short naps after they got to Palm Springs.

"See? Him's tired, too," said Janet when she came out of their room at the Racquet Club in her new gold bathing suit and found Tony lying on his tummy with eyes closed at the edge of the pool.

"Cut out the baby talk," said Tony, still with eyes shut. "I bet you put on the gold suit even though I told you I liked the blue job best. Why? Must a wife keep her husband guessing even after they have been married three years?"

"She must," replied Janet, sitting down right in the middle of his back. She pulled at his ears, filled her bathing cap with water and poured it over his head, and said "Nope!" when he told her to quit. Suddenly Tony rolled over, pulled Janet to him in a short hug, and in the same moment practically gave her a shove toward the pool. She screamed, tried to catch her balance and couldn't make it. There was a splash. When someone came up and asked what was wrong Tony replied, "I never did care for that girl." Janet was already swimming the length of the pool in a beautifully smooth crawl and his eyes were following her with obvious admiration.

For more than a year Tony and Janet had been trying to get a few weeks off for a vacation; last spring they finally made it—or at least ten days of it—down to Palm Springs after they finished their second co-starring picture, *The Black Shield Of Falworth*. Janet was pounds under her normal weight and Tony was really worried about her. Janet admits he had reason. (*Continued on page 55*)

more pictures on next page



"Is him tired?" Janet cooed, ignored Tony's order to stop talking baby talk and let a weary working man rest. Instead she pulled his hair.

A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men—unless they're sleepy!



Filling her cap with water, she doused Tony, barely got the cap on again before he shoved her into the pool—then penitently dried her off.

(*Continued from page 53*) "I was on the verge of vanishing into thin air," she confessed. "It's true, though I don't want to be hysterical about it, that I was near collapse when we climbed into our blue Cadillac convertible—please forgive me; we haven't had it long and I sound like I'm bragging but we're both so crazy about it!—and rolled down to Palm Springs.

"I've heard people snickering when they hear of overworked actresses. The usual reaction is: Well, now, isn't that too bad? The poor girl only has to work about forty weeks out of the year, has hairdressers, make-up artists, servants at home, a doting husband, gets paid scrambled thousands of dollars a year and then tries to talk herself into believing she is about to fall over from nervous exhaustion!

"And maybe they're right, but I don't think so. Tony and I have gone from one picture into another. We don't think we're great thespians, but on the other hand we work at it; we must memorize pages and pages of dialogue and we must do dozens of things we've never done before—and do them convincingly. For my pictures I've had to learn how to milk a cow, drive a team of horses, run an old-fashioned sewing machine, toe dance, tap dance, ballet dance, ride western, ride English, ride sidesaddle, ride bareback, handle parachutes, train lions—and I'm expected to look like an expert at it! Tony has had even tougher assignments than mine. Is it so hard to believe that after steady weeks, months, and yes, even years of this, you could get a bit weary?"

So they swam and took the sun and lazed around. Tony had a chance to catch up on his painting, even to try to finish a study of Janet he had started more than a year before in Colorado. (*Continued on page 100*)



Little Theatre enthusiasts, Tony and Janet attended the Palm Springs Playhouse production of *Affairs Of State.* They are now considering some legitimate theatre work for themselves.



Backstage with the cast, the Curtises talked shop, admitted that though they enjoy co-starring they don't want to be considered a permanent acting team, think it might limit them.





Like many very active people, Janet normally eats high-protein food and has to be urged to eat the starches and sweets she needs for additional poundage. Tony needs no such coaxing to eat.

DEB'S FAITH DOESN'T SHAKE THE WORLD; IT JUST GIVES CONFIDENCE TO A BLITHE SPIRIT.

THE LITTLE LESSONS

by Debbie Reynolds

■ When I was three weeks old my father carried me to church on a pillow and, as I grew up, even before I attended Sunday School, I was hearing the stories of the Bible from my mother. Through childhood and teenhood the relationship of my parents to me was close and reflected their confidence in me, as well as their love. When I required not only their permission, but their trust in me, it was freely given. In this sort of home faith holds up the roof, faith supplies the table, faith guards and plans and heals. I am a very lucky girl that I had and still have that kind of home.

If anyone were to ask me whether I am a regular churchgoer I would have to say no. With the (*Continued on page 62*)

nobody's baby now

(*Continued from page 41*) jaws dropped and eyes bugged in startled disbelief. The face was familiar, but everything else—!

Jane Powell was first to blurt out the truth. "Pier Angeli!" she gasped. "It's *you!* Why, you're suddenly all grown up!"

Pier curved her stop-light red lipstick in a pleased smile that flashed like a baby spot. "Ooo-la-la!" she exclaimed in her best continental manner. "And is that such a surprise?"

Pier Angeli knew darned well it was—but of course that was the big idea. At home, working with the products of a European shopping spree, she had plotted her eye-opening entrance. It was Pier's way of announcing that, since she left Hollywood eight months before for Europe, there had been some important changes made.

Last May, Pier flew off to London to make *Flame And The Flesh*. She departed a girl and she returned a woman. What happened in between was not exactly sensational, or wouldn't seem so to most American girls. But to Pier Angeli it was the Emancipation Proclamation.

It was at Boreham Woods, MGM's English studio, that the petite Italian miss inquired hesitantly, her big green eyes on Producer Joe Pasternak, "Do you suppose I could get off work tomorrow?"

"What's the matter?" asked Joe. "Are you sick?"

"No," Pier assured him. "But tomorrow's my birthday—my twenty-first birthday."

Pasternak summoned his most severe executive frown. "I'm afraid that's impossible," he said shortly. "Sorry."

Pier nodded, disappointed, and went to her Savoy Hotel room. She had dinner with her mama as usual and climbed into bed thinking that people just didn't understand. But she was wrong.

NEXT MORNING, when she reported for make-up, lettered across the mirror beside a lipstick caricature of herself was, "CONGRATULATIONS, PIER. WE LOVE YOU." When she stepped out an orchestra greeted her with "Happy Birthday." Lana Turner dumped red roses in her arms, Carlos Thompson presented her with a book of prints, the crew gave her a silver dressing set, Joe Pasternak gave her a gold medallion for her charm bracelet and everybody kissed her. She didn't work much that day, after all.

All this was thrilling and Pier Angeli appreciated it. But none of those tributes or trinkets compared with the one she received that night. Carefully dolled-up in a sophisticated white and silver evening gown with a flower in her upswept hair, Pier was expectant and ready for a knock on the door. A fellow named Kirk Douglas opened it with orchids in his arm, ready to take her for a whirl on the town—and for the first time in Pier's life—alone. As the pair set out, Enrica Pierangeli pressed something into her daughter's palm, not without tears. It was the key to her room, and the greatest, most beautiful gift Pier Angeli had received in all her life. Too big for her tiny evening bag, she kept it pressed in her palm all evening, even when dancing at *Les Ambassadeurs*. And when she came home in the small hours, she used it with a particular sense of pride.

Now, a twenty-first birthday is pretty important to almost any girl. It's the day she's officially grown up, can vote, sign legal contracts, marry without parental consent and fry in the electric chair if she happens to murder someone. All these privileges accrued to Pier Angeli last June 19, but none to her was as important as another: the right to act her age and lead her own private life. Nobody was hungrier for this right than Pier Angeli, nobody had ever suppressed it with greater success, but nobody grabbed it more eagerly when it arrived.

After *Flame And The Flesh* (in which she battles Lana Turner for the love of handsome Argentine Carlos Thompson for the most adult role of her career so far) Pier zoomed south on her first jet plane ride to Ischia where her family had taken a villa. She sunned herself, bathed in the surf, rested and met Kirk Douglas in Rome for a Roman holiday. Then she hopped to Paris by herself to make *Mademoiselle Nitouche* with the French star, Fernandel.

Pier had never seen Paris before. Her producer, Raymond Hakim, met her at the plane, presented her with the appropriate "Femme" perfume, drove her to the *Georges Cinq* Hotel and asked her to dinner. But Pier declined. She was tired, she said, but actually she had to savor this thrill all by herself—the first room she had ever had to herself in the first hotel where she'd ever registered by herself in the most romantic and beautiful city in the world, the only city she'd ever visited alone.

modern screen's

sunniest

midsummer miss,

doris day wears

her best bonnet on

the **july** cover—

and on your newsstand

june 3.

PIER WILL NEVER forget Paris. She worked—five hours a day speaking French lines into a recorder and playing it back until it was perfect, because since her school days she'd never used the language. She acted in *Mademoiselle Nitouche* from ten o'clock in the morning often until ten at night. There was time to see the sights with another gentleman a good many years her senior, but very charming indeed—Jean Pierre Aumont. And so there were the sidewalk cafés, the restaurants of *haute cuisine*, the opera, the theatre and the late nightclubs such as *La Tour D'Argent* and *Cheherazaz*. And another new thrill: for the first time in her life Pier walked boldly into the smart shops along the *Rue de la Paix* and picked out what *she* wanted, not what her mother chose for her.

Pier was having such a ball, solo at last, that when Mrs. Pierangeli flew up with Pier's sisters for Christmas, and asked, "Did you miss me?" Pier replied, "Of course, but I've been having a wonderful time."

"You shouldn't say that," he mother reproved tearfully. "You don't love me."

"I *do* love you," she assured her mother with an embrace, "but for the first time I've been on my own and it's wonderful. I should do this more often." From now on it looks as though she will.

To hardened sophisticates, this mild continental spree might not sound like such a much. But although Pier Angeli was raised in Italy and had returned to Europe three times previously, her trip to Paris was epochal. This time it was her own party. For once, the decisions were Pier's—not Mama's. A lot of people who have known Pier since she arrived in Hollywood think it was high time, too.

It was only four years ago that Anna Maria Pierangeli got her first excited look at America. Stopping in New York on her way to Hollywood, she strode through the lobby of the sedate Plaza Hotel convinced that she was the glass of fashion and the mould of form.

Encasing her dainty ankles were festooned cowboy boots and over her slim legs flapping chaps. She wore a powder blue darted shirt, flame red scarf and a black sombrero. At her thighs swung studded holsters out of which pearl-handled six-guns poked. Behind her hip dangled a wicked-looking knife.

Anna, seventeen, emerged on Fifth Avenue and continued her Wild West strut in broad daylight past Manhattan's smartest shops. Occasionally she prowled inside wondering vaguely why people stared and some salesgirls gasped and fled. She was almost to Rockefeller Center before a distraught MGM publicity man caught up with her and hustled her into a cab.

"Say," he tried to communicate. "Are you crazy? That stuff's strictly for Hallowe'en."

"Hallowe'en?" inquired Anna. "Wot ees?"

"When you dress up and scare people," panted the guy, making a face to illustrate. "Look, with those pistols and that knife you know where you'll land? In jail!"

"Jail? Wot ees?" He explained that, too. Anna Maria burst into tears. In her limited English she explained that she was only trying to be fashionable and correct—to make the good first impression in America. Because as everybody in Italy who went to movies knew for a fact, all smart American girls dressed like Dale Evans!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS are lasting and it could be that the little girl aura which has clung to Pier Angeli all her years in Hollywood stemmed from that first misdirected masquerade. However, other junior miss factors combined to lodge cute little Pier in a never-never land of perpetual girlhood, until very recently.

Although she was almost eighteen, an age when American girls consider themselves thoroughly mature, Pier looked and sometimes acted like a sub-deb. She was tiny—only five feet-one, 100 pounds and with an eighteen-and-a-half-inch waist. Around the lot she immediately collected nicknames—"Bambola," which means "doll," "Annarella," which means "Little Annie" in Italian, and of course, "Honey." She wore her long bronze hair streaming down her back, and pattered around in flat sandals under fluffy ballet skirts, cincher belts and sweaters, sometimes carrying a teddy bear or a doll. Her struggles with English were charmingly droll; she said "hombuggers" and "smashed" potatoes, and massacred the bebop slang that her first chum, Debbie Reynolds, taught her. She neither smoked nor drank, but adored ice cream and jumbo malteds. Disarmingly ingenuous, she was inclined to break into giggles or tears at the slightest provocation. Almost at once Pier became the coddled pet of MGM, a girl whom bosses patted paternally on the head and said they'd like her for their little girl.

"Why does everybody say 'I like you for my daughter,' or 'I wish you were my sister?'" Pier sometimes objected. "Why don't they say, 'I like you for my girl?'"

But that was pretty hard to arrange, too.

Not that Pier's innocent angel child peg scared away men. From the start she attracted beaux in Hollywood like honey attracts bees. Arthur Loew, Jr., who produced her first picture, *Teresa*, discovered Pier more than just professionally and hosted her eighteenth birthday party. John Ericson, her lead that first film, was a good friend, also Stewart Stearn, the man who co-wrote it and who had first spied Pier in Italy. John Barrymore, Jr., liked her so much that he gave Pier his famous dad's make-up kit. Dick Andersen, a young MGM discovery took her out. And, of course, Kirk Douglas. At Pier's first party with young people—when Debbie Reynolds held open house at her new swimming pool, Pier—who couldn't swim then—stepped out up to her nose. With that slim excuse, six boys leaped in and thrashed furiously for the chance to save her. So she wasn't exactly neglected. But all along there was a frustrating factor. Until she turned twenty-one nobody could get Pier out alone.

If a boy figured on sitting out a date with Pier at home they also sat it out with Mrs. Pierangeli, watching like a mother hawk. If they took her out they also took her twin sister, Maria Luisa, and always with a crowd of others. Then, they got the inevitable question from Mama, "Wot time you get back?" and an early front door deadline. Even then Pier had to report home periodically by phone through the brief evenings, and often leave a dinner half-eaten to make the strict curfew.

"Dating Pier was a package deal," recalls one boy who tried it and then gave up. "You also got Mama, and her twin sister and sometimes even little Patrizia, too." And while Mrs. Pierangeli was youngish and smart, Maria beautiful and Pat a real cutie, there are times when five can be a crowd.

One chagrined escort had an upsetting experience. Giving Pier a lift home from the swimming pool one afternoon, he made an impetuous pass at a kiss before he let her out. As Pier drew back indignantly he explained, "Why, that's nothing over here. You always get a good night kiss from a girl."

"What do you mean, 'good night'?" tossed back Pier, slamming the car door and heading for the house. "It's only five-thirty!"

Despite these weighty handicaps to romance, Pier managed to get around. Beneath her doll-like beauty she packed an impish sense of humor. A gay gleam in her eyes and her vivacious spirit suggested a filly who might any minute break loose and romp out of pasture into the hills. She learned to like boogie and cut a rug and sometimes at home gatherings it was noted, when her mother left the room, Pier could swing her hips in a wicked mamba. While most of her stepping-out affairs were to premières or studio affairs, she also made Ciro's and Mocambo where sometimes, too, she managed to dance in one dim corner while her twin sister danced in the other. Even under wraps, Pier has always been terrifically popular in Hollywood. At her twentieth birthday party seventy guests showed up at the Beverly Hills Hotel to help her celebrate.

PIER'S SITUATION was anachronistic. Actually, Pier Angeli was more sophisticated in other ways than the people who shook their heads and wondered if she should be let loose without a nurse. She had flown the Atlantic eighteen times, toured South America, made pictures in Mexico and Germany. She spoke three languages, read the classics, knew both music and art thoroughly. Professionally, she was compared with the young Bergman and Garbo and played highly emotional roles with seasoned leading men such as Stewart Granger, Gene Kelly, Ricardo Montalban and Kirk Douglas. She had demonstrated adult courage. Once, when she was flying east, the plane had trouble over the Grand Canyon, almost crashed and had to return to California. The other passengers nearly panicked, but Pier snoozed calmly throughout the whole ordeal. In Rio de Janeiro, mobs almost tore her to pieces in one frightening public appearance, but without disturbing her composure. She thoroughly enjoyed her first bull fight in Mexico, although her mother became hysterical. Making *The Story Of Three Loves* Pier climbed up on a seventy-two-foot high trapeze platform and was swung through the air with the greatest of ease by Kirk Douglas. One reporter who scoffed that it was all a trick was brought to the set, but had to cover his eyes and leave shuddering. In rehearsal Pier had a bad spill, cracked her wrist and had to stop practicing—but not because she wanted to. She was all set to climb back before the doctor took a look.

So, by almost any standard, Pier Angeli never qualified as a real greenhorn, retarded child or a pantywaist in Hollywood. Then why was a twenty-first birthday necessary to shake loose the cotton batting from her private portrait? Why didn't she declare her independence long ago? Most American girls might find that hard to figure. But it's not puzzling when you consider two things: an old Italian custom and the special circumstances of Pier's girlhood.

Pier, of course, is all Italian, born in Sardinia and raised around Rome. No nice Italian girl ever does anything much on her own until she's twenty-one. She can't drive a car for instance, and as for going out unchaperoned, unless engaged or married, it's unthinkable. Pier's father, Luigi, was an architect, sculptor and painter. Her mother, Enrica, was on the stage from fifteen until twenty, when she married and retired. Pier spent a more than usually sheltered childhood studying piano, violin, dancing and art from the age of six. This was purely for culture; there was no thought whatever at that time of her becoming an actress. Her father violently disapproved of the idea, and once when her mother let twelve-year-old Pier sing on a Rome radio program, he raised the roof.

Pier remembers a close-knit family scene. Born only twenty minutes before Maria, the sisters were always together, dressed alike and received identical toys at Christmas from *Babbo Natale*, the Italian Santa Claus. "I never needed any other playmate," Pier has said. "Maria and I always dearly loved each other." When they were both ten the Pierangeli family circle was cinched even tighter because the Nazis occupied Italy. With Hitler's troops roaming the streets, Anna and Maria led an even more cloistered life. They left their apartment only to walk to school, a perilous mile journey past helmeted Nazis. Often terrible things happened to girls and a time or two Pier herself was chased by drunken soldiers, racing to refuge just in time. Once for five months she was desperately ill and always in those days chronically hungry. To get milk, meat and vegetables for his daughters, her father pedalled thirteen miles into the country and back on the bicycle.



One factor in Pier's new maturity was her romance with man-of-the-world Kirk Douglas.

PIER WORSHIPPED her father. Today his is the lone photograph in her bedroom. It is a handsome, sensitive face resembling Pier's. She frankly admits that a father complex lingers with her and may be one reason she has yet to fall seriously in love. "I miss him so," she will tell you, "I'm always looking for the qualities he had in the men I meet. But I never find them."

Luigi Pierangeli died of a sudden heart attack right after Pier had finished *Teresa*, and only two weeks before she left Italy for Hollywood. He never saw his daughter on the screen. His death was not only a profound shock to Pier but probably the strongest reason why she has never once protested or rebelled against her mother's close supervision of her private life.

The story of how young Pier Angeli became an actress in the first place has been told, but there's a story of more significance to her personal life which has not been told.

Pier was a milk-cheeked, titian-haired young seraph with lustrous agate eyes when she went with her father one day to the apartment house he had designed in Rome. It was called *"La Bonboniera,"* which means roughly "The Candybox." The visit to the modern house was to check some plumbing trouble in an apartment rented by Rina De Liguoro, a prominent Italian actress. One look at Pier's cherubic beauty impressed De Liguoro so that she never forgot it. Through a chain of reactions involving Leonide Moguy, a French director, and Vittorio DeSica, the famous Italian one, Pier was offered a part in *Tomorrow Is Too Late*, the part, incidentally, of an innocent young girl suddenly faced and terrified with maturity. Both her mother and Pier wanted desperately to accept, but at first her father refused to consider such a thing. Pier remembers very well how she eventually won permission from her reluctant parent.

"I sat on his lap and gave him a kiss," she recalls. "I told him how much I wanted it, and I said 'Papa—please.' I could do things with him no one else could. And so he agreed. 'But only'—and I can still hear his words—'if you promise me you will always stay near your mother and do what she says until you are entirely grown up.' And so I promised." It was a promise that has been fully kept.

Pier Angeli was so shy and naive for that first screen job that when she was called on to kiss a boy for the camera she couldn't do it for two days. Finally, agonizingly coaxed into the embrace by her director, she fainted the minute it was over. And Pier was not much more advanced in the ways of the world when she came to America. Even as late as *The Devil Makes Three* only two years ago, Gene Kelly had to bark at her in love scenes. "Don't look at the floor. Look at me! Haven't you ever been in love?" Pier had to shake her head.

Rose Marie Reid JEWELS OF THE SEA

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the little lessons

(*Continued from page 56*) sort of hours I have and all the traveling that seems to be a part of show business, I don't suppose I'll ever get to attend steadily. But I do go when I can and my faith is still with me when I can't.

Faith, to me, is having the idea of God and doing all you can about it. It is also having an uplifting idea of any kind and doing all you can about it even if you are going to goof it up.

I could never get up in front of people and act the fool as I sometimes do if I didn't have faith—all kinds of faith—in people as well as the Lord. Certainly I could not be a pessimist and do it. I couldn't do it if I were always saying to myself, "I don't suppose they will like me." In my work I *have* to depend on people.

I began with my friends. At first my faith in them amounted to little more than a hope that they would laugh with me when I cut up, and not at me. Later, with confidence and also with a realization that they *wanted* to be on my side and, all things equal, would be, I dared to do more. You have to dare to develop. You must have a trust in yourself and in those whose approval you must have, before you can dare. This is faith.

For some people making friends is a job, but it's worth it. For me the time I have spent with my friends and the thinking I have done about them is just about the best investment I have made in my life. Right from the start they were human and kind and let me gain the experience I needed (which all kids need!) of expressing myself in front of groups.

Were it not for them I could have grown up to a narrow-thinking little dope; instead, if I have a broad outlook on life at all, I got it from them. And it is not only that they *were* important to me; they *are* important to me today. I forgot this once and was reminded in a way I won't forget.

WHEN I FIRST got into movie work I became a little warped about it. For about a year and a half I got away from my old life. I seldom went to church with the family (I had no thoughts of God at all), I rarely called my old friends. One night I sat down knowing that I felt downright miserable. I kept telling myself there was no reason to be in the slumps. I was going along fine at the studio, I was being invited out here and there, I could keep going at a gay gallop every second if I wanted to. Yet all I wanted to do was cry—and I did.

"I must be getting sick," I told my mother. "I haven't got a reason in the world to feel blue but I do."

"What have you been doing that you really used to like to do?" she asked.

It seemed to me that I was having fun and therefore Mom wasn't on the ball at all. But then I began to understand that she didn't mean it the way I thought. What I used to like, what gave all of us kids our biggest kick, was creating a nice surprise for the other guy; a party, something she had always wanted, the solace she needed. I could remember how we'd get together and be so happy conspiring about some affair like this that we couldn't talk for our giggling. It all came back to me and I realized that *this* was living. It had been ages since I had done anything *for* anyone. And everything else was pretending.

There was only one thing to do. I jumped for the telephone and madly started calling all my old friends. I was in a hurry to get back into my old life and feel like my old self—a terrible hurry!

I guess I don't have to point out that my mother would not have been able to guess what was wrong with me—when I didn't know myself—unless, like so many mothers, she spent a little time thinking of herself and a great deal thinking of those near to her. In this way she has generated such a feeling of security in all of us that any threat to our well-being will be anticipated and overcome before it can mount to dangerous proportions.

For instance, ours is a family with no relationship to drinking. If this makes us all sound like livin' dolls, forget it. It's just that alcohol in any form has never been a factor in our life.

Whenever I see someone who drinks to excess I feel very sorry for them. They must be terribly bored or they wouldn't find it necessary. I am sure that if they could find something to do that really interested them they wouldn't need to drown their troubles.

THIS HAS worked out with a boy I know, a boy who had looks, money, and absolutely no interest in things, especially church. Somehow we got to talking one day about his lack of direction in life and I said something that made him laugh at first—that if he had any kind of little job he liked, it would change his attitude.

I couldn't figure out why I had said it except that a few mornings before this I had seen my father doing a little work around the house and whistling contentedly at it. Dad is a carpenter. This day he had fashioned a piece of wood and then squinted down the edge of it to make sure it was straight and true. From the look on his face you could tell that it was—and more. He was at peace with himself.

I told this to the boy. I said I knew why my father had felt good; it was because he had a sense of being useful in the world, and therefore his life had meaning.

Months passed before I met the boy again, but then I saw that he was a changed fellow. He was in the automobile business—selling cars, I mean—and he was crazy about it, he told me. If he knew someone who needed a car but couldn't quite swing the deal, he would figure out how it could be done.

"You should see the looks on their faces when they realize they're no longer chained to one spot but can travel as they've always dreamed," he said.

You could see he was happy, all right, and before we parted he told me that he had started to go to church again.

"I don't know why," he said. "But it seems to be part of my new existence."

I don't know, either, unless it was because he was living more normally now and to be normal means to be sensitive spiritually instead of being dull and blind.

Of course it works out with me all the time. I don't suppose there is a living person who hasn't some faith of a sort. But we all know that there are too many people who haven't enough faith. Sometimes I find myself included in this bracket. I forget. I slip up on how to share my life with my neighbor. Almost always it brings me unhappiness. I know what this unhappiness is: I have been inwardly preoccupied and nothing empties a heart faster or leaves it aching so badly with that dull, hollow feeling—than self-love. That's why it is such a blessed relief to me at such times to remember the old words and ways I grew up with and to reverse the flow of my interest so that it takes in the other fellow.

Some people seek from religion a solution to the great questions in their minds. Is the world coming to an end? When? What happens to us then? And so on. It seems to me that they are still like the frightened child, as I was, who first sees mention of the millenium in the Bible or hears his elders talk of it. But to me religion is most important when it teaches me small lessons about the people we are—I and those with whom I live.

I remember when I was still in school, visiting my friend Jeanette Johnson in Balboa and attending a small church there one Sunday. The pastor was bowed with age and I didn't expect any unusual sermon. Yet he said something that has come into my head a thousand times since. He was talking about selfishness and greed and he described the people who sinned in this manner. "Oh, you can tell them by their turned-in eyeballs and their itchy palms!" he cried.

It was the kind of colorful phrasing you get from old-time ministers, yet I am always asking myself these days, when I think I may be too piggish, "Am I like that? Are my palms itchy?"

Sometimes the answer is "Yes!" And, boy, I change policy right away. I don't ever want turned-in eyeballs or itchy palms. In case I haven't explained too clearly what the phrase means I will now: turned-in eyeballs, of course, means thinking only of yourself and itchy palms means the love of money.

I REMEMBER when my luck was the cause of one of my high school friends succumbing horribly to envy . . . which is, after all, a form of greed. This had to do with my being chosen for a screen test and getting my first contract in a studio. Since I hadn't been a standout as a dramatics student in school (other girls doing far better at acting and my activities being confined to shoving scenery around) it was quite a shock to some of them when I got into the movies. It was a shock to me, too. Let's face it!

Most of the kids I knew took it pretty well and wished me luck. But a couple of girls thought the whole thing was silly, pointing out that I was neither pretty nor talented! They even, with all the bountiful imagination of high school vintage, got nasty little reasons into their explanations of how such a horrible mistake could have happened. One girl, very good in school plays, just blew her top altogether.

A couple of weeks after I had started at the studio I dropped into the school and saw her. "Hi!" I called. She looked at me frozen-faced, turned and walked away. I was really hurt. I asked friends about it. They gave me a quick answer. "She doesn't like you any more. She thinks that if they were picking the best actress she would have been chosen. She is dis-

WHO—US?



When Tony Curtis and Piper Laurie were touring with The Prince Who Was A Thief, *they held two autograph parties in my town and signed their pictures "Sincerely Yours, Tony Curtis" or "Piper Laurie." That afternoon Tony chatted with a small group of us as he waited for the train. Someone asked him if he was going to marry Janet Leigh, but he evaded the question. Later, I asked him again as he signed my autograph book. He still didn't answer. Then I looked at my book. He had written, "Sincerely, Janet and Tony."*

Kathie Henke
Battle Creek, Michigan

gusted with people who select talent."

I was angry but in time I began to realize how hurt she must have been. This didn't excuse her, of course, but I think I prayed for her to understand and to feel better. It took time (years!), but we got over it.

SOME PARTS of the Bible are brought to the attention of children too early, I believe, and should be withheld. Talk of dire punishments and, of course, those references to the end of the world were just plain scary when I was a kid, I remember. And some of the indirect injunctions were just confusing. "Let him who is without sin amongst you cast the first stone" really meant "don't throw stones" when I first heard it. By the time I should have understood how it actually applied in everyday life it had lost its power for me. Not until I had cast a few stones I shouldn't have (and had them come bouncing back to me so I was in lots of trouble) did I re-learn these lessons.

Reading the Bible and believing its message has not only been a matter of benefiting from its content but also an education in how to pace my life. There is no hurry to the Bible. All things are considered deeply and time is taken for consideration. This is the feeling I get. And so, though I know I am considered a girl with quick notions and flighty ways, actually I am not. I now deliberate much longer over decisions than people think.

There was a period in my life when all any friend had to do was suggest we take off for somewhere and I was right back with an "Okay! Let's go!" before I had even heard the whole idea. It's not like that any more. Now I take time to decide if it's really a good idea or not. In that way I keep out of a lot of trouble.

NOT LONG AGO I woke up conscious of a vague feeling that a former interest in my life needed reviving. I wasn't sure what it was and I was too busy during the forenoon to concentrate on the matter. At lunchtime I had a date with a boy I've known for years. While we were eating he happened to say that he wanted to reread some of the books he had known earlier in his life but hadn't understood. The second he said that, I knew what had been bothering me.

When I was playing the French horn in Burbank High we tackled a lot of symphonic numbers which meant very little then to a would-be bopster like me. But some trace of the quality of these compositions must have gotten into my blood and stayed there until the time was ripe for me to understand better music. This was it. As I listened to the boy talk about the books he was going to look up again I knew I must go back to the study of music and particularly to the symphonies I had once played. I felt that they had influenced me somehow even though I wasn't aware of it, and they would now mean more than ever.

Don't get me wrong. I'll always love popular music and that will be my forte, but I'm going to start enjoying the more serious music, too—the kind of music that is a hit for a hundred years instead of just a season. To me this is a sign that my faith is mellowing and the depth of my understanding deepening. This doesn't hurt anyone, not even a hep cat like me. The more there is to us, the more wisdom, the finer the feeling, the better persons we will be to live with. Nothing, not even continuing to progress in my career, is as important as this—and this is part of my faith. **END**

(Debbie Reynolds can be seen now in MGM's 30th anniversary release, Athena.)

SHOOT IF YOU MUST

this glamorous head—
and spare the
photographer's feelings!



Robertson owns a "least co-operative" award.

■ One of the silliest attitudes a movie star can take is to be belligerent toward the army of photographers whose job it is to take pictures of celebrities. It's Hollywood legend that if you take one swing at one photographer anywhere in the world, they will all duck the blow and swing back. You can't escape a black eye. Shelley Winters may not know that yet, for it was in Rome that she tossed a glass of whisky into the face of a photographer who was trying to shoot a picture of her as she sat with Farley Granger.

"I hate photographers," she bellowed. "You're always bothering me!"

This is an old refrain, sung by more than one harassed star who lived to regret the angry shout. Perhaps the first movie star to risk the wrath of photographers was Greta Garbo. She always wanted to be alone but seldom was. After she snubbed photographers, they managed to shoot this beautiful woman in the most idiotic poses, often looking like a frightened spook. They even photographed her sunbathing nude. Shortly thereafter, Greta quit pictures altogether.

While stars have their own reasons for getting fighting mad at photographers, many of them have the feeling that everyone is staring at them, when perhaps no one is even glancing in their direction. Consequently, it is the man with the camera eye who becomes the focal point of their hatred. Almost every outburst in the feud between Frank Sinatra and newspaper reporters has its beginning in his attitude toward photographers. These men see themselves as citizens who are out to do a job and are entitled to everybody's co-operation. Naturally celebrities (who have work of their own) can't always see it that way. If Sinatra could remember always to befriend photographers and never to scream at them, he'd find that they protect him, instead of badgering him.

There's more ill feeling between Rita Hayworth and photographers. No one knows why she dislikes the very people responsible for making her famous through their spectacular camera work. They forgive her, saying she has had poor advice.

They forgive Bing Crosby, too, for his somewhat snobbish attitude toward them. They realize that it is, after all, quite a job for Bing to slip on a toupee, and that he has suffered private tragedy. But he hasn't a chance of dating Mona Freeman and other young glamour girls without becoming "darkroom bait"—and unless he is polite, good old Bing will be in for a rough time.

Photographers, oddly enough, are really the only people in Hollywood who aren't afraid of anything. They are not afraid of a glowering Marlon Brando, who considers his body too precious to be snapped at will, nor David O. Selznick, who once had his whiskers dusted by a photog who refused to take interference while he shot pictures of Shirley Temple.

Currently not favorites of Hollywood press photographers are Dale Robertson, Bob Wagner and Gordon MacRae. The lens lads are also a little worried about the attitude of Doris Day, once much more co-operative but now beginning to show signs of great impatience. Esther Williams and June Allyson also give them trouble.

"I guess you can't blame the kids," one of them said. "It's a nervous town. But if a star wants to get really nervous, all he has to think about is the day that may come when no movie fan wants to look at his pictures—so nobody shoots 'em!"

it's a secret...

(but soon it will be on everybody's lips)

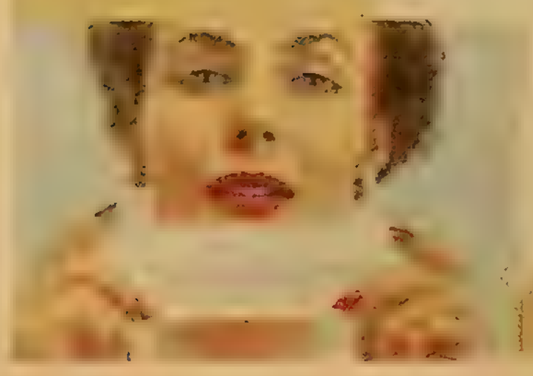
Max Factor discovers a way to put "stay-on lustre" into a lipstick

Now at last the secret's out! After years of research, Max Factor has developed an amazing new non-smear type lipstick with "stay-on lustre" that won't blot away, won't fade away, won't wear away. You smooth on this lanolin-rich, creamy, non-drying lipstick. Hours later . . . after dinner, after coffee, after that last kiss . . . its satiny "stay-on lustre" will still be on your lips! In 9 glowing fashion shades. Only $1.10 plus tax.



MAX Factor's Color-fast lipstick

you can't blot away the lustre



HOLLYWOOD APPROVES YOUR SUMMER FASHIONS

■ Your summer wardrobe must be gay, colorful and as spanking new and fresh as the season itself! Hollywood stars say, choose styles that will be a sensation at home and yet ready to pack up and go. First on the list—your swimsuits. Yes, plural for you'll be in them the live-long day, weekends and when you are enjoying your two weeks with pay—so we'll lead the way with these glamour deals!

LEFT: Ann Miller, MGM star, wears a *Celaperm Lastex* swimsuit—adorable "flirt-pants" styling, white rickrack trim. Red, brown, sky blue, black, yellow or royal blue. 32 to 38. About $11. By Sea Nymph. Ann's U. S. Howland *Hair Dry* swim cap has a rosebud appliqué design. Ann's sunglasses are in gold-speckled *Lumar* frames (available at your optician); for a beautiful tan. Tartan Suntan Lotion.

CENTER: Janet Leigh, MGM star, poses in, *Prize Package,* a Form Control swimsuit by Surf Togs. White piping molds the trim lines—nylon *Laton* faille. The bodice has a pattern of pearl encrusted white cord embroidery. Also in lime, rose, Alice blue or cruise navy. 32 to 38. About $18. Janet's next is U-I's, *The Black Shield Of Falworth.*

RIGHT: *Simplicity,* Rose Marie Reid's gold swimsuit of acetate and cotton-wrapped rubber *(Lastex)* modeled by Rhonda Fleming. Slim lines, a fagoted contour band at the bra top and fagoted front seams (spiral-boned inner bra, tuck-away straps). Gold, blue, China pink or turquoise. 10 to 18. About $18. Rhonda matches her fingernail polish to her swimsuit with Dura-Gloss *Shell Pastel, Neptuna.* In her Dorset-Rex bag—a U. S. Royal Water-Tite swim cap (details page 74) and, Florida's famous Coppertone, for glamour sun-tanning.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 74; IN PERSON, OR BY MAIL

All sandals with swimsuits by Flexiclogs

U. S. Howland Hair Dry and U. S. Royal Water-Tite swim caps—both by United States Rubber Co., shown with swimsuits.

modern screen fashions



MORE ➤

Exciting swim fare



LEFT: Mitzi Gaynor, 20th's lovely young star next to be seen in *There's No Business Like Show Business,* a CinemaScope film, wears a perky swimsuit from Rose Marie Reid's new junior collection. It is a one-piece bloomer suit of elasticized *Chromspun* faille. The color of the brocaded squares is repeated on the bra and hipline trim. This suit has an inner bra—tuck-away straps. White with navy, brown, green or red. Sizes 9 to 15. About $18. By "RMR Jr."

RIGHT: A sweetheart of a *Sanforized* cotton broadcloth swimsuit deftly designed by Rose Marie Reid and gayly named *Floral Fantasy.* Jan Sterling poses in this one-piece suit that features smooth front panels (outlined with contrast piping) and an elasti-shirred back. Boned inner bra, tuck-away straps. Cyclamen or black backgrounds. Sizes 10 to 16. About $12. Jan, next in Warner Brothers' *The High And The Mighty,* keeps her beautiful tresses groomed and lovely in a U. S. Howland *Hair Dry* swim cap. The beach towel by Pacific Mills.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 74; IN PERSON, OR BY MAIL

mpact and bracelet by Volupté

More fashions on page 69

beauty fair

(*Continued from page 35*) You can have a hassle with people who know all of the Russells on the subject of beauty. "By Hollywood standards she's as beautiful as they come, but when I think of her mother and brothers, I'm not sure that Jane's the best looking of the lot. You should see the boys!" says one of Jane's friends.

What does she do to keep the beauty that is possibly second or third best in her family? That required a little thought, because who can safely say why Miss Russell does anything at any time? "Well, she gets nine hours of sleep every night," her friend offered tentatively, "but I honestly don't think that it's to preserve her looks. She's just tired. Anyhow, with her heritage it wouldn't matter what she did. If she went to bed with her make-up on, her skin would stay as smooth; if she wore her hair in a knot on top of her head all day, she could brush it out and it would look better than the rest of us if we have been up in pin curls. She even looks good when she wakes up in the morning."

Jane's other beauty secrets include working too hard, fighting other people's battles, and taking the problems of the world onto her own sleek shoulders. She ought to look like a hag for all of the attention that she gives herself, instead of which she joins the lovelies of the Beauty Fair. "Sultry, smouldering, the slow-fire type," is the masculine verdict on Jane. "But you also know that you'd have a ball on a fishing trip with her. She's a wonderful pal as well as a beautiful woman."

ELIZABETH TAYLOR had a problem in her younger days: she was too beautiful. When she appeared on the set of one of her first pictures, the director cast an outraged eye at this incredible child and roared, "Take her back to make-up and get those eyelashes off her. She's too young for that sort of thing!" It would have been pretty painful, considering that the offending eyelashes were her very own, but this misunderstanding was only one of the indignities that Liz had to suffer. Silly as it sounds today, looking at dainty Miss Taylor, she had to be taught to wear feminine clothes. She was such a tree-climbing tomboy that when she was trapped in a dress, the awkwardness she felt was apparent.

IT COULD have been—should have been—about Cyd Charisse that our observer said, "Everything is perfect." From head to toe there is such unbelievable symmetry of face and form that watching her move is pure delight. The hands that are as expressive as her face, the incomparable legs, the fluid economy of motion are such that they often hit her audience after she has quietly passed. They are apt to say, "Holy cow, *wasn't* that a radiant girl!"

A presumably case-hardened publicist explained Cyd this way: "Crazy as it probably sounds to you, I have the feeling that her mind and soul are as symmetrical as her body. She does everything exactly right because she can't help it. It's natural to her, a part of the way she lives. Even her life unfolds with the same grace that characterizes everything she does—and that doesn't just happen, you know."

SPEAKING of grace inevitably brings to mind Ava Gardner, who would stand out on anyone's poll of beautiful women. Again the man behind the lens said, "When people speak of Ava, they generally refer to that gorgeous body—which makes sense. Other girls may have put the wiggle on the map, but Ava's got the sexiest walk that ever happened, because it's so lithe and effortless. But I've got news for you: this girl has one of the most beautiful faces I've ever seen in fifteen years of photographing movie stars. Hair, eyes, nose, skin, bone structure—she's got 'em with chimes. Highlight that face correctly, and a more beautiful woman never lived."

Nor a more glamorous one—but that came with time. When Ava descended on Hollywood, her painful shyness was an enormous liability. With great beauty there must also be an air, an awareness of self and of the proud, exciting aura of glamour. The young Ava sadly lacked it. The physical splendor was there, but Ava was so timid and retiring in the beginning that she all but went unnoticed until she commenced to emerge, little by little, like a butterfly from its chrysalis. In time confidence gave her that necessary proud air, but simple good sense preserves the natural beauty. Ava is the soap-and-water girl of all time, the most vigorous wielder of the bedtime hairbrush.

THOSE WHO are close to Rhonda Fleming insist that her inner beauty is far greater than that which gratifies the eye. Her business manager, Anetta Hughes, says, "I've been with Rhonda more than five years, and I have yet to hear her express an unkind opinion of anybody or do an unkind deed. She always thinks wholesome thoughts."

This long-stemmed beauty of the flaming tresses is a firm believer in moderation. If she nibbles at a cookie or two, she will have a smaller helping of potatoes at her next meal, even though her weight never varies. It's a matter of principle. She does setting-up exercises, but not fanatically. She enjoys swimming and playing tennis with her husband, Lew Morrill, but her world (*Continued on page 73*)

There's a WONDA-FULL difference!

only surf togs has the built-in Cuplift bra

for A & B Cup Figures



Add glamour and build up your date appeal with the swim suit that has the curves built in! Special foam latex pads can't shift or slip; never come out; are fast-drying; won't "tattle". Jacquard-weave lastex faille in Gold, Coral, Aqua, Violet, Black. Sizes 32 to 38. $14.98.

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Exciting swim fare

■ Board member Terry Moore, a 20th star, models a bloomer girl *Lastex* bengaline swimsuit with wired cuff bra and shirred hipline. Gold, Alice blue, coral, or black. Misses and teen sizes. About $9. By Surf Togs. Terry adds flattering award-winning *flexible* Flexiclogs sandals (details on page 74), she carries a Flexiclogs handbag to match and for a lovelier tan, Tartan Suntan Lotion. Terry's award-winning U. S. Royal Water-Tite swim cap has a new and colorful tulip appliqué design.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS
CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED
ON PAGE 74; IN PERSON
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Voting over, Board members Pier Angeli and Jeff Richards pose with winning beachwear—swimsuits, swim caps, sandals.



Janet Leigh, Chairwoman of the MODERN SCREEN Fashion Board gets Tony Curtis' approval of the gay swimsuit she poses in on page 65.

MORE →

Washable wardrobe

starts with your underpinnings



White bead jewelry by Capri

■ You can enhance your silhouette in slim or full frocks, shorts, slacks or swimsuits if you wear the newest fabric-lined Magic-Controller by Playtex. The model shown at the right wears the Magic-Controller panty-brief (about $7). Magic-Controller is also available in panty girdle with garters (about $8) or regular girdle (about $8). It washes in seconds, dries with a towel. Magic-Controller features a non-roll top—it stays up without a single bone or stay (invisible finger panels for firm abdominal control). Polly Bergen, TV and motion picture star, slim as slim in a Bobbie Reid Empire sheath dress of white piqué. About $15. Hansen gloves. Honeydebs classic wedgie pumps, *Hedda* (details page 74).

"CARNIVAL" BEACH TOWEL
BY PACIFIC MILLS. ABOUT $3

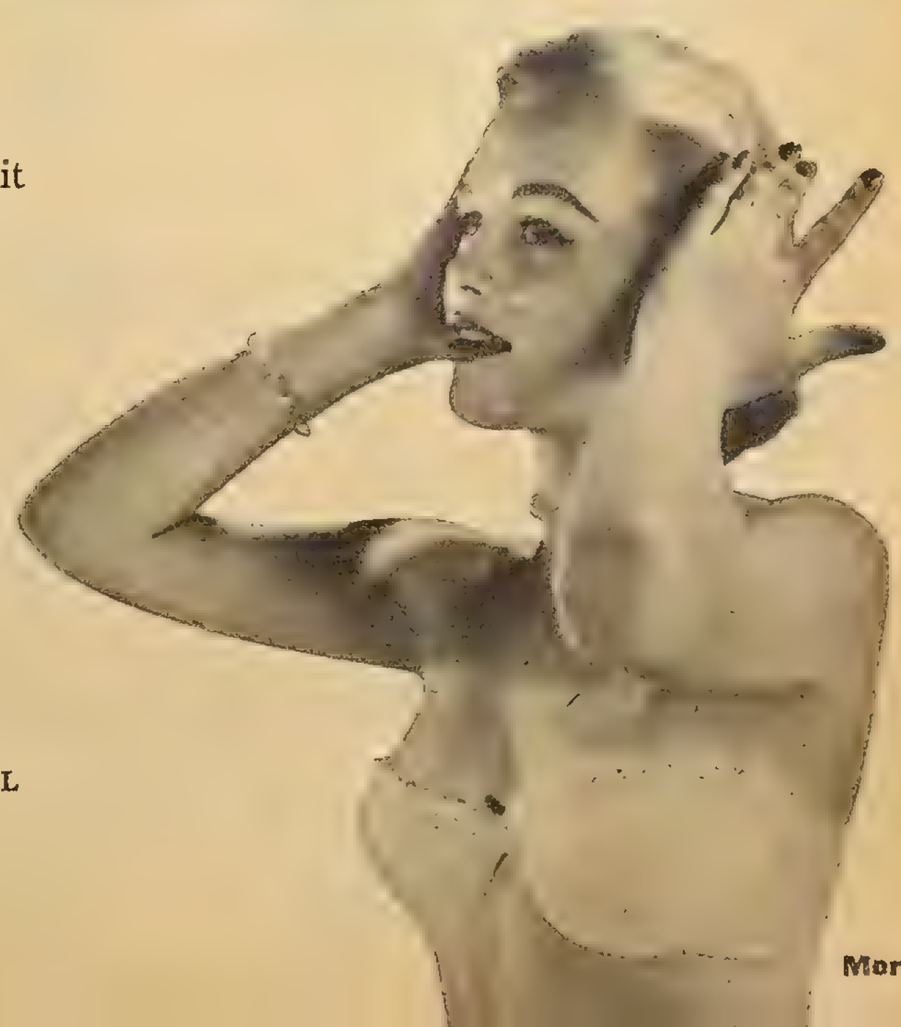




Pearls by Imperial Pearl Syndicate

■ The necklines of summer vary greatly but are usually low. No matter which neckline you choose, glamorize it with the correct brassiere. On the right the model displays Peter Pan's *Hidden Treasure* three-quarter bra called *Freedom Ring*—the perfect style for summer casual and dress-up wear. White nylon, about $5. Sandra Gross, famous model and young TV actress, wears this with her Bobbie Reid pink printed, glazed cotton frock that boasts a square neckline and double-circle skirt. About $13. Honeydebs wedgie, *Honey* (details page 74). Bur-Mil Cameo stockings — nude-heel, demi-toe, seamless. $1.50.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT
FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 74; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL



More—

Enchanted evening



■ Denise Darcel, slim and lovelier than ever, poses in a heavenly chiffon frock by Ceil Chapman. Exciting accessory accents dramatize her evening costume. Denise's short daytime hair-do is startlingly transformed by a separate coronet braid (coiffure accessory styled by Leo De Bray for the House of Hair Fashions, see details and other coiffure accessories page 74). The sparkling rhinestone jewelry by Coro reflects the highlights of Denise's hair. Her sheer, sheer stockings are chosen in a very flattering complexion color —*Tattle* by Bur-Mil Cameo. They are 474 needle/12 denier, nude-heel, demi-toe, seamless. $1.65. Denise, popular TV star and nightclub entertainer, will next be co-starred with Gary Cooper, Burt Lancaster and Cesar Romero in the Technicolor film *Vera Cruz,* a Hecht-Lancaster production, a United Artists release.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS
CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES
LISTED ON PAGE 74;
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Flowers—Hotel Statler Flower Shops, Los Angeles and New York

beauty fair

(*Continued from page 68*) will not fall apart if a few days lapse without her doing either. She enjoys oil painting, at which she has displayed some talent, but only when she has time. Her glowing skin is regularly exposed to soap and water, but Rhonda doesn't go overboard on that score, either. She is meticulous about removing every vestige of make-up with cold cream before retiring at night. She makes a big effort to be orderly and usually succeeds—but when she is rushed, things do fly.

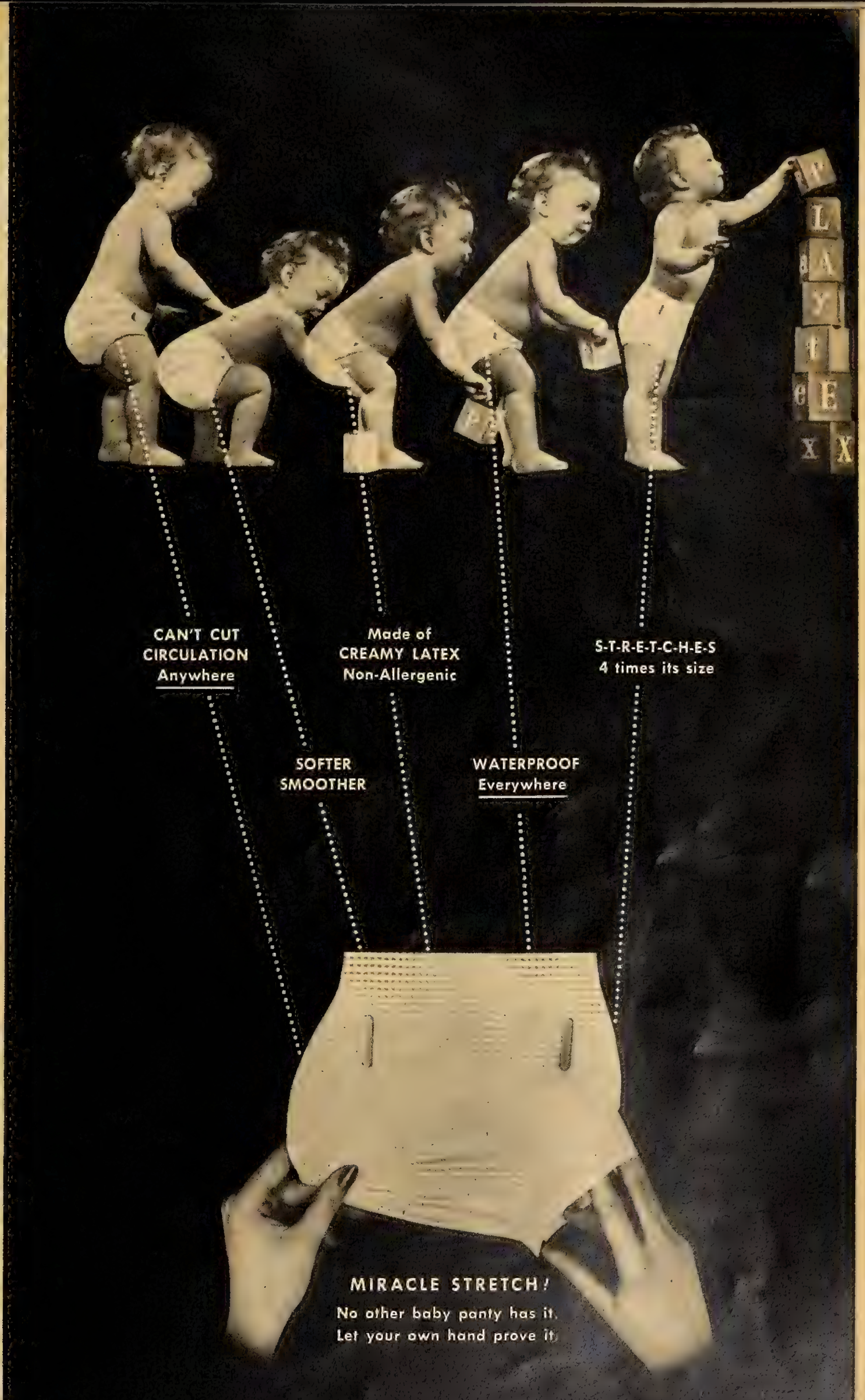
Three things she does not do in moderation. The first is to love humanity (although she had to overcome her native shyness). The second is to read; she is a quick and retentive reader who can go through an average script in an hour. The third is to sleep. Like Jane Russell, she can't do with less than eight hours nightly and feels better with a little more. And she is more than moderately beautiful.

STILL, as we said, people in Hollywood tend to think of beauties only in one way or another. They remark on the bewitching, gamin face of Jean Simmons, notwithstanding the fact that quite a body goes along with the face. Or they speak of Ava Gardner's magnificent body as though her ravishing face is superfluous. Our last entry in the Beauty Fair turned the tables on people half-blinded by beauty. For years Jeanne Crain was famous for the classic beauty of her face, the limpid innocence of her eyes, the sweet gravity of her mouth. And so they thought of her. Oh, they knew that she had an uncontrollable desire to play practical jokes, but they practically heard the whisper of angel wings when Jeanne Crain walked by.

It took even an intelligent girl like Jeanne a while to get bored by being thought of and cast as Little Goody Two-Shoes, but bored she got. Off came the long, girlish locks that seemed to belie the knowledge that she was a mature mother of four; she emerged with a sophisticated Italian-boy cut—and what hair there was left was purely *red!* A little of the devil that is in all the Irish danced in her eyes, lurked in the corners of her smile. The demure costumes disappeared; Jeanne Crain posed for cheesecake, yet, and it hit the town between the eyes that this girl had attributes other than a classically beautiful face.

It tickled her pink, humor being one of Jeanne's assets. She had fooled the town that knew everything about glamour. And how does she go about maintaining beauty of feature and of form? Little Jeannie Crain has a formula that might well be hers alone. High on a hill Paul Brinkman has built her a small studio, where she goes to paint, to read, to meditate. She likes to go there, also, to swim at midnight. There is something about the water and the atmosphere at that hour, she says, that relaxes her, gives her the balance and composure without which no woman alive can be beautiful. **END**

(These MODERN SCREEN Beauties Fair can be seen in these movies:
Grace Kelly—*Green Fire*—MGM 30th anniversary release, *Dial M for Murder*—Warner Bros., *Rear Window*—Paramount
Jane Russell—*The Big Rainbow*—RKO
Elizabeth Taylor—*Beau Brummel*—MGM 30th anniversary release
Cyd Charisse—*Brigadoon*—MGM 30th anniversary release
Ava Gardner—*The Barefoot Contessa*—MGM 30th anniversary release
Rhonda Fleming—*Yankee Pasha*—U-I
Jeanne Crain—*Duel In The Jungle*—Moulin Rouge Prod.)





Two colors of fine European hair are beautifully braided into a coronet—golden sable (Denise Darcel's own hair color) and silvery blonde. This coiffure accessory is easily and quickly attached to Denise's short bob with hair pins. Note the beauty of detail in Coro's jewelry.



Again, the short bob is transformed. Denise pins a *Bouclette* of dainty curls at the nape of her neck. Leo De Bray made this House of Hair Fashions coiffure accessory to match the silvery blonde tips of Denise's own hair. Denise wears Coro's novel rhinestone and golden earrings.



Here Denise adds a braided chignon coiffure accessory, also just attached with hair pins. Again, the color of the chignon is the color of Denise's own silvery blonde tips which gives a lovely two-color effect. Coro's feminine cluster earrings are of pearls and rhinestones.

where to buy | modern screen fashions

BOBBIE REID (dresses)—Pgs. 70, 71

Polly Bergen (pg. 70)
Brooklyn N. Y.—Abraham & Straus
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field
Los Angeles, Calif.—Bullock's
Sandra Goss (pg. 71)
At all Saks Fifth Avenue Stores
Or write to Bobbie Reid, 1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BUR-MIL CAMEO (stockings)—Pgs. 71, 72

At leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

FLEXICLOGS (sandals, bags, belts)—Pgs. 64, 65, 69, below

Write Flexiclogs, Box 24-W, New Holstein, Wisconsin and a representative will call at your home (not sold in stores).

FORM CONTROL (swimsuit)—Pgs. 64, 65

Atlanta, Ga.—Rich's
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie, Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio—Shillito's
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Co.—Dept. 900
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus
Dayton, Ohio—Rike-Kumler
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson
Ft. Wayne, Ind.—The Vogue
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox
Houston, Texas—Foley's—Dept. 900
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres
Los Angeles, Calif.—May Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—The Dayton Co.
New York, N. Y.—Arnold Constable
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Or write to Form Control, U. S. Knitwear Co., 1370 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

HONEYDEBS (wedgies)—Pgs. 70, 71, below

At leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

HOUSE OF HAIR FASHIONS (hair accessories) Pg. 72, left

Styled by Leo De Bray. Available at House of Hair Fashions, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y., by mail (please send photo and sample snip of your hair); or call in person at the Leorence Salon, 33 East 60th Street, New York 22, N. Y. Prices $6.50 up.

PETER PAN (brassiere)—Pg. 71

At leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

PLAYTEX (girdles)—Pg. 70

At leading department and specialty stores throughout the country.

ROSE MARIE REID (swimsuits)—Pgs. 64, 65, 66, 67

Rhonda Fleming (pp. 64, 65) and Jan Sterling (pg. 67)
Des Moines, Iowa—Younker Bros.
Houston, Texas—The Fashion
New York, N. Y.—Macy's
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Bros.
Mitzi Gaynor (pg. 66)
Decatur, Ill.—Linn & Scruggs (Jr. Dept.)
Los Angeles, Calif.—The Broadway (Jr. Dept.)
All suits (pages 64, 65, 66, 67)
Hollywood, Calif.—Sport & Knit
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne
San Francisco, Calif.—The Emporium
Or write to Rose Marie Reid Inc., 5200 West Century Blvd., Los Angeles 45, Calif.

SEA NYMPH (swimsuit)—Pgs. 64, 65

Boston, Mass.—Conrad's
Bridgeport, Conn.—Howlands Dry Goods
Chicago, Ill.—Meyer's Dept. Store
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Co.
Denver, Colo.—Fashion Bar
Detroit, Mich.—J. L. Hudson
Little Rock, Ark.—N. M. Cohn
Milwaukee, Wis.—Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn.—Dayton Co.
New York, N. Y.—John Wanamaker's
Richmond, Va.—Thalheimer's
Rochester, N. Y.—McCurdy's
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller
Tulsa, Okla.—Vandever's
Waco, Texas—Monnig Dry Goods
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
Wichita, Kan.—Innes
Or write to Sea Nymph, Jordan Mfr. Corp., 1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SURF TOGS (swimsuit)—Pg. 69

Albany, N. Y.—Clover Stores
Atlanta, Ga.—Davison-Paxon
Buffalo, N. Y.—J. N. Adam
Detroit, Mich.—Winkleman's
Hartford, Conn.—G. Fox
Los Angeles, Calif.—May Co.
Midland, Texas—The Dunlop Co.
Muskegon, Mich.—Homer Haydens'
New Orleans, La.—Lord's
Newark, N. J.—Bamberger's
New York, N. Y.—Famous Fashion Shops
San Antonio, Texas—The Fashion
Toledo, Ohio—Crooks & Coleman
Washington, D. C.—Woodward & Lothrop
Worcester, Mass.—C. T. Sherer Co.
Youngstown, Ohio—Strouss Hirshberg
Or write to Surf Togs, U. S. Knitwear Co., 1370 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

UNITED STATES RUBBER CO. (U.S. Howland Hair Dry and U.S. Royal Water-Tite swim caps) Pgs. 64, 65, 67, 69, below

Available at leading department, specialty, drug and variety stores.



News in swim caps. Rhonda Fleming puts on an exciting new U.S. Royal Water-Tite swim cap with geranium appliqué design of contrasting colors—assurance of hair glamour. See Rhonda in Para.'s Technicolor film *Jivaro*.



FLEXICLOGS (pgs. 64, 65, 69): Sandals, *flexible* lacquered maple platforms, cushion crepe soles, soft plastic straps (eleven colors). Flexiclogs ($6 up); Flexiclogs handbags ($7 up, inc. Fed. Tax); matching belts (95c up). Sandals also available for men and children.



HONEYDEBS, *Honey* (pg. 71): Combination elastic mesh and shantung wedgie. Solid colors: Black, white, navy, wheat, red or green. Mesh and shantung combinations: Wheat mesh with tan shantung or white mesh with navy, black, gold, red or green shantung. $4.99.



HONEYDEBS, *Hedda* (pg. 70): Shantung sling-back, open-toe wedgie pump trimmed with snakeskin teardrops on the vamp. Solid colors: Black, white, wheat, red, navy, green, tan, gold or grey. Color combinations: Wheat with tan, white with navy, black or gold. $4.99.

the face is familiar

(*Continued from page 31*) She used to fret about nasty things she read about herself. Now she just laughs them off.

"At long last, she seems well adjusted to the wacky life of being a legendary movie star. She's a happy girl."

Part of the change is due to maturity. I don't mean that she's pushing middle age. Lana was thirty-four on her last birthday—a surprise when you consider how many years she has been an international trademark. She started in the movie business early. She was jiggling her way through *They Won't Forget* when Marilyn Monroe was learning to multiply.

But the passing of the years isn't the only reason for Lana's new look. Some glamour girls never grow up.

A happy marriage will do wonders for a girl's serenity. Lana's decision to marry Lex Barker was a considered one, but the idea did not appeal to many of her friends and business associates, some of whom seem to resent him because he is tall and handsome—and perhaps because he married Lana Turner.

One consideration, somewhat overlooked, is that Lex Barker is said to be one of those rare men whose blood is Rh negative. This is of little interest to most ladies, but Lana Turner is a negative, too. She is a devoted mother, but she has had a tough time trying to add to her family. An Rh negative husband is a blessing the doctor wouldn't have dared to order.

Lex has a new contract with Universal. Lana told him she wouldn't mind if he didn't take it. Certainly he'd do better on taxes if he concentrated on individual pictures, residuals, and such. But he took the contract because he didn't want anyone to say he's "living off" his wife. It isn't so.

LANA WALKED in for this interview exactly on time, certainly another sign that she has changed. She was as gorgeous as ever in a grey suit studded with pearl and gold jewelry.

She *did* seem different. There was nothing flighty about her. She talked philosophically about her life and times, laughed about her past mistakes and was pleased with the prospect of her future. She admitted she had changed.

"I've been hurt, time after time," she remarked. "Sure, I've heard all the stories about what I'm supposed to have done. They are fantastic! I would have had to be eight different people.

"Those stories used to upset me terribly. I would read the nasty little digs that were printed about me and stew about them until I made myself miserable.

"But now I look at it differently. There's nothing I can do to stop those stories. So I have adopted this attitude: the only person you have to answer to is the one you face in the mirror every morning. If you can look yourself in the eye and know that you're not guilty, you have no worries.

"I've tried that system and it works. Lex and I have tried to adjust our lives so we can avoid trouble. We stay home a great deal. We avoid big parties that look as though they're going to end up in brawls. We can have a better time among our close friends. Let the others end up on the front pages. I've had my share.

"I don't mind being knocked for something I do. If I make mistakes, I expect to be criticized for them. But the thing that makes me sore is having people make up things about me. That's why I've always been wary of interviews. Sometimes a writer will take one brief quote out of a long statement I may have made. Out of context, the remark looks ridiculous."

A so-called exposé magazine recently printed a scurrilous article about Lana and understandably, she was incensed. She turned it over to the studio police department for further action.

"Why do they print things like that?" she asked. How long will they be allowed to stay in business?"

THEN SHE REVERTED to the new philosophical Lana and added, "Being a movie star would be a wonderful life except for all the slop that goes with it. You have to put up with a great deal for what you get in return.

"Nobody escapes it. Stay in this town long enough and you'll hear stories about every star. Without exception. You can hear every kind of story about anyone. As soon as you get up on top, they start aiming at you."

Of the stars who have had real troubles and some whose woes have been magnified out of all proportion by the gossips, Lana stuck up for three, especially.

"Nobody could have been happier than I when Ava Gardner got an Oscar nomination for *Mogambo*. She's just about my best friend. I love that girl. She's awfully hard to get to know; she's a very shy person. But once she considers you her friend, you'll find she's wonderful. She deserves all the credit she can get.

"Judy Garland is another one of my favorites. We're next-door neighbors; our kitchens practically look in at each other. Judy is another girl who deserves better breaks than she's gotten. I hope her *A Star Is Born* is the greatest picture ever.

"I'll tell you a girl I'd like to meet and that's Marilyn Monroe. She must be a fascinating personality, considering all she has gone through. She's taking a lot of knocks because she's on top now. I wish there were some way I could tell her not to let it get her down."

I remarked that Lana had done a pretty good job of chronicling her own life and hard times in her autobiography. "Oh, that!" she remarked. The story, which was printed in a woman's magazine, created quite a sensation when it came out.

At the beginning of the story, Lana dropped a bomb by telling how her father was killed in a crap game at Fourth and Mission Streets in San Francisco, December 14, 1930. She went on to tell how her father had been a bootlegger during Prohibition days, how after his death she was boarded with a Modesto couple who beat her with a stick when she didn't complete her tiring chores. She also gave intimate details of her first three marriages.

"I wish now I hadn't done the story," Lana confessed. "It's not that I regretted having those matters known. All the friends who knew me were aware of the facts, and they are the ones I am concerned about.

"The damage was not in the first publication, but in the way it has been used since. Writers have taken chunks out of it and used them for their own purposes. One magazine writer really got me sore. He took the record of each of my romances and tried to prove that I had a father complex.

"Now, look! I wish I had known my father better. He died when I was only nine and a half. But I didn't develop any complexes about it. I am a very uncomplexed girl."

THE IDEA of an autobiography arose when she hired an independent press agent. The writing was done by Cameron Shipp, an astute writer who had done similar jobs with Billie Burke and Lionel Barrymore.

"Cam had a mind like a vacuum cleaner," she recalled. "I'd talk with him for two or three hours at a clip. Sometimes I would toss off an incident with a sentence or two. He'd come back to it later and say, 'Now what about this?'

"He was very thorough. I didn't find out

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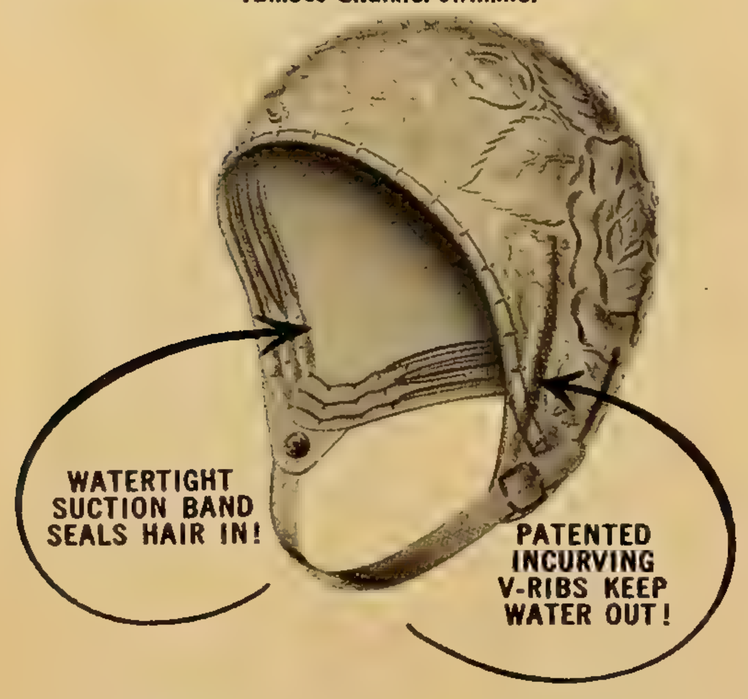
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until later that he even went up to San Francisco and consulted the police records to find out that my father's death was still carried on the books as an unsolved murder. I hadn't known that.

"When it was all done, he brought it to me to read. I sat there reading it for an hour or more and I started to get scared. It's one thing to carry certain experiences in the back of your head; it's another thing to see them down in black and white. I wanted to drop the whole thing, but how could I tell the man after he had worked so hard?"

She did balk, but then her publicity agent swung into action. After an hour of steady convincing, Lana agreed to go through with the deal, but with certain deletions.

The autobiography appeared and created quite a stir. MGM, which had helped to keep out of print many of the details she revealed, was understandably peeved. Her mother, who has always stayed in the background of Lana's career, said sadly, "Why did you have to tell about those things after we've kept them quiet all these years?"

Lana learned her lesson. She had to continue to pay the press agent a stiff sum, but she never again did a story with him. She says she'll never hire another publicity man.

SHE SEEMED happier to talk about more pleasant matters—her hair, her husband, her daughter and her career.

The hair: She loves it. Doesn't care what anybody says.

"I let my hair go brown for a very simple reason: I had to do two pictures that called for it," she remarked. "In *Flame And The Flesh,* I played a real earthy Italian girl. Unlike anything I'd ever done before. At the beginning of the picture, you see a shot of the seamier section of Naples. Down in the streets a big fight is going on. There are a bunch of kids scrambling and a woman screaming at them like a fishwife. She turns around and you see that it's me. The words 'Lana Turner' come on the screen and the credits begin.

"Now I couldn't very well play a role like that as a blonde. In the other picture I made in Europe, *Betrayed,* I'm a Dutch spy who dyes her hair."

She said she was delighted with the privacy the new hair shade gave her. She could travel about during her ten months in Europe without being recognized by the public. Even as she spoke, men filed past the table and stared at her for a moment as if to say, "That girl looks familiar." But they passed on, still looking quizzical.

Lana intends to keep her hair brown, regardless of the advice of some people at the studio. One or two argued that she should wear a blonde wig when she appeared on the MGM 30th anniversary show on Ed Sullivan's TV show.

"I shouldn't have had to point out to them that it was good business to have me appear with brown hair with these two pictures coming out," she observed. "What better way to introduce the hair than before the millions of TV viewers?

"Personally I'm delighted with the whole situation. It's a controversy without a scandal. What could be more ideal?"

HER HUSBAND: She's also enthusiastic about him

"This is quite a guy," she said with a glow in her eyes. "Somebody was mentioning that it was nice that we were able to get to know each other well in Europe before we got married. I started thinking about it and it's true.

"If we had stayed here, we would have been all wrapped up in the Hollywood routine and our own friends. But we avoided all that. We had only each other and the experience of seeing Europe together.

"I decided this was the man for me. And I got married in Italy on purpose. When you get it done over there, the marriage has to last. There's no way out."

I mentioned that her remark had a slightly reminiscent ring. When she married Bob Topping in a garish free-for-all at a Sunset Boulevard mansion, she was reported to have uttered the deathless remark, "This is forever."

"Ridiculous!" Lana exclaimed. "I never said that marriage would last forever. How could I have predicted such a thing? The man could have dropped dead. He promised he wouldn't, but it was still possible. How can you predict anything can last forever?"

The Turner-Barker idyll may not be for the ages, but it would appear to have a better chance than her three previous entanglements. Lana has married four strong-willed men, but the last of these seems to have what it takes to keep Lana happy.

"Sure, Lex rules our house," she admitted. "But he's not overbearing about it. The thing about him is that he has the intelligence to back his decisions. And he has a great sense of humor. That's very important."

HER DAUGHTER: A source of constant amazement.

"Cheryl is only ten and a half years old but she's five feet, one, compared to my five feet, three," said Lana. "She's going to be taller than I am before long, and a real beauty. Oh, how I hope she won't be ashamed of her height! I keep telling her to walk erect and be proud of how tall she is, even if the boys are shorter.

"She gets along wonderfully with Lex. At first she was a little standoffish with him, and that's only natural. She called him Uncle Lex, and when she wanted anything, she'd wait until she could get me alone and ask me.

"That's all changed now. Both of them go right over my head. The two of them are conniving all the time, and I'm the last to know what's going on. She dreamed up her own name for Lex. She calls him Po.

"I couldn't figure out where she got that, so I asked her. She had something of a problem. She calls her own father, Steve (Crane), 'Daddy.' I didn't want her calling Lex by his first name alone, because it simply riles me to hear children call grown people by their first names. It just doesn't sound right.

"For a while it was Uncle Lex. But when she got so fond of him, she decided to call him Po. She said she took 'Pop' and dropped a 'P'."

HER CAREER: Moving in high gear.

Stars like Clark Gable and Greer Garson may be checking out of MGM, but Lana is there to stay. For another five years, at least.

Is she happy about it?

"Yes, I like Metro," she said, "though I do wish I could be allowed an outside picture a year. There are so many exciting pictures being made and I'd like to be able to take some of the offers I've had. I've never been loaned out in all the years I've been at MGM.

"In fact, until the two pictures in Europe, I never got off the Culver City lot. Except that I did a few days at Laguna for *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and at Monterrey for *Mr. Imperium.*"

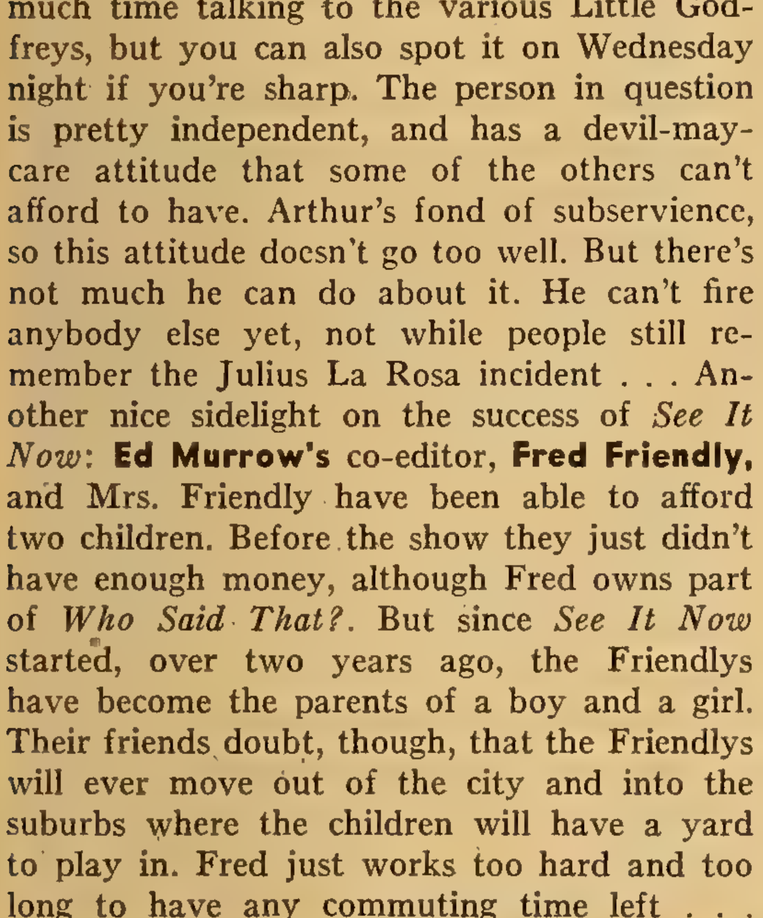
Lana seldom speaks enthusiastically about her pictures, but she's all het up about *Flame And The Flesh.* "It's not a Lana Turner role at all. It's one of the few times I've had a chance to really act."

There's just one other matter that belongs in this report on the 1954 Lana. She hopes it will have happened by the time you read this.

Lana and Lex hope it will be a boy. END

TV TALK

(*Continued from page 24*) or Twenty-one. He'd rather stay home with his family . . . Next time you watch **Arthur Godfrey,** try to figure out the one member of the cast that the boss doesn't like too much. It's especially evident on the morning show, when Arthur spends so much time talking to the various Little Godfreys, but you can also spot it on Wednesday night if you're sharp. The person in question is pretty independent, and has a devil-may-care attitude that some of the others can't afford to have. Arthur's fond of subservience, so this attitude doesn't go too well. But there's not much he can do about it. He can't fire anybody else yet, not while people still remember the Julius La Rosa incident . . . Another nice sidelight on the success of *See It Now*: **Ed Murrow's** co-editor, **Fred Friendly,** and Mrs. Friendly have been able to afford two children. Before the show they just didn't have enough money, although Fred owns part of *Who Said That?*. But since *See It Now* started, over two years ago, the Friendlys have become the parents of a boy and a girl. Their friends doubt, though, that the Friendlys will ever move out of the city and into the suburbs where the children will have a yard to play in. Fred just works too hard and too long to have any commuting time left . . .



Clooney and Hepburn

Audrey Hepburn has officially met **Mel Ferrer's** relatives at a family dinner . . . Many people were mighty chagrined when they found out that **Charley Applewhite** had a wife and a child. He's been palmed off by his press agents—by implication anyway—as an eligible bachelor from Texas. From Fort Worth he is. But married he is, too . . . **Ethel,** of *Ethel And Albert,* is not only an accomplished actress who brings her role to life: she's also the sole author of the show, and always has been. She does most of her writing down in her small apartment facing historic Gramercy Park. When in the city writing or rehearsing, **Peggy Ronning** (that's her real name) lives alone and works. Her free time is spent in Connecticut, where her husband, their young daughter, and her mother live all the time. She takes great pride in her house, which is a very old one, and her furniture, which is all antique. And she's a great gardener—when she has the time. Peggy somehow manages to look just a little dowdy when she's playing the part of Ethel. But when she's off screen, she's quite chic—and many pounds slimmer than you'd expect. And it's quite true that the adventures of Ethel and Albert have nothing to do with the life of Peggy and her real-life husband—who's name is Odd! Peggy just has a flair for eyeing other people's domestic lives and turning them into plots and dialogue.

END

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*Actual names and places furnished upon request.



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- WHEN TO TAKE YOUR '54 VACATION
- JUNE MARKET AND BUSINESS TRENDS
- WHY WON'T SOME MEN MARRY?
- DOES THE PAST FORESHADOW THE FUTURE?
- HOW OTHER PEOPLE'S PLANETS AFFECT YOU
- ATTACK ON CONGRESS FULFILLS DIRE ASPECTS

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who's got the money?

(*Continued from page 33*) estimates of his earnings on *The Glenn Miller Story* alone say three quarters of a million. Tyrone Power, John Wayne, currently Burt Lancaster and others have capitalized on this star-owner plan. Others have not been so shrewd. The $5,000-dollar-a-week salaries you read about really don't go so far.

FOR INSTANCE, a few months ago, two famed and high-salaried figures in the entertainment world barricaded themselves in a New York hotel room rather than accept a subpoena that threatened surgery on their wallet.

The husband, Dick Haymes, was reputed to get $5000 a week for his nightclub and theatre services, yet for some time he had been making plaintive noises indicating he couldn't scrape up five bucks he could rightfully call his own.

The wife, Rita Hayworth Haymes, is rewarded by something in the neighborhood of $250,000 a picture. $250,000 is a quarter of a million dollars. Now it seemed to be touch and go between room service and starvation.

At about the same time, back in Hollywood, an actor who raked together $250,000 all told in 1953 was faced with a tax bite of $196,000. That was not extraordinary. He could and did pay it. That *was* extraordinary. He was one of two stars of a certain business management's whole stable of Hollywood clients who was able to get up the scratch for Uncle Sam. Nor did this constitute a reflection on the business office's acumen. On the contrary, it is one of the shrewdest in town.

Meanwhile, a fourth luminary, whose weekly salary is roughly $1500 more than the average American family is paid in a year, was turning up at various Hollywood gatherings in a series of brand new Cadillacs. The answer was not extravagance. The performer had bought each car on credit, had been unable to meet subsequent payments, had it repossessed, then bounded off to get another one—on credit.

Now what the bemused public presumably would like to know is: Why can't these gilded cuties with the staggering incomes keep themselves in the black? How is it that a guy with a take-home pay of less than $100 a week can keep himself and his loved ones solvent—if barely so—and another guy who gets $200,000 a year is only a jump ahead of the sheriff or is running neck and neck with him?

Well, MODERN SCREEN was curious about it, too, and presents a few of its findings.

But first, let it be clear that MODERN SCREEN does not consider itself an apologist for the poor screen star. The element of pathos in the economic collapse of the $5000-a-week hero is not much stronger than it would be if the Aga Khan absentmindedly took a Turkish bath on the day before his Moslem followers gave him his weight in platinum. The star has a pretty posh set-up however you look at it, and should be able to hang onto noodle money after the locusts have passed over.

But there *is* something of a case for the boys and girls. It will not and should not reduce you to a sympathetic crying jag, but it does negate in part the careless charges of spendthrift and addlepate.

There are a few of those still around, of course; the yacht-and-triple-alimony set is not wholly obsolete, and now and again, some lovely makes the journals by the rough equivalent of buying her favorite steed a chinchilla horse blanket. But all in all, these are, like the dinosaur, extinct, and the money troubles of most stars today are something like yours, if not much.

To begin with, let us take the actor who does indeed make in film salary $200,000

a year—under the usual contract, $5000 on a forty-week hitch. Salaries have dropped in the last years as taxes have risen, but there is a fair number of his kind left. If he makes this much money, he's been around for quite a spell—ten years is a reasonable norm—probably has a family, and has outgrown the yen to rub champagne in his hair and regard a 1954 Jaguar as a suitable runabout for the gardener.

Let us take him and then let us take his check, before someone else does.

In the first place, a salary check for $5000 is no such thing. It starts its abortive life as a salary check for about $3900, since our star must pay withholding tax, of course.

Then—pow! his business manager (and if a star doesn't have a canny, reputable business manager along the lines of Hollywood's Bo Roos or Myrt Blum or Roger Graham, he is just asking for it) immediately pops $2500 more into the star's tax account. This is the account the star stacks, like a squirrel, against the Ides of March, *der tag!* And *this* star, with his 200 grand, is in the ninety per cent bracket.

Very well. Mr. Got-Rocks now has $1400 of his flying start and more is yet to go.

To his agent goes $500, the customary ten per cent; to his business manager, a relatively modest $150, or three per cent; and to his insurance folk $100. Six-fifty left.

And fifty of that—zowie!—into the fund for the Motion Picture Home, and don't think *that's* not insurance. The Motion Picture Home is where he stands a good chance of winding up if he doesn't manage his affairs like a neurotic hamster, a small rodent that hoards *everything* against a rainy day. The Motion Picture Home is the final refuge for the improvident great, near-great and never-great. It is the film industry's looking after its own. It is at once pathetic, shocking and admirable—the names of some of its inhabitants would amaze you. But it must be maintained.

Fifty more dollars go to the mortgage. Stars are a mortgage-ridden lot. Those with fat contracts are prone to have much more credit than cash. So this one, say, has a $90,000 home with a $25,000 mortgage—and that makes him exceptionally solid.

Miss Billie Burke, Broadway star and wife of the late Flo Ziegfeld, once was assigned to the same table aboard a transatlantic liner with a gentleman who was sneezing at a dreadful clip. "Go to your stateroom," she advised. "Drink plenty of orange juice, take four aspirins, then cover yourself with all the blankets you can stand. Sweat the cold out. I know what I'm talking about. I'm Billie Burke."

"I've always wanted to meet you, Miss Burke," the gentleman assured her. "I'm Dr. William Mayo of the Mayo Clinic."

Bennett Cerf in This Week

What's he left with now? $550? *Still* big money, eh? Enough to keep the wolf away from *your* door! Sure it is. But look again.

He hasn't even started on his grocery bill, his utilities, his maintenance, his wardrobe, his wife's wardrobe, his children's education, his car's upkeep (maybe two cars, maybe three), his community taxes, his state taxes, and his rather fancy surplus overhead. For like it or not, a star isn't supposed to live in a tree or wear burlap, and the same goes for his loved ones. Furthermore, he should entertain now and then for business as well as social reasons. And that doesn't mean milkshakes and salt water taffy all around.

A close professional audit of this final $550—and this essay is based not on guesswork but on highly expert conjecture—indicates that our star is still solvent if he doesn't mind going without shoes.

And bear in mind that we are dealing with a fellow with no alimony trials (e.g. Dick Haymes, Errol Flynn, Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra), no tax delinquency tribulations (almost anyone you care to mention) and no lawsuits pending (Marlon Brando) nor suspension of his pay (Marilyn Monroe).

At this point, you could hardly be blamed for snorting into your cambric tea. Evidently we have here a man who is working for nothing or less than nothing, who is skidding toward catastrophe on the sweat of his brow, and who might be better off employed for wages in a garage or simply shooting himself.

Well, not quite. There *are* outs. That's where the business consultant comes in. To over-simplify somewhat, our man can earn it, but he can't keep it. But that's impossible you say. Yes, of course, it's impossible. But here is the happiest conception of his balance sheet, according to one of the most illustrious business brains in Hollywood:

Say a star earns $500,000 a year—an almost unheard of sum. He *can* keep $50,000 of it. But the conditions are that he live in a hall room, subsist on graham crackers and water, go nowhere and see no one, and draw on hypothetical savings.

That is not an extreme statement of the matter. That's a fact. Now look once more at the financial statement of the star we have just left. To the extent that he's solvent—"liquid" is the preferred trade term—he's pretty well-heeled. But you saw how far we peeled him down simply by outgo for necessities. We left him no more than $550 at the top for what business managers call "personal living expenses"—and employed the term loosely.

Yet, one of the shrewdest of these men has appraised the personal living expenses of such relatively affluent stars as Joan Crawford, Jane Wyman and Dick and June Allyson Powell as running from $36,000 to $60,000 a year. Our "Star X" has been stranded with only $27,500. Minus shoes.

So here, by deposition of men best situated to know, is what he does.

First, he cuts a few corners. Domestic champagne will do as well as imported, or maybe the guests would settle for aspirin and Coke. His luxury car he may keep because it gives him the reassurance stars need so badly, but he drives it two years instead of one. (Two years, the management offices say, is the ideal economic life for a car anyway. No more, no less.) European and other trips, unless deductible or for sound business reasons, can be relegated to the category of fiddlefaddle. Last year's mink will have to do for Mrs. X. Trifling, but a beginning.

Our beleaguered financial invalid now has to take a positive forward step. That means what the hotshots call "risk capital." He's got a contract and an assured income, and hence credit. On this credit, he borrows money, always under the close supervisory eye of his business brain. With this money, he buys, for example, into income property—pronounced in Hollywood "inkum poppity." Inkum poppity can be a hotel or a motel or an apartment house. Fred MacMurray, whose nest is supposed to be spectacularly well-lined for an actor's, is up to his hair-line in inkum poppity. The idea for Actor X is that he picks up a $75,000 poppity for a down payment only a fraction of that amount, then sits back and lets the money roll in. Or if it doesn't exactly roll in, appreciation of values is working for him.

Alternatively, he can try for a capital gains set-up or a corporative deal or, if he'll accept the advice of one wizard, buy into purebred livestock, said by this man to be a very good thing in 1954. Real estate's not bad, nor (*Continued on page 82*)

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Singer of 16 hits, Eddie Fisher rehearses with TV director Herb Sussman (left), pianist Ken Cane.

by George Frazier

■ Possibly over a period of say, two years, the most popular recording artist in history is Eddie Fisher. Now, with the burgeoning sales of *"Anema e Core,"* his latest RCA Victor release, he has had sixteen consecutive hits (a hit is a record that sells a minimum of 250,000 copies). As far as I've been able to determine, that's unprecedented. It is always intriguing and often rewarding to try to determine the reason for such pervasive and persistent popularity. In Eddie Fisher's case, I think it is because he seems to be such an ordinary kind of boy.

My own theory is that it is Eddie's lack of any striking distinctiveness that sets him apart. Certainly, it would be a mistake to call him a song stylist. He does not exert himself physically in the way of a Johnnie Ray or a Frankie Laine or a Billy Daniels. He has none of the vocal individuality that makes a Nat Cole, a Bing Crosby or a Frank Sinatra immediately recognizable. It seems to me equally important that Fisher the person isn't a stylist, either. I suspect that only his fans would be able to pick him out of a crowd.

The Fisher phenomenon, a triumph of normalcy, has interested me enormously. I read a piece in this magazine which had to do with the fact that Eddie had managed to make himself cordially disliked while visiting Hollywood a few months ago. I immediately made up my mind to observe him more closely. In recent weeks Eddie has been turning up fairly regularly in the Cub Room of the Stork Club, a retreat to which I often repair for supper on evenings when I've worked late. Between forkfuls of Chicken Hamburger a la Walter Winchell, I studied him.

For one thing, he is undistinguished in appearance. He looks, indeed, very much as you would expect a young man fresh from a singing job at a Catskills resort to look. He is short, compact, dark and extremely boyish. Surrounded by the poised and celebrated—Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Louis Jourdan, Charles Boyer, Lloyd Nolan, John Hodiak, Alfred Drake and Franchot Tone (all of whom were appearing on Broadway) he seemed almost painfully shy. The chic and the glory and the choosiness that are the Stork appeared to overwhelm him. One night he was about to leave when Sherman Billingsley noticed him. "You're not going *yet,* are you?" said Billingsley.

Eddie looked suddenly apologetic. "Well, er, I—" he said, and then stopped, turned around and sat down. He seemed genuinely touched by the fact that his presence had been noted by an individual who is often described as "the world's most celebrated host." Later, when Eddie's girl was presented with a large bottle of Sortilege perfume, he stammered his appreciation. On a subsequent evening, when Jack Benny and Bob Hope came in after having attended the Friars' testimonial to George Jessel, Fisher gazed at them in unabashed hero worship. He behaved exactly as any youngster of humble origins would have behaved upon finding himself in the presence of fame and wealth. I think this attitude is apparent in his singing. As to Eddie's tactlessness in Hollywood, I find it entirely in accord with his personality. It was the behavior of an unspoiled person. I'm reasonably certain that a more assured celebrity, a shrewder human being, would have assumed a false complexion. Eddie is not sufficiently hypocritical to be able to mask his feelings. Or, to put it perhaps more accurately, he isn't worldly enough to do so.

A long time ago I described Frank Sinatra as "a Frank Sinatra fan," but

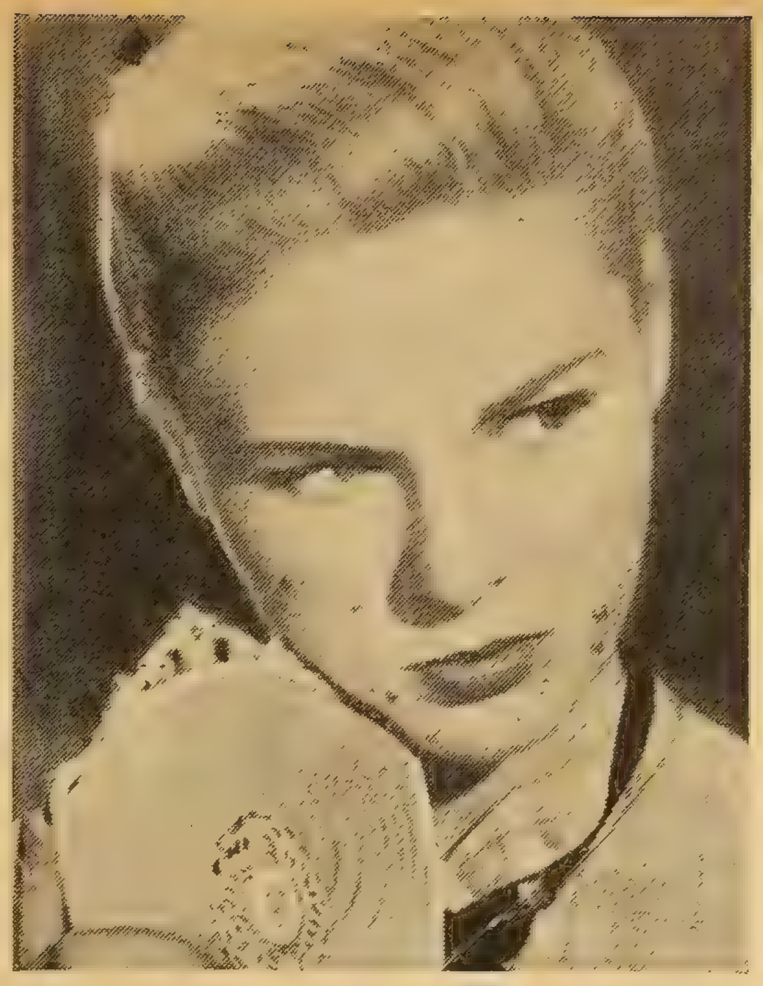
young Edwin Jack Fishbein's number one hero is Perry Como.

As this is written, a new musical called *By The Beautiful Sea* is having its out-of-town troubles before opening on Broadway. The troubles do not include the performance of Shirley Booth, who is said to be her usual magnificent self. Nor do they include a beautiful song called "Alone Too Long." No matter how the show fares, this number is certain to become popular, as I think you'll agree when you hear the superb treatment it is accorded by Nat King Cole on the Capitol label.

By the time *Beautiful Sea* will have reached Broadway, a new dance band will have been heard on many a campus. It is Les Elgart's and you can hear it on the Columbia label. Its best release is a spirited version of "The Varsity Drag." Elgart once played trumpet with such bands as Charlie Spivak's, Woody Herman's and Harry James'. Columbia Records' Mitch Miller urged him to start his own group. It appears to have been a happy decision. If, after trying "The Varsity Drag," you find Elgart's music to your taste, you'll find a full portion of it on a 12-inch LP called "Sophisticated Swing."

Tex Ritter, who did so admirably with "High Noon," sings "Brave Man" (from Paramount's *Red Garters*) on a new Capitol. It's a fine performance, manly and eloquent and, it goes without saying, western all over the place . . . Jazz fans will be delighted to learn that RCA Victor's new label, called simply "X", will reissue some of the most memorable hot recordings of all time. The initial release will include ten LP's and will be followed each month by two additional LP's . . . In the low-priced field, which includes the splendid releases on RCA Victor's Camden imprimatur, Columbia's Epic label has some items you should investigate without delay—notably, it seems to me, the resonant faces by Count Basie's jumping band . . . Prettiest of the new girl singers (and a distinct bet for the movies) is Epic's Helene Dixon, a lovely blonde from Brooklyn. Her first recording, an Okeh of "The Breeze," excited favorable comment.

The problem of selecting the right equipment on which to play records becomes increasingly important. As I've said in past issues, there are several worthwhile low-priced machines on the market, among them Columbia's excellent "360" table model. But I would be leading you astray if I were to suggest that authentic high-fidelity reproduction can be bought cheaply. According to most experts on such matters, it costs at least $500 to assemble a unit that will provide above-reproach reproduction. I have just heard the Concerto Grand, which is manufactured by the highly-regarded Philips firm of Holland. It's magnificent, but so is the price. $850. On the whole subject of hi-fi, however, I can say that if you are at all mechanically-bent, you can assemble a superb unit more cheaply than you can buy a ready-made one. Eventually, of course, prices will be reduced, particularly when color television achieves a state in which it can provide competition. But until they come down, I can merely repeat that the low-priced machines put out by Columbia, RCA Victor, and Webster are pretty wonderful. END





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(*Continued from page 79*) oil wells if there's oil in them. But he must invest risk capital and remember that high salaries, as a means of net gain, are as quaint today as the dodo.

"No star," said a well-known business consultant recently, "who has come up since 1940 will make a million dollars from pictures. Very few will get 'rich,' a word I'm using to mean 200,000 clear dollars or more. Those days are over. You don't have to feel sorry for the star but you don't have to envy him either."

AND IN SPADES, you do not have to envy Star X's opposite number, the immortal champion of it's-only-money and there's - plenty - more - where - *that*-came-from. This baby is truly in a spot. You might even wish to drop a wreath on the mangled remains of his billfold some time when you're in town.

We can call him Cornwall Birdbrain. In fact, he is a composite of four well-known stars who must remain nameless.

Cornwall Birdbrain did not have much money when he was a kid. He did not make much money when he was a youth either, nor when he was a young man. In truth, Cornwall Birdbrain was eating doughnuts and coffee two weeks before his twenty-ninth birthday, and not minding it because he never had gotten used to anything much more substantial.

Then all of a sudden Cornwall Birdbrain is making several thousand dollars a week, which strikes him as stage money because how silly can things get?

Cornwall does not want any business managers cramping his style, so he dispenses with any such idea, and shortly rares back and makes a down payment on a $150,000 home. He buys a Cadillac convertible and a Jag to keep it company and a station wagon to keep the Jag company, because a station wagon has always symbolized his ragged dream of opulence.

So has a yacht. So he buys a yacht, bearing in mind that off the shores of southern California, anything longer than a dinghy is a yacht. Cornwall's yacht measures a cool fifty-two feet, including Diesels, and wasn't it the late J. P. Morgan who said that if you had to ask how much a yacht cost to run, you couldn't afford it? Well, Cornwall never even asked.

Cornwall gets so he can't stand the sight of anyone else lifting a check of any kind, and he's the easiest touch in Hollywood. Nothing is softer than Cornwall's heart except his head. Bad debts are deductible but only if bona fide intent to repay is proved, and Cornwall's beneficiaries have no such provable intent. Cornwall says of these loans that he is moved to make them by remembrance of his own bad old days, but psychologists specializing in the star mentality won't give him passing marks on that. It is partially so, but Cornwall's real motives, they say, are over-compensating for all the years he himself was a beggar. Generosity and sentiment are only a small part of it.

Meanwhile, a couple of prior wives who up to now have forgotten Cornwall's middle name abruptly remember it, and Cornwall is paying alimony with both hands. And Wife No. 3, a post-prosperity item, entails a maintenance bill about equal to that of the Super Chief.

Cornwall always has had a secret yen to gamble, and now it bursts loose with an awesome blast. Hollywood snuggles up to two major race tracks, Santa Anita and Hollywood Park, and Las Vegas isn't far away. But Cornwall's judgment is even worse than his luck, and his luck is foul.

And what of Cornwall's business acumen, more fittingly called his gullibility? There are promoters around town who never turn down their beds at night without murmuring a prayer for Cornwall's continued health and earning power.

Not once does it occur to Cornwall Birdbrain that his phase in the sun will not go on forever. Hasn't his astrologist banged him out a scratch sheet saying as much? And he does not read the communications of the able economists of the Hollywood scene, one of whom wrote recently:

"Salaries have taken a terrific bump. I know (that) most salaries that were $175,000 (per picture) against 10% of the gross are now in the neighborhood of $50,000 to $100,000 and 4% or 5% of the gross, or 20% or 25% of the net." And this man is talking of top, established stars. Cornwall's just a skyrocket with freak propulsion.

Mr. Whiskers will be around talking to Cornwall by and by. Indeed, he was seen leaving Cornwall's house only yesterday—frowning. Cornwall, if he thought of it at all, thought Federal taxes were something you paid when you got around to it, state taxes a gag. He needs ready money now, and fast. A loanout picture? His studio, which thought up the fine contractual print Cornwall never bothered to read, says no. Sell the yacht? Who wants it? Call in the loans? From turnips?

Las Vegas, incidentally, is not the answer. You have read about stars making whopping amounts for three-week stands there, settling their back taxes, and having plenty left over. Well, here's a sample:

Miss Y, a big picture name, was signed to a three-week engagement for $60,000, payable on the line. Her hotel bill there was $3800, including expenses for entourage, the whole works. Two costumes ran her $1100 apiece, not to mention fittings. Her commutings between Vegas and Hollywood tapped her for more. If she took the engagement to meet back taxes—and she did—she didn't get far, because the $60,000 itself was taxable; in fact, very much so. At the end, she was left with $7000, which went into her depleted tax account.

One may ask, "How about that entourage? Who insisted she take that along?"

No one. But the expression "living it up" is a peculiarly sensitive one in Hollywood, where the vocabulary is not flexible nor notably generous. A careful star is arbitrarily labeled pretty close with a nickel, and that is a sneer. The freespenders are right guys. As long as they have it.

Who's got the money? A quite authoritative list of who's got the money, or who *very likely* has the money, contains many of the names of those who are adjudged nickel-squeezers. Who ain't got it? Old Bring - me - the - check - waiter - and-keep-a-sawbuck-for-yourself!

The safest guesses at the truly affluent in the film colony go back to pictures' early days, when taxes were trivial, West Los Angeles and Beverly Hills cow pastures, and real estate there going for a song—and the smart investors sang their heads off. The names of these investors will be more familiar to mama than to you, and even more familiar to grandma. And Dun & Bradstreet knows them well.

Mary Pickford has well over a million, or the astutest observers of Hollywood fortunes are crazy. So has Harold Lloyd. And the self-exiled Charles Chaplin, who once and for all made a monkey's uncle of the sage who said: "You can't take it with you." Chaplin did—in amounts that can only be estimated, but the estimates are eye-popping. Marion Davies is not ready for the dole yet.

Of the present crop of performers, the supposed fat cats are mainly veterans or semi-veterans of the screen, and again, one must rely on informed conjecture.

Bing Crosby, enmeshed in a web of enterprises, should be set for life. His fortune has been rated as high as twenty million and as low as one, but no lower than that. MacMurray is by no means destitute but is alleged to become wrathful over any mention of the fact. Gary Cooper was thought to be extraordinarily prosperous until a few months ago, when he sounded off in oddly gloomy tones to one or two friends. These were not too alarmed.

The case of John Wayne, perhaps pictures' most highly rewarded figure, is in abeyance. Two years ago, an intimate has said, you could fairly have called him rich. Two years from now, the same should hold true again. But at the moment, Wayne would appear to be stanching the flow from an awesome wound ripped in his bank-book by his former wife, Chata.

Gene Kelly, no man for throwing quarters out the window, did his eighteen-month European hitch before the loophole in the tax structure had been plugged, and presumably came home fixed for life. Glenn Ford has said he'll never have to work again, and the same may well be true of Pat O'Brien. Joan Crawford has been on the scene for close to twenty-five years and conceivably could be in the rare millionaire class. Victor Mature is a successful businessman who employs the services of the shrewdest advisors; some think he could retire tomorrow. Clark Gable, another of the less-than-reckless spenders, may or may not have it, according to the most cautious advice, but if he doesn't, nobody can figure out where it's gone. The combined incomes of Dick Powell and June Allyson, plus Powell's canniness as an investor, make them likely candidates for authentic wealth. With such steadfasts as Irene Dunne, Loretta Young, Spencer Tracy, Ronald Colman and the duo of Betty Grable and Harry James, stuffed safe deposit boxes are deemed altogether possible.

All these are nominated as likely to own entrenched and plentiful assets.

Among those with high-salaries but nobody knows what kind of savings are Bob Hope, Claudette Colbert, James Cagney, Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, Olivia de-Havilland, Marlene Dietrich, Frank Sinatra, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, Lana Turner, Elizabeth Taylor, Judy Garland, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall.

At least two of the post-debutante group —Esther Williams and Kathryn Grayson— are reported on very good footing indeed, while two others in a category all their own these days—Shirley Temple and Deanna Durbin—could easily have a mint.



Diana gets bitten by lobster.

SOME AUTOGRAPH!

Several years ago I went to Baltimore to see Bedtime For Bonzo, *starring Diana Lynn and Bonzo, the chimp. Both stars were there in person and after the movie I saw Diana Lynn in the lobby. As I walked toward her, someone tapped me on the shoulder. I turned around. To my surprise it was Bonzo. He immediately grabbed my finger and bit me. The teeth marks stayed for about three weeks, but fortunately all went well.*

Janis Crawford
Edgewood, Maryland

It's the younger crowd who may be most discouraged at not getting a clean crack at Uncle Sam's greenery. Most are believed to be handling what they can get their mitts on sensibly enough—Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, Marilyn Monroe, Doris Day, Montgomery Clift, Marlon Brando, Ann Blyth, Virginia Mayo and Robert Wagner are cases in point—but what *can* they get their hands on?

All this looks like quite a list, but it's only a handful. The trouble seems to be that to make money costs too much money, so spare a tear for the big-earning film star if you can.

Who's *got* the money then? Aga Khan. Couple of Rockefellers. The Nizam of Hyderabad. Oh, and Howard Hughes. *He's* got money. Has a multiplicity of interests, oil, tools, aircraft, airline and so on, only one of which costs him dough. Motion pictures. He's been losing on that. **END**

what's happening to jerry?

(*Continued from page 49*) that Jerry Lewis is feeling his oats.

Jerry wants to sing ballads in his pictures that should logically be sung by the heroine—or by Dean Martin. And he was so furious about the script of *The Big Top* that he didn't want to make the picture. It wasn't until Hal Wallis threatened to take the boys off television and cancel their personal appearances and recording dates that Jerry got back in line.

The rubber-faced comedian's friendship with Janet and Tony Curtis has also cooled. The two young couples were all but inseparable for a couple of years. Patti and Jerry stood up for Janet and Tony when they were married. Almost every weekend found the Curtises out in Pacific Palisades with the Lewises.

Now? Well, you won't get either pair to admit that there's any friction. But last New Year's Eve there was a party at the Curtises'—and Janet hadn't remembered the Lewises. The same night there was a party at the Lewis house and the Curtises weren't asked.

Rapidly, rumors of feud spread through the movie colony. Jerry's press agent even advised the Lewises and the Curtises to make the rounds of the night spots together just to kill off some of the talk.

MODERN SCREEN raises the discussion of Jerry's behavior because we have long admired his great talent and considered him a fine human being. We wouldn't want him to change.

Jerry has contributed untold time and money to charity and to the victims of muscular dystrophy, cerebral palsy, infantile paralysis and other diseases. He has been fined by his union for giving benefit performances without permission. Surely, he has spent thousands of dollars on other people.

We are convinced of Jerry's virtues and we hate to see him unwittingly antagonize his fellow employees.

Al Jolson did that kind of thing as a young man. In spite of his tremendous stature and remarkable public popularity he was once intensely disliked by those who worked with him. We don't want to see this happen to Jerry Lewis.

We hope Jerry won't need to reassure himself about his own value by behaving in a brash and dictatorial way—by appointing himself an authority on music, comedy, and story values—and by losing his friends.

Jerry is a kind, warm-hearted, considerate person. He could become one of our loved, admired and respected comedians.

It must be remembered that Jerry has been under a great strain since he returned from Europe last summer. He has

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RECONCILIATION BLUES

Now you see them, now you don't—those happily married (?) couples!

■ It was a big night at the Cocoanut Grove; Gordon MacRae was making a personal appearance. But the real spotlight was stolen from him by two movie stars—who showed up with their wives!

First to arrive were Jeff and Marge Chandler, formerly a fairly happy couple whose devotion was measured in terms of their two cute kids, Jamie and Dana. Last year trouble hit and they went through two separations and two reconciliations. Now it looked as though they might be trying a third. But insiders knew that only a few nights before, Jeff had escorted Susan Hayward to a producer's party and had dated others as well. Hollywood's self-styled love experts speculated that the other dates were a cover-up for an eventual out-in-the-open wooing of Susan and that Marge will start divorce proceedings soon.

Happier hopes were held out for the Gene Nelsons when they arrived together. Sympathy during their recent, much-publicized separation was largely with Mrs. Nelson, who calmly refused to file for divorce and admitted to friends that "Gene has been through something like this before. I'll play me a waiting game." Hence, it was no real surprise to see Gene and Miriam on the same dance floor where, a few months before, Gene and Jane Powell had danced cheek to cheek.

For once, the experts were right. Jeff and Marge Chandler show little chance of getting back together, despite their somewhat glum dates. Gene and Miriam Nelson, on the other hand, have held their marriage slimly but successfully together—though no one actually expects Gene not to stray again.

Oh, those reconciliation blues!



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finished three motion pictures, starred in half a dozen TV shows, appeared at the Copacabana in New York and played countless benefits and dinners.

Jerry pushes himself, driving his meager physical resources to the limit. He ignores his physician's advice and works until he becomes nervous and irritable.

After earning so much money, it seems incredible that Martin and Lewis could be in debt both to the U. S. Government and to Paramount Pictures. They have already paid back more than $750,000, but they spend a remarkable amount of money. Jerry can't buy *one* pair of slacks or *one* pair of socks; it's got to be half a dozen in all colors. Dean's support payments to his first wife come to more than $3,000 a month. Between them, they keep twenty-three people on their payroll. You can see how tough it is for them to try to get even now.

According to some old friends, his financial situation is not responsible for Jerry's domineering ways. Others think that's part of it.

"Look," one of them said, "I remember that kid from the 500 Club in Atlantic City. In 1946 his act consisted of mugging to phonograph records. His wife was in the hospital with a new baby and he didn't have the dough to bail her out.

"I don't want to use an overworked line, but the kid was very humble then. Very nice and very grateful for anything good that came along.

"Three years later he was earning $15,000 a week. The hangers-on were gathering around him, and—well—the setup went to his head. He's only twenty-seven, after all. It's only natural."

An actress who used to be his pal and no longer is, says, "Jerry Lewis is a contradictory guy—a strange guy. One minute he's warmhearted and generous. The next he's fighting and quarreling.

"You've got to remember that his success came quickly. By the time he was twenty-two or twenty-three he was earning close to a half million a year. Under circumstances like that it takes great strength of character to keep a level head and a civil tongue. Jerry has begun to throw his weight around.

"Dean's wife recognized that early in the game. She felt and she still feels that Dean is 50% of the act and is entitled to 50% of the attention. That rubbed Jerry the wrong way, and that's why his wife and Jeannie don't mix. That's the way it looked to me, anyway.

"I've seen only one man put Jerry in his place—Hal Wallis. Unfortunately, both Dean and Jerry would like to get out of their contracts with Wallis. It's no secret that they've been more than dissatisfied. They believe they're being exploited in lousy pictures. Actually, their movies have been grossing less and less. It's difficult to find story material for them, but by contract they've got another four or five years to go with Wallis. Maybe that's one reason Jerry has been rather disagreeable of late." But the actress knows Wallis, too.

SHE SAID, "There's another side of the coin. Wallis is a producer of stature and experience. The boys have achieved their greatest popularity under his wing.

"Jerry is lucky to be married to Patti. There's a young woman with both feet on the ground. If it weren't for Patti I think Jerry would be completely unmanageable. She's a settling influence—it was she who got him to the point of sleeping without a gun under his pillow—and if anybody can keep him in line, Patti can."

Jerry likes to say, "I wasn't brought by the stork. The bat brought me." He was named Joseph Levitch when he was born in 1926 to a pair of vaudevillians, Danny and Rea Lewis.

Jerry was brought up in Newark, mostly by his grandmother and his aunt. His parents were on the road most of the time and he felt so lonely and unhappy that he hasn't been able to recover to this day. Probably that's why he has surrounded himself with yes-men and why he cannot abide being alone.

He never really had a definite home. During summer vacations he used to work as a bus boy in resort hotels where his parents were entertaining. At Brown's Hotel in the Catskills he put on a wig and began to do imitations. Irving Kaye, a local comedian, heard Jerry, thought he was hilarious and got him a job in a Buffalo burlesque house.

When the scared fifteen-year-old boy trotted on stage for his debut, the hardened customers shouted their disapproval. "Get off! Bring on the dames!" Jerry started to cry and ran to the wings. Max Coleman, a friend of Jerry's father, persuaded the boy to go back and finish his act.

WITH SUCH a rocky start, it's no wonder Jerry needs constant encouragement and admiration from those around him. He surrounds himself with employees who won't speak up when Jerry steps out of line, either because they don't know or because they won't take a chance on Jerry's reaction. As a boy, Jerry felt inferior too many times to hazard that experience again.

Essentially, Jerry is a moody, melancholy young man with a genius for mimicry that can take him out of his depression into the world of responsive laughter. So, again, he must have an audience.

The Lewis house is usually filled with people—Patti never knows how many will stay for dinner—all assuring Jerry that he is the greatest. He demands boundless loyalty of his friends. He gets jobs for acquaintances, gives them money, puts them on his payroll. In return he expects slavish devotion over and above the bounds of normal gratitude. Apparently, he has not yet realized that this is too much to ask. People can't give it. If they could, it wouldn't be worth much.

When they refuse to build their lives with Jerry as the cornerstone, there is bitterness and tapering-off friendship.

Under Jerry's wackiness there is perception and shrewdness. Probably he knows what's happening, but he does not or cannot stop it.

He knows he should relax, vacation, enjoy himself, but he doesn't. Maybe he can't. He loves to entertain. He is compassionate, generous, humanitarian and —like all great entertainers—stubborn and self-centered. Many Paramount employees will testify that he has done more for people than any actor on the lot. He is genuinely and deeply loved. It is a shame that a young man who formerly had only friends should now have enemies, too.

Of the explanations for this untoward behavior of late, probably the most valid is that Jerry and Dean are unhappy about their work in Hollywood. Several months ago they tried to buy back their contract. Hal Wallis wouldn't sell.

Since then, Jerry's temperament has been showing. **END**

Marriage at 15, motherhood at 16, divorce at 17—that was Sheree North, Hollywood's newest cyclonic blonde

Read all about her in MODERN SCREEN *next month!*

why duke likes them latin

(*Continued from page 39*) As one of his employees suggested, "Maybe this time he should go to bat with a blonde from north of the Rio Grande." But at this stage of his life, the hard-working Duke is settled in his ways.

Blondes leave him cold. Always have.

"Just a matter of taste," he explains. The rugged six-foot four-inch he-man is a sucker for señoritas.

The third Mrs. Marion Mitchell Morrison (Duke's real name) will surely be the black-eyed, black-haired beauty from Lima, Peru, twenty-four-year-old Pilar Pallete (pronounced pall-ette-ay).

By California law Duke cannot marry anyone until October 29, 1954, when he will receive his final divorce decree. If Pilar has obtained her divorce by that time, there will probably be a wedding.

DUKE AND PILAR are virtually inseparable these days. There doesn't seem to be much danger of any sudden breakup.

Pilar worships Duke and he, in turn, is extremely proud of her, and with good reason. Pilar is quiet and well-bred and knows how to make a dollar stretch.

Duke introduced her to his friends at the Gay Nineties Party given by his agent, Ned Marin. Everybody approved of Pilar.

An actress, noted for her acid tongue, said, "It looks to me as if Duke's gotten himself a winner in this girl. She's very polite, very lady-like, very appreciative.

"Of course I think there are prettier girls right here in Hollywood but Pilar is certainly an improvement over Chata. She's a naive sort, but I think Duke likes that type. Certainly they seem happy together."

When Duke was asked why he preferred Latin American beauties to the home-grown varieties, he was candid as usual.

A visitor from Las Vegas (says Hal Peary) saw a Coney Island merry-go-round and yelled, "You people must be nuts, gambling away your kids!"

Earl Wilson from
The New York Post

"Look," he said. "I'm a fellow that happens to like girls. All girls. Only you can't like everyone in the same degree.

"No nation has a monopoly on beauty. I consider Latin American girls very exciting, very warm, very lovely. They have a strong feeling for home-life, for family life. And so have I.

"I like to take my vacation in Mexico and countries below the border. The Latins know how to relax, how to take it easy. They're never slaves to time. Up here I'm so darn busy it seems to me that I'm running all the time. That's why I go South.

"When a man is relaxing in Mexico, he meets Mexicans. When he's vacationing in Peru, he meets Peruvians. Years ago, if I'd taken a vacation in Sweden, maybe I would've wound up with a Swedish girl. Who knows? Friendships are frequently the result of geography and circumstance, and of course, individual taste.

"I happen to prefer brunettes. Sue me."

Duke hates to discuss his private life. He doesn't talk much about his plans with Pilar. When they were touring Las Vegas a few months ago, someone asked, "You two kids eloping?"

Pilar smiled and said nothing.

Duke merely grinned and muttered, "No. The judge made me promise that I wouldn't get married until November."

MARRIAGE COUNSELORS say that when a man marries more than once, the chances are very good that his subsequent wives will resemble his first. They say that unwittingly every man likes to improve on his failure, to start with some already known quantity.

Certainly this seems to be true of Duke Wayne. The failure of his first marriage to Josephine Saenz has been well hashed over. Some people claimed that Josephine was too social and that Wayne couldn't abide that sort of tea-party life. But they didn't know the Waynes..

More likely, the problems arose from the fact that Duke is Protestant and Josephine Catholic, and that, as the years went by, they began to grow apart.

There were four children in the ten-year period, but during that time, Duke was working so hard and so long that he spent very little time at home. He was just a beginner in the motion picture game, and he used to make a Western quickie in a little under three weeks.

Duke is a lusty, rugged, earthy, homespun man who enjoys the society of people like himself. To him the most important things are work, loyalty and love.

His first wife could not exactly understand or fit in with his philosophy. Duke has always believed in the sanctity of the home, and this divorce really broke him up. So he went down to Mexico.

In Mexico City he happened to meet Esperanza Bauer at a film luncheon. They started going together. Duke thought he had found a young woman who had all of Josephine's virtues and none of her faults.

"I thought," he was to say later, "that Chata would be satisfied with the simple things of life, a home, a family, friends.

"I didn't expect any wife of mine to go on location and shoot craps with the crew or to get loaded and fall all over herself in night clubs or to pair up with her old lady and hold a gun on me."

Duke has always fallen for Latin American girls because he thinks they are brought up to respect the institution of marriage, to respect their husbands and to understand that in a man's scheme of life, his work is paramount.

In Duke's book, Latin American girls are rarely flighty or sophisticated.

"They have a realistic sense of values," he once said. "And that's very important in a marriage. And another thing—they are wonderful with children.

"My four kids, for example. They're good kids and they're well-behaved. And all the credit for that must go to their mother. Over the years she's handled those children with complete mastery. And I'm as grateful to her for that as I can ever be."

Duke was under the impression that Chata was a woman who would subjugate her way of life to his. It didn't work out, and since the differences have been aired in court, there is no point in repeating them.

THE CRUCIAL question is whether or not Pilar Pallete will be able to fill the role of Duke's dream wife. Admittedly, Duke at forty-six, is not an easy man to live with. He is set in his ways, his friends, his business and his outlook.

At times he is brusque, ill-tempered and quick-to-anger, perhaps because he has consistently overworked in the mistaken belief that his popularity will be short-lived.

"An actor's hot for only a very few years," is one of his favorite remarks.

On the other hand, he is kind, considerate and generous to a fault. If he loves a woman the sky's the limit.

Chata, for example, testified in court that her monthly household expenditures approximated $13,000. She also drove a Cadillac convertible and had charge accounts in all the leading shops.

Even now she lives in a beautiful apartment in the swank Sunset Towers and lives



MEADOWS IN THE CLOVER

Audrey sometimes gets pie in the face and Jayne usually gets killed in the second act—but TV *is the field for the Meadows.*



Comedienne Audrey appears as panelist on CBS morning show, *I'll Buy That.* She was introduced to television by comic Phil Silvers.



Dramatic actress Jayne sits on the *I've Got A Secret* panel and often plays leads on such shows as *Studio One* and *Suspense.*



Jayne's most frequent date is popular comedian Steve Allen of *What's My Line?* and —of course—*The Steve Allen Show.*



On Saturday nights Audrey plays Jackie Gleason's pert wife in "The Honeymooners," one of Jackie's most uproarious sketches.



Born in China, both girls confuse escorts by talking Chinese to each other when double-dating, as kids spoke nothing else.



Until recently, Jayne was married to director Milton Krim. Audrey says she has no time for marriage, has never been engaged.

■ Every time you flip your TV dial, you come up with a Meadows sister. Since they dress alike, sound alike and live together, you can also flip your lid trying to figure out which Meadows is which. Which is why they never appear on the same show and probably never will—even if they could find a script tailored for one Grade-A comedienne and one Capital-A actress—or just for two beautiful and talented girls with a special talent for being confusing in the world's most confusing city—New York—and New York's most confusing industry—TV! Ah well, if this be perplexity, make the most of it!

extremely well on the $5,000 a month she gets from Duke as part of her alimony.

Duke also expects that his friends will become his wife's friends. Bo Roos, Ward Bond, Jack Ford, Jimmy Grant, Paul Fix, the whole gang must be treated well.

Duke cannot abide snobbery or high-handedness in any form. And that goes double for deceit.

Obviously Wayne feels that Pilar Pallete can meet his requirements.

When he gives a girl his heart, he doesn't give it lightly. His intentions have always been matrimonial and once he gets married he never strays. Although hundreds of dollars were spent by Chata and her attorney in an effort to uncover some evidence linking Duke with adultery in the seven years of their marriage, no such evidence was ever found.

When a wife disillusions him, he is quickly hurt and disgusted. And the next thing anyone knows he's pulled out of Hollywood and is wandering over Central or South America.

Then he meets another Latin American beauty who rekindles his flame and faith in the essential goodness of wifehood.

That's how Duke found Pilar Pallete.

They met in 1952 when Duke had flown to Peru to get Chata out of his mind and out of his heart. He knew by then the marriage was finished.

In Peru the heart-broken actor decided to scout some jungle locations for a Wayne-Fellows production which was later shot in Mexico. He went up into the Peruvian jungle near the Amazon River where a local motion picture outfit was shooting *Sabotage In The Jungle.*

Pilar Pallete was playing one of the leads in this picture, and Duke was introduced to her. It wasn't love at first sight, but there was *rapport* between these two.

One of Pilar's friends who was secretary to producer Edward Movius, said, "Pilar knew all about Duke. After all, he's one of the most famous movie stars in the world. But Duke didn't know anything about Pilar. It didn't take him very long to find out. Pilar speaks good English. Also her eyes are very expressive.

"She was married to Dick Weldy, the Panagra public relations chief in Lima. She was his secretary, and when he got a divorce he married Pilar. So that Pilar knows what it is to live with an American. Anyway when she met Duke, she and Weldy were separated, and her divorce should come through any day now.

"Pilar comes from a respected Lima family. Her father was a senator and she and her three sisters were sent to good schools. When Pilar finished Lima High School she got a job as an airline hostess.

"Last year she flew up to Hollywood, and Duke gave her a screen test."

Duke and Pilar have been going together ever since. And as her love for Duke has increased, Pilar's desire for an acting career has waned.

She lives in a small apartment, makes many of her own clothes, and is Duke's constant companion when he isn't working.

Duke's friends like her fine. "She's a lady," they say. She finds all of them great fun.

At a recent party she spent most of the night snapping pictures of all the guests with a new Polaroid camera Duke had given her. One director said to Wayne, "Duke, I like Pilar. She is the first actress I've ever met who would rather take pictures than pose for them."

Duke grinned.

"Pilar's okay," he said. Then he walked over and slipped his arm around her shoulder. As the guests watched him, they all understood that it was just a question of time before she would become his wife. END

susan hayward's story

(*Continued from page 29*) who wanted a home and children, willingly signed an agreement before the wedding, waiving any claim to half of Jess' fortune (which otherwise would be hers under California community property law). Now, almost ten years later, Susan and Jess come to the divorce court—but the situation is reversed. Jess has been "between pictures" for several years; Susan is a big star; and it is Jess who wants to write off the premarital agreement!

Both Susan and Jess want to do what's best for their nine-year-old twins, but they don't agree at all on what's best. They seem to have been good parents. It was significant that their only complaints about each other's parental behavior were their fears that the children would be prejudiced and confused by their parents' rivalry for their loyalty.

If Susan and Jess are sincere in their wishes to protect their children—and apparently they are—they have chosen a remarkable way to do it. It's too late now to save their sons from unspeakable humiliation.

It's clear that Gregory and Timothy have been friendly and close to both of their parents, but that's all over now. What they've read and what they've overheard between their parents and about them has hurt them and filled them with mistrust and embarrassment.

Last July their home slid out from under them and their family became a public spectacle. If their elders can't handle the situation with dignity, how can a couple of nine-year-olds handle it?

After the lawyer who had drawn up the agreement had testified, the Plaintiff, Susan Hayward, took the stand to describe the fight in which she got her famous black eye. The case was heard by Judge Herbert Y. Walker. Miss Hayward's attorneys: Martin Lang and Milton A. Rudin; Mr. Barker's: S. S. Hahn.

(The testimony here is taken directly from the transcript of the Superior Court. Omissions are indicated by three dots; breaks in continuity by three asterisks.)

Q What time of the day or night was it?
A Well, it was late at night, because my husband had gone out to get the late editions of the newspapers; it was on his return.
Q Who was at home on that night, July 16, 1953?
A My husband and myself and my house guest.
Q Where were the boys?
A And my children were upstairs.
Q All right. And it was after dinner then, late at night, about eleven or twelve at night?
A Yes. We had been talking before this.
Q What were you doing on that occasion?
A I had been studying, and Mr. Barker had been watching television.
Q Studying what?
A My script, or a script. I can't remember right now whether I was working on something at the time or preparing.
Q When Mr. Barker went out for the late editions of the newspapers, where were you at the time he came back?
A In the living room.
Q Can you describe what happened on that occasion?
A Yes. As I said before, we started to argue. We argued about most of the things we've argued about in the past. I remember one thing; that I asked Mr. Barker for a divorce, because I said to him, under the circumstances, that I felt a divorce might be the only solution to these problems. He said I would never get a divorce.
Q Did you discuss the question of employment, or his not working?
A Yes; this was part of our argument.
Q And the effect on the children?
A Yes.
Q Give the conversation, please.
A As well as I can remember, it wound up in the fact that he said to me I'd never get a divorce. And I said, "If you don't love me, and don't want to do what I consider right, why do you want to hang on?" And he said, "Well, you're a good meal ticket."

Well, when he said that, I didn't understand, and I looked at him, and I said, "I don't understand you. I think you're very queer."
Q What did he do?
A And he walked over to where I was sitting and he slapped me.
Q In the face, Mrs. Barker?
A Yes.
Q Go ahead; proceed.
A I was frightened. I said, "Don't." So he

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PAVEMENT POUNDING

Old Mother Hubbard came out of the suburbs to help out a dog in distress.



■ Twenty-three years ago, a tall, dark-haired pavement artist was working around London's Embankment. His offer: to chalk portraits on the pavement or to sketch them on postcards. His price was threepence and "your money back if you're not satisfied."

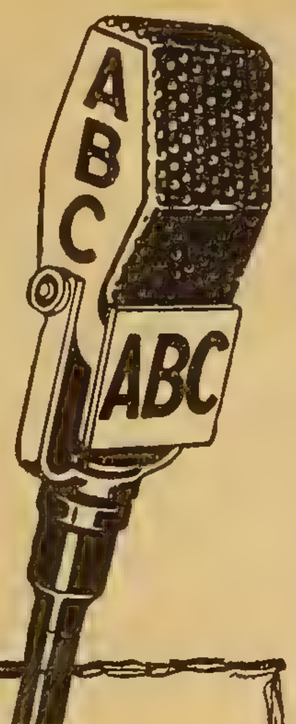
He showed so much talent that one customer asked him why he wasn't in art school. He replied respectfully, "I am. I'm only doing this to raise a little money. I'm trying to save my dog from the public pound."

The woman never forgot that boy nor his love for animals. She died a few months ago at the age of eighty-four. She bequeathed him $150 of her $175,000 estate. She was Mrs. Mary Valentine Salvage, and in her youth she was one of Britain's top secret agents.

The young artist she remembered in her will was Michael Wilding. In Paris he was notified of the bequest. "It was a long time ago," he said, "but I remember her. A friend and I were working as pavement artists. We earned seven shillings, sixpence to save our dog, but some titled lady had come along and bought her out of the pound, so we were left with the seven and six."

Today, Michael Wilding and his animal-loving wife, Elizabeth Taylor, have four dogs and five cats.

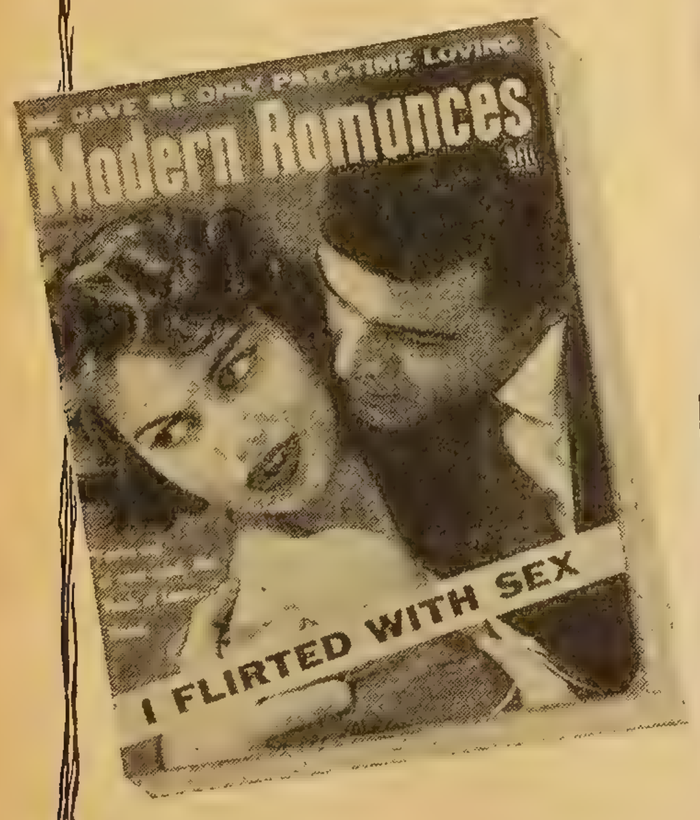
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slapped me again. I tried for him not to hit me. He threw me on the floor, and pulled off my robe, and proceeded to beat me.

* * *

Well, when my husband was beating me, I tried to get loose from him, first of all, because it hurt; secondly, because there were children in the house, and Martha Little, who is not well. I didn't want to disturb them. But when he beat me, it hurt, and I was crying.

So finally I got loose and ran out of the house into the back garden. I just wanted to get away. Mr. Barker caught up with me; he forced me back into the house. I was struggling with him, and he hit me again.

Q Where did he hit you, do you remember? I know it's tough, but we've got to do it.

A I don't remember where he hit me; he hit me wherever he could.

Q What were you wearing, by the way, Mrs. Barker?

A I was wearing a terry-cloth bathrobe.

Q And what underneath that?

A Nothing. I sleep in the raw.

Q All right. Then he was dragging you back in the house. Continue the story.

A When he continued to beat me, I had to get help. I ran to the telephone. I was going to dial the operator, call the police, or anything I could.

Q What happened?

A He came after me and knocked the telephone out of my hand, and he said, "I'll cool you off," whereupon he yanked me by the arm, and dragged me out again, back through the garden and up the steps to the swimming pool.

Q And what did he do then?

A He threw me in.

Q And will you relate what happened after he threw you in?

A Well, as I said, I was wearing this terry-cloth robe, and it's pretty full. It's a big, pink, voluminous thing, and when I hit the water, the water soaked it up, and I went down. It's hard to get up because there are many folds in a garment. I got up to the top, and I started screaming again, because I was afraid, whereupon he pushed my head under the water.

Q Were you in fear of your life?

A Of course I was.

Q And what did you do after he held your head under the water—pushed it under?

A I suddenly realized that I was not dealing with a person who was quite themselves. I knew that he was so highly enraged that he wasn't responsible for his actions that night.

Q So what did you do?

A So when I came up the second time, I kept my mouth shut, and didn't make any noise. He said, "Now get back into the house." So I went quietly.

Q What happened to the terry-cloth bathrobe?

A That was soaking wet; and as I said, it was very heavy. It was left by the pool side.

Q And you therefore had to go into the house without any clothes on at all?

A Yes.

Q What happened then? Proceed. You walked in with Mr. Barker behind you?

A Yes. I walked in the house with Mr. Barker. He pushed me into the bedroom, and he said, "Now stay there." Naturally, by this time I was pretty scared, and I knew I had to get out and get help somehow, because I didn't want to stay in the same house with him. So I went to the closet and threw on whatever clothes I could find. . . . There's a little door that leads out of the bedroom, a side door, so I didn't have to go out around again through the den where I thought he might be. I opened the door quietly and walked through the garden, and then, as I remember it, around by the kitchen door, because that leads out into the driveway, and freedom. I got as far as the kitchen door, and it was suddenly—I hate to tell these things.

Mr. Gang: I don't know what else we can do.

* * *

A It was suddenly opened by Mr. Barker. He said, "Where do you think you're going? Get back in there." At least I think that's what he said; it's hard to remember. . . .

THE COURT: You can't remember exactly. The Court wouldn't believe you if you gave me the exact wording. Give it as near as you can recollect.

THE WITNESS: He grabbed me and threw me into the kitchen ahead of him, and that was lucky, because he threw me with such momentum that I could race to the front door. You go through the kitchen and the dining room and the hallway to the front door. And I opened it, and I ran out, and I ran down the driveway, and he caught up with me, and started to hit me again. He said, "You're not going anywhere."

* * *

Q. Proceed.

A At this point, of course, again I was screaming for help. I was screaming the man's name next door. It was dark outside, and I was screaming for help from the man across the street, anybody.

The next thing I remember, he tried to get me into the house, and I refused to go, and I was struggling with him, and he threw me over the hedge and I was down on the ground, and he still kept beating me. And that's all I can remember until Martha came out the front door, and she yelled, "What's going on?" because—

Q "Martha" was Martha Little, your house guest?

A That's right. She came out the front door, and she ran over and said, "Stop it; stop it." Well, when she said that to him, he stopped momentarily, and I ran back into the house and grabbed the telephone, because I was going to call the police. He ran back in after me, and again knocked it out of my hand. And then suddenly, I don't know, there was a commotion outside, and I ran out, and the police were there. I said, "Would you please call me a taxi?" I told the policeman—

Q By the way, do you know who called the police?

A No, I don't; I never reached them.

Q Proceed. What happened?

A So, when I asked the policeman to call me a taxi, I must have looked a mess. I said I wanted to go to my mother's house. So they called me a taxi. They offered to drive me in their squad car, but I said that wasn't necessary. So they called a cab, and I got in it, and Miss Little came with me, and we went over to my mother's house . . .

Q You spent the night at your mother's house?

A Yes. And then I tried to reach your office in the morning, and I wasn't successful, so I called Mr. Wood, my business manager, at his home, and asked him would he go back to the house with me, and ask Mr. Barker please to leave. Also, my brother came with me.

Q And you went back to the house the next morning?

A Yes.

Q With Mr. Wood and your brother?

A Yes, and Miss Little.

Q And Mr. Barker left the house that day?

A Yes he left the house that day.

Q It was after that that you filed your Complaint for Divorce, and asked for a restraining order?

A As soon as I could reach your office, one of your attorneys came to my home; I explained to him what happened.

* * *

Q And did you secure medical treatment for your injuries?

A Yes. I was X-rayed, and taken care of.

Q And can you describe what your injuries consisted of as a result of what had happened the night before?

A You want a description of how I looked?

Q Yes. What were your bruises, contusions?

A Well, I had a black eye, I guess you call it; bruises on the left side of my face, on the temple, the jaw, the nose. I thought my jaw was broken. The eyeball was injured—it was all bloody. My body was covered with bruises, mostly on my "fanny" (indicating), and my feet and legs were scratched and bleeding.

Q What was that from?

A From being dragged up the steps and down the steps, and being knocked against things.

Q And how long a period of time did it take before the visible evidences of your injuries cleared up?

A Well, that black eye lasted quite a while.

THE COURT: That still doesn't answer the question about how long.

Q By Mr. Gang: About how long?

A I don't know; I didn't keep count of it.

Q About a week, or two weeks?

A Two weeks.

Q Now, Mr. Barker did not live at the home from that time on, did he?

A He did not.

Q Did he come to take the children with him on occasion?

A Yes, he did.

Q Would you, on those occasions, see him?

A Yes, sometimes I would.

Q And he would not stay at the house, however?

A No.

Q Just come and get the children, and bring them back?

A That's right. Or if he wanted to pick up any of his clothes, or things like that.

* * *

That's most of what Susan Hayward remembered in court about the fight on July 16-17. But this is the way Jess Barker remembered the same evening.

Q . . . Let's begin with the fact that you were out, and then you came home about a certain hour, and let us start from there . . . What happened?

A . . . We went home, had our usual drinks before dinner—never less than two . . .

* * *

After dinner I was sitting in front of the television set for a while, and the programs were dull, and I left it. Mrs. Barker wasn't studying a script, because she wasn't working at the time, and there were no scripts, to my knowledge, that had been sent to her. She had just finished a picture . . .

Q You know about scripts?

A I should know; I have worked with them enough.

Q You studied the scripts with her?

A Always.

Q And you advised her?

A Yes, I did.

Q And what else do you do helping prepare for the work as a star?

A To give her every bit of knowledge I have had in the years in the theater, and what I have had in the motion picture business.

Q Did you attend interviews with her?

A I was frequently present in interviews with magazines and newspaper people. Quite frequently Mrs. Barker would ask me to join, as she termed it the "light touch."

Q Did you have to advise her about costumes at the studios?

A I was with Mrs. Barker on practically every picture she started on the costumes, and I saw the tests made, suggested camera angles, anything connected with her work.

Q In addition to that, you bought the groceries for the house?

A I bought the groceries for the house.
Q And you bought the supplies, and maintenance for the home?
A I did to the best of my ability.
Q And raise the children?
A That I did to the best of my ability.
Q All right. Now, tell us what happened from there on. You say she was not working?
A Mrs. Barker was sitting in front of the television set when I went to get the newspapers . . .

* * *

Mrs. Barker . . . started reading . . . I had a newspaper . . .
Q And what happened? What was done by you or her?
A There was a discussion about families in general in Hollywood—not gossip—just in general, about this person, and that person, which is the way many of our conversations started out. During the course of the conversation, something was said where a remark about my mother was brought into the conversation. Why it was there, I don't know.
Q What remark did she make about your mother?
A Well, it isn't very pleasant. It was about an incident I told her about when I was a child. "Possibly," she said, "that's what's wrong with you." . . .

* * *

. . . after the mention of my mother, I sat in complete stunned silence; and Mrs. Barker gave me all of the bad things that she could think about me.

* * *

Q What did you do then?
A I sat on the couch. I stayed right there wondering why a woman that I had all the respect for in the world should say that to me, the father of her children. Mrs. Barker leaned across me to get a cigarette, and said right in my face, "Besides, I think you're queer." And with that, I think I said, "You're not going to get away with that." And I slapped her, and the struggle was on from then on.

* * *

She struggled back. I tried to quiet her down, and by this time Mrs. Barker got hold of me, and bit me very hard in the left arm, in the muscle . . .

* * *

Q Then what happened? How did you get to the swimming pool?
A Mrs. Barker ran outside; I brought her back inside. I let her back inside; and I gave Mrs. Barker a spanking . . .

* * *

I asked her to please keep quiet, the children were upstairs, and I picked her up, carried her and put her into bed, and covered her. . . . And Mrs. Barker got up again, and ran outside, and I said, "If you don't keep quiet I'm going to cool you off."
Q What did you do to cool her off?
A I picked Mrs. Barker up, carried her to the pool, and dropped her in.
Q Which side of the pool did you drop her in, the nine feet deep or the three feet deep?
A It's approximately four feet deep . . . The robe, by the way. that she was wearing, slipped right off.

* * *

And I said, "Now are you cooled off?" And Mrs. Barker was still screaming, and I helped her out of the pool, and took her back in the house. Mrs. Barker never entered the parkway area gate in the nude—never . . .

* * *

Q Did you ever drag her?
A I never dragged Mrs. Barker. Mrs. Barker fell on a couple of occasions pulling away from me, yes . . .

* * *

Q You did not try to drown her as she says?
A No, Mr. Hahn. I helped Mrs. Barker out of the pool . . .

* * *

Q Then you went back in the house, and what happened then?
A Mrs. Barker was in the room for quite some time, and I was in the den, and in the state I was in, I decided to take a walk in front of the home.

* * *

I was sitting outside by the driveway which has the drain, and Mrs. Barker came out fully dressed with a coat on; I mean fully dressed apparently to the eye, with a scarf over her head. She had the dog in her arm, and she was going down the street in the dark . . . I tried to get her back, and there was a struggle . . . I took her to the front door, and asked Mrs. Little to please put Mrs. Barker to bed, and she said, "I will."
Q That's the first time you saw Mrs. Little that night?
A That's the first and only time I saw Mrs. Little until she left shortly after that with Mrs. Barker . . . Mrs. Little opened the door and was waiting.
Q And then the police arrived?
A . . . I sat on the front doorstep, or stoop, and sat there until a gentleman walked up to me in uniform and said, "What's the trouble here?" And the only word I spoke to the gentleman was, "Domestic."

* * *

Q Did you at any time throw her over a fence of some sort?
A I did not.
Q Did you at any time hear her scream loud and long, "Don't kill me, don't kill me?"

* * *

A I don't remember that.
Q Did you try to kill her?
A No, sir, I did not.
Q Did you try to do her any physical harm other than what you say you considered she deserved, a spanking?
A I did nothing else, Mr. Hahn.

* * *

A I left the home in the hopes that the home would be reunited and perpetuated . . . I was back on a Tuesday with flowers. This is the first occasion . . .

* * *

Q You brought her flowers for your and her anniversary?
A I did.
Q She accepted them?
A Yes.
Q She appreciated them?
A She thought they were lovely . . .

* * *

A third witness was called to describe the same incident. Her testimony came between Susan Hayward's and Jess Barker's. Her name is Dodee Hazel Swain and she had been a maid at the house next door to the Barkers'. And she had a room with a view.

Q . . . you could see from your bedroom into the area in which the pool is located?
A Yes.
Q All right. Now, on the night of July 16-17 of 1953, did anything occur which you remember at this time?

* * *

A In the early morning of July 17, I was awakened with a loud scream—a lady's voice.

* * *

And then I got up out of bed with the loud scream still on. Then I went back to my bathroom and I went straight to the back kitchen door, and I stood in the doorway looking and listening.
Q At this time of the morning were there lights on in the yard of the Barker home?
A There was two lights, big headlights, in the backway.
Q And did you see anything at that time? . . .

* * *

A I saw a lady run by out of the gateway, the back of the house, and she didn't have on anything. If she did, it was very sheer to me.

* * *

A few minutes after she was in the house, I heard a loud scream, then they ran outside in the backway, direction of the pool, and I heard screaming real loudly, and she was screaming, "Don't kill me; don't kill me," and "Somebody help me; somebody help me; please don't kill me." I heard a man mumbling, said, "You're going to sign that deal." She said, "No, no." And I heard a big splash as if something bumped in the water, and she was screaming and struggling. And then I heard conversation out near the pool, but I couldn't see, so I just heard the mumbling. I couldn't understand what was saying otherwise . . .
Q And did you go back to bed?
A I stood there for a little while, and then I laid back down. And later, in the early morning, I heard a man in the backway, two men, talking. I didn't even get up to see who it was.
Q Now, did you recognize any distinctive part of the person you saw running—the lady; was her hair noticeable to you in the light?
A It was kind of red—reddish-like . . .

* * *

Q Was the person you saw Mrs. Barker?
A I would say she was.
Mr. Gang: Thank you very much. You may cross examine.

* * *

Mr. Hahn: Did you notice that naked lady again?

* * *

A . . . I saw her twice.
Q All right. Now, after you saw her run into the door, when did you see her again?
A When she ran out the back door next to where I am.

* * *

Q Did you notice her for just about a second again?
A It was running so fast I guess it was a second.
Q And that lady was still naked?
A Yes.

* * *

Q Where did the naked lady run after she got to the driveway?
A In the direction of the pool. I don't know where she ran after that.
Q That's the last you saw of the naked lady?
A That's right.

* * *

Q When did you hear somebody yell, "Don't kill me, don't kill me," after she ran to the swimming pool, or when the naked lady ran through the door the first time?
A When she ran back to the swimming pool.
Q That's the first time you heard a lady say, "Don't kill me?"
A No. She was just hollering when I was awake. I was awakened with a scream; that's what I told you.
Q Yes, and with screams, "Don't kill me?"
A Yes, when she ran back to the pool, and there was some slaps like that . . . Then I heard her hollering, "Don't kill me . . . somebody help me . . ." Then I heard a man's voice say, "You're going to sign that deal," and she said no, and splash, he throwed her in the pool, and there was a scrambling, and scrambling, and that's the way it was . . .
Q A scrambling over a deal?
A In the water.
Q Did you go over there and look?



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A No, I didn't go over, because I didn't want to interfere.

Q Did you call the police?

A I didn't call the police, because I didn't want to interfere . . .

* * *

Q . . . When you saw the naked lady run in the house, and when you saw the naked lady run out of the house in the swimming pool, you didn't see a man follow her?

A Yes, there was a man following her, but I didn't look at that second. He was sure following . .

* * *

Q Now, when the man's voice said, "Sign the deal," where was that?

A That was outside.

Q Outside, when she ran out the first time or second time?

A The second time.

Q Well, how soon after she ran out towards the swimming pool did you hear a man say, "You'll have to sign this deal"?

A It wasn't long afterwards, because that's when the most screaming was.

Q About how long?

A About a few seconds. I don't know just how long it was, but it wasn't very long.

Q How long did this yelling, "Save me; don't let him kill me," go on?

A It went on quite a while, because I don't see why somebody in the neighborhood didn't hear beside me . .

* * *

Q How long did they talk quietly in the swimming pool, in that direction, after the screaming stopped?

* * *

A Quite a while, I guess, because I went and laid down.

* * *

The Barkers were the only witnesses who appeared to describe their next struggle. Their disagreement about what happened on Labor Day was greater than their disagreement on the other fight. Miss Hayward was examined first.

Q What occurred on the Labor Day week end of 1953?

* * *

A I had taken the children and gone to Hawaii, and we had sort of a vacation, and I hadn't seen Mr. Barker, and he called and asked if he might take them out on Labor Day. And I said, "Of course." And they came back, and they were happy together. They were all, you know, laughing—stuff like that. I had guests, Mr. and Mrs. Dorsen.

We were up by the pool. I guess Jesse brought the children back about around six o'clock, and as is the custom in our home, we dine early, usually six-thirty, latest a quarter of seven, because of the children. The children always eat with me.

As Mr. Barker came in, he knew Mr. and Mrs. Dorsen, and I felt it would be embarrassing for me not to ask him up at least to say hello, because the children would wonder why I didn't ask him. So I asked him would he come up and join us in cocktails. We had just started. He said he'd like to, and he came up by the pool side, and he poured himself a drink.

We discussed this and that, social conversation, and then he said he'd like to talk to me. I said, "All right." Mr. and Mrs. Dorsen left, and went down into the house.

I said, "Please, Jesse, will you please be sort of quick about it, because dinner is almost ready and I don't want any delay." He started to talk about reconciliation . . .

Q What did you say?

A I said it was impossible, and I didn't want a reconciliation. I felt it would be better for both of us to be apart. He is sort of insistent, and, well, to make a long story short, he didn't want to leave. This caused delays in the kitchen, in my guests, and the children wondering why dinner wasn't there, and why their mother wasn't ready to sit down.

I asked him again and again to please leave—"Let's talk about it some other time, not tonight." It was a holiday; I had guests; it was time for dinner.

Mr. Barker said he would leave when he was good and ready to leave.

Q Did the guests come in at any time?

A Yes, they did. They came in to see what was wrong, and tried to persuade him to leave. They were unsuccessful.

Q Then what happened?

A Well, I was furious, because I tried to get him to leave peaceably, because I didn't want there to be any disturbance . . . The children were there, and I had guests, and besides, it's not good. I was quite furious. He was sort of standing near me, and I had a cigarette in my hand; it was lit; and I have a temper, and I said, "I would like to push this cigarette right in your eye."

Q What did he say?

A He said, "You haven't got the guts."

Q What did you do?

A Whereupon I proceeded to push it in his face.

Q What did he do?

A He put up his hand (indicating) and then smacked me.

Q You did not succeed in getting the cigarette in his face?

A This I can't remember.

Q But you remember—

A I aimed.

Q And did you get smacked?

A Yes, I got smacked.

Q What happened then?

A Well, I yelled, and Thelma came running in.

Q Who is Thelma?

A She's Mrs. Dorsen.

Q All right; continue.

A Oh, I forgot when they came in before, they tried to calm down the argument, and said, "Well, have another drink, and then leave." So Thelma went out into the kitchen to make this drink, and as she ran back into the room, when I screamed, she had the drink in her hand, and I grabbed the drink and threw the contents of the glass in Mr. Barker's face.

Q And where were the children?

A They were in the dining room. Mr. Dorsen, as I understand it, was talking with them about various things, trying not to let them hear the commotion going on in the house; but it was pretty loud. Mr. Barker said that he didn't hit me, and that I was a liar.

Q In whose presence did he make that statement?

A Mrs. Dorsen, although other people could hear him, because he said it pretty loud. I just wanted him to get out of there; and I ran into the kitchen, and he ran after me; and I ran into the den, and he ran after me, and insisting I didn't tell the truth, and that I was a liar.

Q Did the children hear this?

A Yes, of course; they must have heard it, although they didn't say anything to me about it.

Q All right; proceed.

A Well, finally he was prevailed upon to leave. He left. That's all.

Q What happened after that?

A I called you the next day. I said it was impossible, that I want a divorce, and I want it fast . . .

* * *

But Jess's report is quite different.

Q Let's go to . . . the Labor Day incident. Tell us exactly what happened there, briefly, when you came over . . .

* * *

A . . . I said, "Do you mind if I take the boys down to Studio City and see your picture, *White Witch Doctor?*" because they had been promised to see it. And I said, "Would you join us?" Naturally, I was refused; however, I did take the boys to see their mother.

* * *

We returned home afterward in a very happy frame of mind. The boys talked about the picture, and I felt that they liked it very much, which I was very proud that they had seen their mother and enjoyed her performance.

I was invited up to the pool, and Mr. and Mrs. Dorsen were present.

* * *

I asked Mrs. Barker if I could speak to her, and Mrs. Dorsen left the pool and we chatted quite a while; and Mrs. Barker informed me that: "How did it feel to know I'd be the recipient of $100,000 at the end of the week?" I thought it was a rather large amount. My remark was, "Is that all?" I didn't know what she was talking about.

She told me—she informed me she was going ahead and get a divorce.

At this point, Barker testified that he had been going to the marriage counselor under the impression that he was a psychiatrist and that their visits to him were for the purpose of working out a reconciliation.

We were going for a reconciliation, but Mrs. Barker told me since then that she was going merely for the children, which she said, about how the children should be handled.

Q Go ahead and tell us the rest of it.

A Well, we went into the home. I sat on a chair and Mrs. Barker sat on a small love-seat, and we discussed at length about various things. And Mrs. Barker wanted a quick divorce—go to Nevada right away—give a settlement.

So I continued talking about the home, and about the children, and our obligations to the children. Mrs. Barker walked away from me to the table, lit a cigarette, came back, and during the course of the conversation (I was standing beside her), looked at the end of the cigarette and said, "I ought to push this right in your eye."

I said, "Well, I don't think you've got the guts to do it." I thought she was joking. With that, Mrs. Barker reached up and pushed the cigarette towards my face, and with my left hand I knocked the cigarette out of her hand, put my foot on it, and what turned me around was Mrs. Barker yelling and screaming that she had been hit.

I grabbed Mrs. Barker by the shoulder, sat her on the couch and said, "What is the matter with you?" With this, Mr. and Mrs. Dorsen came in, and I said, "This girl claims she's been hit. Would you please take a look and see if she has a mark on her? She's got sensitive skin; it would show." Mr. and Mrs. Dorsen answered me.

Q Did you hit her?

A I did not.

Q Proceed. What happened next?

A The next thing I know, I was getting a drink in my face.

Q A drink of what, water or whiskey?

A Well, the part that came down my face tasted very much like whiskey.

Q All right. What happened next?

A I said to Mrs. Barker, "Will you please tell the truth?" Mrs. Barker kept yelling that, "You hit me, you hit me," and started moving around, and I moved with her, and I said, "Please tell the truth. I'll not leave the house until you tell the truth."

By this time I knew the children had heard it, and I wanted the children to know the truth too. And after several minutes of this I decided to leave, because I wasn't getting any place, and might have made matters worse. And I left, and the divorce was filed the following day.

* * *

In spite of their concern for the welfare of their children, the testimony of both the Barkers implied that their only worry besides protecting them from the knowledge of their parents' disagreements, was protecting themselves from each other in the eyes of their sons. In trying to get at the effect of the Barkers' troubles on their children, Judge Walker ruled:

I think this: Of course, the Court has raised three children of his own, and been around a lot of other children, and they restrain themselves, and you can't tell what they're thinking about. I think evidence as to their activity along that line is admissible even though it may be hearsay . . .

* * *

The Court is only interested in the attitude of the children. It's pretty hard to get it without knowing what they say, and in many instances, what they don't say when they are questioned . . . many times children will shell up, and you can't get anything out of them . . . I think the Court has a right to get the attitude, and he's doing it the best way he can.

* * *

Miss Hayward told about the questioning of their children about the separation.

The Witness: They didn't quite understand why their mother and father didn't live together any more.

Q What did they say, and what did you say?

A Why don't their daddy live here any more? And I said, "Sometimes when people grow up, and they can't get along together in happiness, it's better for them to live apart."

Q You started to say something about putting Gregory to bed one night. What did he say?

A He said, "Wouldn't you like it if daddy lived here?"

Q All right Did you answer him?

A Well—

Q Or did you evade the answering?

A I answered him.

Q What did you say?

A I said, "It's too bad, but sometimes grown-ups can't get along together."

Then she described her relationship with her sons and recounted a scene in which she believed her husband tried to undermine her position with them.

Q With reference to visitation rights, Mrs. Barker, will you relate to the Court the observations on the children when they leave for week ends, and when they come back?

A Yes. During the week they're pretty much relaxed, except for, well, boys will be boys, and once in a while they'll get out of line. But they're nice kids, normal, happy, and they have, well, the best way I could describe it is a rather relaxed and free relationship with me. I do notice when they come back over the week end with me, they're tense, and it takes a day or two for the tenseness to leave. I don't know why. I'd like to be able to talk with Mr. Barker and discuss with him how we can work this thing out so that we can work together and not against each other.

* * *

I told him it was wrong for two people to be in conflict, and to try to outdo each other.

Q What did Mr. Barker say?

A May I give an incident that's just come to my mind?

Q Yes. Go ahead.

A Mr. Barker came to the home after we came back from Hawaii . . . And this kind of thing would occur, where we talked about the trip, and I said, "Tell Daddy how you were surfboard riding, and deep sea fishing, and so forth, and so on." And Mr. Barker said, "Were they very good boys?" I said, "Yes, they were very good boys, but once in a while I'd have to give them a little crack on the behind." So he looked at the children, and he said, "Oh, you've got a very bad mommy."

Well, it wasn't the kind of thing that you say in front of kids, because then, you know, they get confused.

* * *

And Jess Barker told the Court why he wanted to keep his wife from permitting her mother to live in the home with the children.

Q You don't want your mother-in-law to be in the house with you, your wife and your children?

A I do not.

Q Tell the court why.

A The children told me, during the time I had them at Christmas, that they couldn't understand something. I said, "What are you talking about?" They said, "Something that Grandma said right after you left home." I said, "What do you mean?" The child said, "Grandma said she would kill you." And the child said, "Grandma said to Mommy, 'Get rid of Daddy.'"

* * *

There was more examination and cross-examination of Mr. and Mrs. Barker that day. And there's more to come. But we've given you the gist of the testimony, and you can compare the stories for yourself.

It looks as though the divorce and custody hearings will be worse—an ugly fight with no winners. Of the losers, Gregory and Timothy stand to lose the most. **END**

(Susan Hayward is starring in 20th Century-Fox's Garden Of Evil)

wanted: a man

(*Continued from page 51*) me, provided it's in reasonable taste. I—I don't feel stuffy. I don't *want* to be stuffy."

Miss Grayson is always forthright, amusing and even, at the right times, earthy. She has one long-standing restriction—an intelligent one. She will not hold still for an interview if the story promises to be poisonous or saccharine.

Now the scene was Las Vegas' posh Sahara Hotel, where Miss Grayson was playing the first nightclub engagement of her life. Playing it very nicely, too. Putting out with mostly operatic arias and making the florid Vegas clientele like it. She was also breaking house records, although no columnist nor trade paper had said a word about it. She had followed Donald O'Connor in. Before him had been Marlene Dietrich, whose costume had given the sensational illusion of being transparent above the waist. Well, Miss Grayson had got some vicarious publicity out of that. She'd gone up to Vegas to case the joint, so to speak, before she opened, and had sat in on one of Miss Dietrich's performances wearing what she, Miss G., now describes as a moderate evening gown, and Miss Dietrich was said to have cracked a bit wise about it. One of the columns reported it.

"And after I'd complimented her on her show!" said Miss Grayson. So a couple of nights after she opened, Miss Grayson, who is an accomplished mimic and dialectician and perhaps should have been given a try at straight comedy long ago, stepped out of her routine. In a fine Teuton accent, she made noises so exactly like those of the throaty Miss Dietrich that she brought the house down. The edge was hers. Miss Grayson can imitate Miss Dietrich fine. Miss Dietrich, for sure, can't imitate Miss Grayson at all.

When Groucho Marx received $15,000 for doing the Arthur Murray TV show, he said to Murray: "Be a guest on my show and you'll get a chance to win it back."

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

But with Miss D.'s departure, Miss G. was still getting competition from the throaty set. As she opened at the Sahara, the Sands, a mile or so up the road, unveiled Tallulah Bankhead. Miss Bankhead, as boomingly uninhibited as Miss Grayson is restrained, sprayed the air with dahlings, regaled the hypnotized press in *basso profundo,* and finally asked a harried reporter who had just left Grayson: "But tell me one thing, dahling! Why did you see a stahlet before you came here to see a stah?"

To have implied to Miss Bankhead that Miss Grayson's billing and take-home pay were at least the equal of her own would have been to invite carnage, so no one did. Miss Bankhead got the headlines, as had Miss Dietrich before her, and what did Miss Grayson get? Just a little old $90,000 for three weeks' work, it says here.

"I'm not the headline type," said Miss G., "and I honestly don't care. I've planned it that way, the way I plan everything. And I'm as happy as I can be. I've made my separate peace with everyone and everything, and those who say I'm not happy or that I'm lonely in my 'big, dark, gloomy house,' you tell them something for me. You say I'm happier than any of them. I'm the happiest."

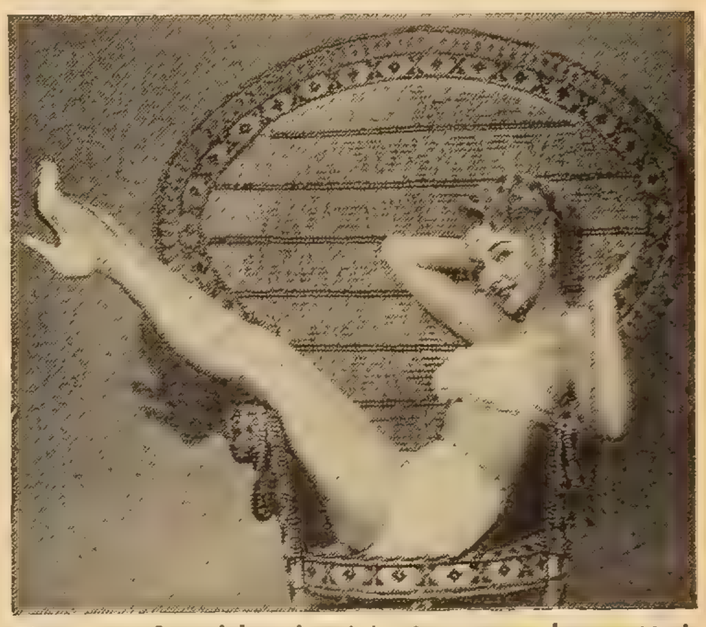
IT WAS EARLY evening and cold and rainy in Las Vegas, which is most unusual. Miss Grayson was a little ill, with subnormal temperature and under a phy-



THERE ARE *ENCHILADAS* AND *ENCHILADAS*

but every good Mexican's favorite dish is Mari Blanchard.





Men prefer blonde Mari as a brunette!

■ Pretty blonde (or brunette) Mari Blanchard has brought something new to Hollywood. She got it in Mexico and she calls it "the full *enchilada.*"

An *enchilada* is a Mexican dish, but there are *enchiladas* and *enchiladas,* as Miss Blanchard discovered on her first excursions into Spanish. After some disappointing tries, followed by the volatile explanation of a Mexican friend, Mari learned that the thing she was aiming at was the *enchilada* with all the trimmings—the full *enchilada.* To Mari the words are symbolic of "the whole works, the completely joyful way of life."

"Whether it's food, work or fun, it's the full *enchilada,*" says Mari.

Miss Blanchard, who has been both blonde and brunette in film roles, is naturally blonde, but it seems that the Army, Navy and Marine Corps prefer Mari Blanchard brunette.

"An actress owes something to her fans," says Mari, tossing her *dark* curls. "You receive in proportion to what you give in this life. I'm all for the full *enchilada.*"



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sician's care. She may have been more than a little tired; for four years now, doctors have been trying to get her away from everything for a complete rest. 'Everything' includes Patti Kate, who is the strenuous type and Miss Grayson is not going anywhere without Patti Kate.

Miss G. wears no make-up except lipstick and something around the eyes, with the result that she tends to glitter a trifle, like a casually wiped winder. She didn't *look* tired and she didn't look ill. She looked great. But she had been sleeping a great deal and she sat somewhat slumped in a deep sofa and didn't move about much. Patti Kate did the moving. After a while someone came and took Patti Kate away for one of her excursions about the hotel. "What time do you want her back?" he asked.

"About Tuesday," said Miss G. A jest.

Patti Kate went, and Miss Grayson stirred faintly. She's a small girl with close-cut auburn hair, and the widely known heart-shaped face and snub nose. She didn't feel a lot like working but she was going to work.

"I want you to see my 'big, dark, gloomy house' sometime, so you'll know what they're talking about. It's a wonderful house—to sing in, to work in or live in. It's got bookshelves with *books* in them, and the books have been read. Isn't that horrible? And the grounds in the back slope down toward the Riviera golf course and there's a lot of space, so Patti Kate has room to play. It's fenced in just the way you've heard. But they just say, 'Oh, it's all fenced in,' without knowing why. It's not only for my own privacy but for Patti Kate's. There are a lot of drunks around the golf course—not the members, of course, but others who wander onto it. Therefore, the fence. It's very simple to me. I don't see why it should bother other people. I'm thinking of my child."

PATTI KATE'S father, who is Miss Grayson's divorced second husband, Johnny Johnston, had been up to see her a few days before.

"I outgrew him," said Miss Grayson. "That's my side of it. There are two sides to everything—and isn't that a bright observation, considering my weakened condition? Johnny's a child. I think he'll always be a child. Johnny needed desperately to be loved but—I think not the kind of love that can be given indefinitely. You have to understand his background, though. Johnny and I are good friends. I'll always feel that way about him. But toward the end of our marriage—you remember?"

Toward the end of the Johnstons' marriage, there was some sort of mishmosh involving reported attentions of Johnston to Shirley Temple, Miss Grayson's subsequent wrath, and the attempt of a close friend and neighbor, Joe Kirkwood, Jr., to intervene. Kirkwood, a professional golfer and film portrayer of Joe Palooka, evidently was in the middle. He was quoted in the first stage of the disruption as wishing broken bones to Miss Grayson—purely a figure of speech. Later, he and Johnston got into fisticuffs at the Riviera bar. Very complicated. Anyway—

"Toward the end of our marriage," Miss Grayson resumed, "I could carom a cold cream jar off Johnny and catch Joe Kirkwood with the ricochet."

Prior to Johnston, Miss Grayson had been wed to another actor, John Shelton. That one had turned sourish, too. What now?

Miss Grayson took a long breath. It is one of Miss Grayson's modest prides that her chest expansion is three-quarters of an inch greater than that of Joe Louis, whose chest expansion is a dandy.

"I will think," she said on the exhale, "a long, long time before I marry again. And when I do, it'll be a man who can stand on his own feet, make his own living, be an adult from the ground up. I'm not sure I want any more actors and I'm not sure I want any more charmers and I'm absolutely sure I don't want any more children. That is, I want children but I want to have them in the normal way, not marry them.

"I keep reading I'm going to marry a man in San Francisco. But I'm not. At least, no one I know of now. I have a good friend there; he's my brother's friend, too. He's a wonderful guy. He's asked me to marry him. I'm afraid he didn't make out very well. He was down here last week. I had to suggest he go back home. I was working and—well, you know.

"But if I could find a man, the kind I've described, someone who'd stand up to the world and stand up to *me*—"

She wished to be dominated? Some sort of ruthless egotist might fit the bill.

She laughed. "No, I'm not sure there's a man alive who could dominate me. But I want it on an equal footing. I want to look up to him and have him look up to me. Stand up to me and let me stand up to him. That kind of scratches the ruthless egotist department, doesn't it? I guess a girl could get really bruised with one of those, not to mention really unhappy. No, that I couldn't take."

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue:

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THERE WAS a ruthless egotist of a sort pursuing Miss G. a while back. He was a hot-blooded deal, a chap from out of town. He would call Miss G. at two in the morning and wonder how she could stand it away from him. Unhappily, he had accumulated, since the days Miss Grayson had genuinely liked him, a set of atrocious manners. She never liked him beyond *liking*, you understand, so now it became intolerable. "I wasn't exactly swept off my feet," she has conceded.

Miss Grayson brooded gently for a moment and then took on "them" again. "I wonder what they expect of me," she said, apparently referring to the hungry segment of the public that will settle for nothing less than sidewalk brawls and bottle-smashing at Ciro's. "Just because I don't have a new love affair every week and I'm not seen around nightclubs, which I don't happen to like, I don't think I'm a bore and certainly I'm not perfect. I've even been out when perhaps a little elderberry wine had been mixed into the lemonade and I got the giggles. But what's wrong with dignity and why should it be confused with stuffiness? I'm *not* stuffy. You *know* I'm not."

Possibly the simple truth is that Kathryn Grayson is a very nice girl living in a professional climate where standards are sometimes sleazy. The barometer for conduct is a strange one: the garish are "colorful" and the well-behaved "dull."

Miss Grayson has actually been scored for her selfless devotion to her family, some

people in the industry having called her, not wholly in reverence, "The Little Mother Of All The World."

"That's almost the payoff," said Miss G. "I love my family. We're exceptionally close. My mother and father are both ill. But there's enough to go around. That's what matters. Whether I earn it, or mother or father or brother—and whose business is it, anyway?"

PATENTLY it is no one's business. It may equally be no one's business that throughout her career, Miss Grayson has steadfastly refused to pose for cheesecake. She has said that she is "not the type." Neither her long-time home studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, nor Warners, to whom she now has a picture-a-year commitment, has been overjoyed by her stand in the matter, and one time, while with Metro, Miss Grayson found she was not overjoyed herself. This was after thousands of requests had come in from soldiers in Korea.

Miss G. called Metro and said to go ahead. The pictures were made, Miss Grayson looked them over—and killed every last one.

"I didn't want to do it. But look: I have a thirty-nine-and-a-half-inch bust, then taper right down to a twenty-four-inch waist, then hips something like thirty-four. That's—I don't know—rather emphatic, wouldn't you say? Frankly, I guess I'm embarrassed. After *Kiss Me Kate,* a woman wrote to me and said I should—uh—use restraint, and I think so, too. I'm a moderate, all right, and nothing can be done about it."

Doubtless it is a good thing. The vast majority of Miss Grayson's large following gets rattled when she kicks up her heels, and registers grief and disappointment. At Vegas, to break the semi-lofty plane of opera and ballad, she had a bit wherein she detached a voluminous skirt to reveal a tighter one, slit to the knee. It was a reprise on a dance number she'd done in a picture called *Two Sisters From Boston,* a charming little change of pace, delighting the audience. But somebody reported that regal Katie was peeling right out in front of everybody. Peeling, yet! The first letter began: "*You* don't have to do a striptease to sell yourself, *you* with all your God-given talent!" That, as television's Mr. Peepers sighs from time to time, is the way she goes.

Kathryn Grayson was born in Winston-Salem, North Carolina and named Zelma Hedrick. When she was three, the family moved to St. Louis, and that she thinks of as home.

Miss Grayson was educated in St. Louis and got her professional start through the good offices of Frances Marshall, then a star of the Chicago Civic Opera. It was Miss Marshall who developed her voice, nurtured her assurance and gave her the flying start to what she is today.

ONCE IN HOLLYWOOD, Kathryn was snapped up in a hurry—it was one of those no-test-is-necessary bits—by the astute Louis B. Mayer, and jumped into the top brackets in her third film. She's been there since.

But whether or not she's entirely happy there is problematical.

"I'm certainly not retiring," she has said. "But there aren't going to be any more of these cream-puff parts. No more meringue. I've had it. I've a wistful idea I might be able to act, and I'd like a chance to prove it. *Some* singing, yes, but incidental to the story. Did you see the picture in which I played Grace Moore? That was the best so far. I'd love another like it."

And what did she plan next?

"Now, you mean? After I leave here? That long, long rest I've been hearing so much about. I'm going where nobody'll know I'm going. There's an element of risk about that, but the complete privacy is worth it. I'll bet you a Vegas dollar right now that inside a week, they'll have me secretly married or in a sanitarium getting over a breakdown or consulting an analyst in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. Only one thing worse could happen—their not even bothering to guess."

Not one of Miss Grayson's biographies makes note of a calisthenic accomplishment she swears is hers. One-arm chinning—a feat essayed by Mr. Darryl Zanuck but not accomplished. Mr. Zanuck said at the time that only five men in the world could do it, and after he'd made his try, there were only four. Miss Grayson has news for Mr. Zanuck. *She* can do it.

"He was talking about men," she said. "But I can do it. Honest. If there were a bar here, I'd show you. A chinning bar, you know."

Her biographies do make such notes as: "she devotes considerable time to her garden" (just a so-so amount of time), "long and frequent walks" (more frequent than long), and "ten hours of sleep a night" (correct).

They say that she likes drawing and painting, horseback riding and golf (Babe Zaharias' assorted titles are safe enough) and has a St. Bernard named Throckmorton.

Actually she *had* a St. Bernard named Throckmorton and a wonderful dog he was. But a few months ago, Throckmorton gamboled out onto San Vincente Boulevard near Kathryn's Santa Monica home and was killed. It wasn't the driver's fault. And naturally it wasn't Throckmorton's, because dogs in the intrinsic nature of things are faultless. But the driver wept on Miss Grayson's kitchen table, and who can blame him?

There's nothing about how Miss G. has her hair done twice a week at the Brentwood Market in West Los Angeles and buys her gas from Union Oil and travels with an entourage of brothers and sisters and in-laws (and they are all very close) and an efficient secretary named Sally Norton, or about what a bright little girl Patti Kate is, with an I.Q. way, way up to here. When Patti Kate met Art Linkletter, the radio and TV man, in Vegas, she was most impressed and crawled up and down the aisles of the Sahara's Congo Room to prove it. And "That," said Linkletter, "is how I'd act if I were meeting her mother!"

Do you detect herein anything overly prim or straight-laced about Patti Kate's mother? Do you find her innate niceness a necessarily dull quality? If so, MODERN SCREEN begs to differ. **END**



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IT HAPPENED TO ME

I had just bought the February issue of Modern Screen at a neighborhood market. While waiting to have my groceries checked out, I opened the magazine to the Jane Powell story—the account of her break-up with Gene Nelson. Sensing someone looking over my shoulder as I read, I turned—and looked into the sad eyes of Jane Powell.

Nina Kaplek
Los Angeles, Calif.





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what she doesn't have she doesn't need

(*Continued from page 46*) had been for *Ondine*—a fluke?

"I have to show them." She nodded, with sort of a half-smile, as she lay back on a *chaise longue*, in her luxurious dressing room.

"I'll have to do a whole series of pictures and plays to do that," she continued. "I think *Ondine* has done a little toward it.

"But it has by no means established me as an actress yet. Maybe *Sabrina Fair*, which should be around somewhere pretty soon, will help."

You may think this is false modesty. But I do not. Miss Hepburn has convinced me of her sincerity and her earnestness.

She sees herself now at a new phase of her career. She's no longer a pixie from Hollywood who's sort of interesting to audiences. Sort of "cute." She's on the spot now. She's got to do far, far *better* acting now, because henceforth she won't be judged as a pixie, but as an important leading woman who will, or will not, measure up to the greatest actresses of our time.

How amazingly serious she is about the battle was brought out by Ferrer in some more recollections of her recent activities.

"We were in Boston opening there with *Ondine*," he said.

"It was opening night—just before the curtain. All day long, Lew Wasserman, head of her agency, had been trying to get her from Hollywood.

"There she was, about half way through her make-up, fifteen minutes from the curtain, when the call came through. I ran into her on the stairs and I asked her, 'What are you doing in this part of the theatre now?'

"She told me Wasserman had called from Hollywood to tell her that *Sabrina Fair* was a great success. That people got up and cheered.

"And this had happened in Long Beach, where people don't do that.

"We went on and did the first act of our show then, and at the intermission I said to her, 'That was wonderful news about *Sabrina Fair*.'

"I again complimented her on the success of the picture, and she said, 'Yes, that's all nice, and that's all fine—don't you think we were kind of slow in our first act?"

THEN THERE WAS the problem of her hair shade for *Ondine*.

Ondine is a water sprite. Alfred Lunt, the director of the play, had felt from the first that the girl should be a blonde.

Audrey had wished to play the part with her own hair which, of course, is dark. But she decided that Lunt might be right.

And when did she decide this? On the afternoon of the day the show opened.

"She went that very afternoon and got her hair bleached," recounted Ferrer.

"But she felt it wasn't right. It was false. She said it seemed that she was 'cheating' a little. She didn't like her hair blonde. So she changed her hair back to its real color—and got a blonde wig.

"But the wig didn't satisfy her, either."

To me, Miss Hepburn had many descriptions of that wig. It was stuffy and hot and horrible. She felt "it looked dead in the back."

So Miss Hepburn determined to discard the wig, too. But what could she do to be a blonde without a wig?

She found that she could paint it with some gold-looking dust each night.

And this was what she wanted.

She had on her own hair, it was sprinkled with some blonde or gold powder, and she felt natural and real.

"She does a Mary Martin every night washing that gold out of her hair, but it is finally the way she wants it," said Ferrer. "And it no longer looks dead in the back."

THEN THERE was the matter of costume.

Nobody quite knew what an ondine should wear. In fact, until the show started getting attention, many people around Broadway didn't know what an ondine was.

Miss Hepburn, however, knew. She designed two of her three costumes herself—including one that's received much attention because it seems that about all she wears is a fish net—although actually she wears tights, too.

She created, personally, a blue make-up powder to blend with a blue costume; a creamy make-up powder to blend with a white outfit. And then came her most startling contribution.

Miss Hepburn designed for herself two pointed ears.

She created them out of plastic. Make-up genius Eddie Senz decorated them with gold. These pointed-up ears gave her the look of a fawn or a sprite that was so essential to the show, but which nobody else had worked out.

WHEN THE PRAISE began pouring in for the show—about the same time she began receiving all the awards for *Roman Holiday* . . . Miss Hepburn allowed all of that flattery to roll right off.

It seemed to make no impression on her at all.

But there was one thing that touched her, from far away.

She learned that Ingrid Bergman had gone to see her picture, *Roman Holiday* in Italy, and had liked it.

The story was, in fact, that Miss Bergman had come from the theatre crying.

"What are you crying for?" Rossellini had asked Ingrid. "Was it a tragedy?"

"No, it was a comedy."

"What are you crying for then?" Roberto had demanded.

"I was so touched by Audrey Hepburn," Miss Bergman had answered.

This was the one part of recent praise for Miss Hepburn that practically "knocked her out." And it is easy to see why, knowing what we do about her now. It was because Audrey was such an admirer of Ingrid Bergman, the actress, and wanted to be thought a good performer by one like Miss Bergman.

Let me make clear, however, that Miss Hepburn will not disclose most of these things about herself.

When I saw her in her dressingroom, she offered me tea or coffee or a drink, and was almost jocular. She mentioned that she herself still did not drink any hard liquor ever. Just wine occasionally.

"Just lately I've been drinking beer after the show," she said. "I find I've been terribly dehydrated after a performance. Beer quenches my thirst and is very relaxing to me, too."

As for restaurants:

"I eat a great deal at Dinty Moore's, always the red meat department!"

Don't miss the complete story of Suzan Ball's wedding next month in MODERN SCREEN!

I asked her whether she would tell me how she felt about her own career.

"Yes. First I was given a break when I appeared here in *Gigi*. That was the year I was sort of discovered.

"The next stage was when I did *Roman Holiday*. When they found whether I had any future in pictures, whether I was photogenic, whether I could act in front of a camera.

"They discovered, perhaps, there was hope for me."

As she told me all this, she got up from her *chaise longue* and darted across to her dressing table to get some hand cream.

She returned to the *chaise longue* and settled back in it, her pretty legs stretched out. I thought of the words of Billy Wilder about her: "This girl single-handedly will put bosoms and sweater girls out of business in Hollywood."

For this lean, unvoluptuous child was exuding all the sex appeal that should be allowed. Without seeming to try to do so. Above her head was a small wreath of seaweed that Ferrer had given her on opening night, and all around the dressing-room were gifts from other friends.

"And now," she said, "is when I must prove I'm not a fluke."

I asked her about her great ambition that we'd talked about before—to play Shakespeare.

Susan Zanuck's been at Ciro's every night to catch Johnnie Ray . . . Sez Johnnie: "I like Susie Zanuck. She's the hot-dogs-on-the-beach-grab-the-blue-jeans-and-go-for-a-hike type. I really dig a plain Jane like Susie. I can't see going with a doll like Marilyn Monroe and having every jerk in the joint coming up to her and saying, 'Ditch the square you're with, chick, and let's hit the road!' This you can quote, Dad!"

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

"I would have liked one day to go to Stratford or to the Old Vic Theatre," she said, "but you need a much vaster knowledge of Shakespeare than I have to do it well.

"I don't just want to *try* to do Shakespeare. I want to do it *well!*"

She added that she probably should wait. "But you don't want to wait forever."

OF COURSE, it's the romantic life of Miss Hepburn that worries lots of people. They can't seem to be content unless they get her married off, or at least engaged.

"What about Mel Ferrer?" I asked her.

"No comment," she replied, with a smile.

"How about your love life?" I persisted.

"No comment," she repeated. "There's nothing to tell . . . it's sad but true."

"I've predicted that you won't be getting married to anybody for five or six years," I said.

"Five or six! That's a bit long. A couple, maybe!" she flung back.

A Broadway character, ticket-seller Georgie Solotaire, had stated the situation pretty well not long before. He said he had been quite happy one Sunday afternoon when, in a movie theater, he found himself sitting next to Audrey Hepburn.

"Then I saw somebody holding her hand," Georgie said.

"It turned out to be Mel Ferrer.

"Now, *why,*" demanded Georgie, "does that guy have to watch her Sunday, too, when he's with her every night?"

It seems that about one-half the New York male population is jealous of Mel. Before Mel came into the plot, there were rumors that Gregory Peck and Audrey were acting romantic 'way back when they were making *Roman Holiday* together.

Audrey didn't exactly deny it. She just didn't discuss it.

Before that, she was definitely going to marry handsome James Hanson, a rich British trucking gentleman, whose family has interests in Canada and the United States, some of them, in fact, in the El Morocco nightclub. They got engaged, then broke it off, and Miss Hepburn quite sensibly explained it.

"As we were not going to get married, it seemed sensible not to stay engaged."

"But why did you decide not to get married?"

"We saw as much of each other as we would have if we had been married—and it was bitter little," she replied. "So I decided this is not the proper climate for married life."

ALL THIS indicated to me a great growing-up on the part of Miss Hepburn and her emotions. For the first time I had talked to her about romance, about two years ago, she had been extremely enthusiastic about getting married to James Hanson—immediately.

"Why?" I had asked her.

"Because," she'd retorted, "I think it's a great waste of time *not* being married to James."

She explained further, "We met at a party and was I lucky! I knew I wanted to marry him the first day I met him. It was love at first sight."

She was impatient to get married at once, but with a "proper marriage." Honeymoon and all that.

Her career kept getting in the way. There was *Gigi* to finish on Broadway. Then there was *Roman Holiday* to do. And besides, her husband-to-be was busy all over the world, too, because his father's company is in London with branches in Canada.

And so they chose to get unengaged.

Although Audrey has grown up, it remains difficult for me to dissociate her from that Dutch pixie I saw the first time I popped into her dressing room at *Gigi*.

She was barefoot that night, romping nervously around the room receiving people dropping in to exclaim about her triumph in the opening of the show.

Each time I saw her in her dressingroom, she seemed to be barefoot.

"The trouble is, I don't have pretty feet," she said once, trying to hide them. "They're knobbly."

This could be, but you wouldn't notice it. Even though she's what you call "virtually flat-chested," being a size thirty-two in the sweater department, you don't notice that, either.

The fact is that this little 110-pound wonder girl with the twenty-one-and-a-half-inch waist, who grew up under the Nazi occupation in Holland, has everything—and what she doesn't have, she doesn't need.

Her Dutch mother is in New York sort of looking after her now. One of her mother's duties is keeping track of all her trophies. A little porcelain rabbit that her mother gave her for luck when she was a little girl, is on her dressing table, still.

Audrey has ambitions besides Shakespeare, right now.

One is to get back to her ballet lessons which she dropped during her concentration on *Ondine* and the two movies.

"And in there somewhere, I'd like to get a little holiday," she added with a certain wistfulness.

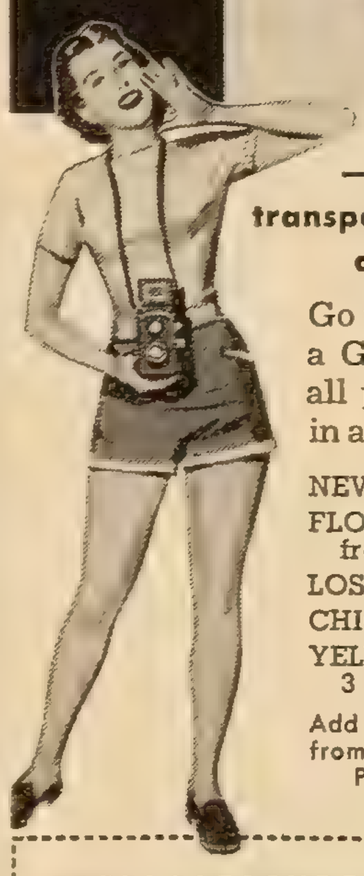
The last time I saw her in her dressing-room, I noticed and commented on the fact that she wasn't barefoot this time.

"The next best thing to it," she said, indicating her thin-soled slippers.

Little Audrey not barefoot? Little Audrey has *really* grown up. END

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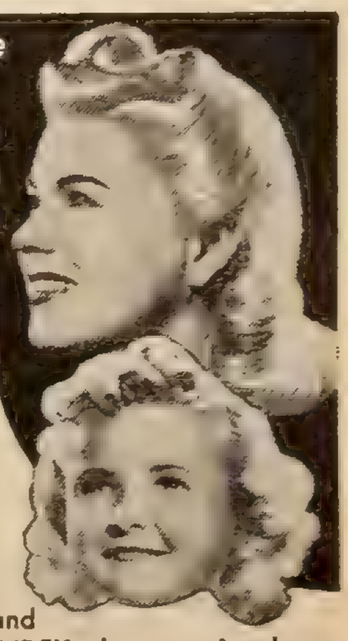
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like father, like son

(*Continued from page 42*) "I see." "Dad," pursued Pete, "have you got another empty can and some more of that old film?"

"Not on your life."

"Then—uh—can I have that chemistry set for my birthday—I'll keep it in the hut."

"We'll see."

"Dad," queried the youngest Ford, "what you staring at me for?"

"Oh, nothing," grinned Glenn Ford quickly. "Nothing at all."

FLASHING through Glenn Ford's mind even as he ducked a fatherly decision was the picture of another kid, skinnier and with darker hair, but about the same age and with the same adventurous thrust to his jaw. A kid named Gwyllyn Samuel Newton Ford who also had a hut out in his backyard in Santa Monica—with a chemistry set inside. Glenn was thinking about the time he traded a World War I helmet for a big can of a "chemical" he could add to his set. The label was gone and the can was rusted shut. He and his friend decided to open it. Inside was a hunk of crumbly stuff that glowed when you knocked it off. Luckily, he'd had sense enough to use gloves and it was great rubbing the junk all over the hut, making luminous skulls and crossbones on the wall, until suddenly the chunk started hissing and smoking. They beat it outside with only a second to spare before it exploded, caught the other chemicals and blew the whole shack to splinters. The chunk was pure phosphorus.

"Mum's the word about the rocket," he told Pete. "Now, let's say our prayers and hit the sack. I'm sleepy."

More and more, it seems to Glenn Ford, he looks at his son Pete, and it's like looking in a mirror. He sees himself and something else—his own second chance at life. It's a gratifying, even thrilling, view most of the time, but a little scary, too. That second chance is important to Glenn. Pete is the only child of two only children and it looks as though he might remain the last of the Fords. No wonder his old man stays awake some nights staring out the window and adding himself up. Pete is no longer a baby; he's growing up and sizing up. His dad is still his hero but, as Glenn sometimes puzzles a little wryly, "How can you stay the right kind of a hero when your checkered past keeps jumping up at you?" Like just last summer down in the jungles of Brazil.

GLENN WAS THERE on location making *The Americano.* Pete was there and Ellie, too, because of a chance remark his kid made. When Glenn came home with his travel plans Pete had asked, "Say, Dad, what's it like to ride on a train?"

That handed Glenn Ford a jolt.

"You mean you've never been on a train, pal?" he gasped. But even as he said it he knew it was true, and for a special reason he felt shame and neglect.

His own dad was a railroader with the Canadian Pacific, and as a kid trains were the most glamorous, exciting and wonderful objects in the world to Glenn. Even today when he hears a distant whistle or just the tinkle of ice in a water pitcher, it brings back those dining car sounds of his boyhood and makes him itch to climb aboard. At the studio they've long since given him up for any other kind of travel. The company flies off to locations—as they did last year to Oklahoma for *The Human Beast*—but not Ford. He climbs happily aboard a rattler and they can count on him to show up two days later, cinders on his collar and rapture on his face. The first Christmas present Pete had was an electric train. The first book Glenn read to him was about a choo-choo. And what had his boy just said?

"Look," Glenn decreed a little firmly, knowing that Ellie would have to be pried loose from home with a crowbar, "this family is going on a trip."

So they had three delicious days on the Southern Pacific to New Orleans and then took a boat—Pete's first—around to Rio, settling finally in a comfortable cabana at Guaraja beside the most beautiful beach in the world. But right at their back door was the *Mato Grosso,* daddy of the world's jungles. That's where Glenn worked and naturally Pete insisted on being by his side. Soon Glenn began to wonder if his family excursion idea was so sound.

Because where Pete wandered happily with his bug jar and butterfly net was also where panthers prowled, tapirs and wild hogs roamed, cobras, coral snakes and all kinds of poisonous things slithered. How Glenn ever played a part with Pete on his anxious mind, he'll never know. Sure, he would have been as venturesome himself at that age, if he'd had that chance, but now he wasn't that age.

THE INEVITABLE scare came when he took Pete and Ellie fishing on the bank of a tropical stream. If fish didn't bite, as these didn't seem to, Pete's impulse was to wade in and see why not. They had all been eating apples and tossing the cores into the sluggish waters and suddenly there was Pete, in above the knees before he could be stopped. Glenn looked and his heart froze. Something glided at the speed of a torpedo right toward his son. A cavernous mouthful of jagged teeth yawned open!

What happened next is still sort of a blur in Glenn Ford's memory. He screamed, "Pete!" and leaped off the muddy bank, meeting his thoroughly scared son halfway out of the water. Glenn threw him the rest of the way, then sank to the mud, trembling. The crocodile was going after those floating apple cores, but it might have been something else.

"Won't you ever learn not to take chances? Suppose that crocodile, suppose—" Glenn sputtered. "You've got to be careful, boy! That was just plain crazy wading in that river. A stupid, dangerous thing to do—"

"Look who's talking," a voice cooled him down. Ellie's. She was hugging their son, acting calmer but every bit as shocked. "The man who climbed the Matterhorn and pierced the Iron Curtain!"

That wave came over Glenn again. Here he was bawling out Pete for taking risks and—well—he knew exactly what Ellie referred to. It wasn't the Matterhorn. It was Mont Blanc, the highest peak in Europe, and if ever there was a silly, reckless escapade that was it, for sure.

He was in Switzerland that year making *The White Tower.* It was winter—avalanche season—and what he knew about climbing Alps you could put in your left eye. But there was that big, beautiful, challenging hill and sometimes romantic Welshman Ford gets wild ideas from playing in moving pictures. So he found himself one day panting at the very last hut. From there you made a dash for the top—and if you didn't get back before dark, chances were you'd never get back.

Glenn shuddered to recall it. A sudden blizzard, a slip, miscounted minutes for a greenhorn and—well, there wouldn't be any pop today for Pete. As if that wasn't crazy enough, he'd tackled the *Aguille du Midi* next—not so high but even tougher. That 100-to-1 luck was with him again. In fact, the plaque the Syndicate of Guides gave him for his climbs was Pete's treasure. But Pete didn't know the details.

The Iron Curtain thing was even more impulsive and rash. That was after *The*

Green Glove in France, only three years ago. He was thirty-three and should have collected some discretion. But one thing had led to another. First he'd visited an old service pal in Munich and heard about the big DP camp at Fernwald down the line, where 25,000 cooped-up, homeless people milled around, hungry to hear about the Land of the Free. So he went down to raise some hopes. Elated by that experience, he got the bug to see Vienna. He bought a ticket on the Orient Express and at Innes, where the trains enter the Russian sector, talked to a G.I. sergeant named Blum.

"Hmmm," frowned the sarge, looking at his passport. "With all these names, 'Gwyllyn Samuel Newton Ford, known professionally as Glenn Ford'—chum, you'll be a pigeon. The Russians won't get it so they'll toss you in jail just to make sure. Better lose the idea." After a round or two of vodka it was, "You really want to go to Vienna?" And of course he'd said, "Sure!" Then the guards told him how to get on a cattle car, turn up his coat collar and not show his passport at all—sometimes it worked. But this time it didn't. They caught him and hauled him before the American consul.

But then what did he do, after seeing the sights of Old Vienna, but get this stubborn idea to take home a rock from the Blue Danube to add to his collection from the Tower of London, Henry VIII's castle, Alcatraz and scattered points he'd already visited. The American side was cemented in, so he strolled across the bridge to the Russian bank and filled his pockets. As he was bending over something jabbed him in the ribs—a rifle.



SMILEY

Every morning the train on which I commuted to work was driven by a whitehaired motorman. He was pleasant looking but he never seemed to smile. One morning, though, I saw a pretty little girl sitting on his lap with her hands on the controls, and he was smiling as broadly as she. Even before the conductor had stepped out to introduce her, I knew that it was Shirley Temple—about nine years old!

Alfred A. Calvano
Yucaipa, California

On the other end was a red star boy. He made unmistakable gestures meaning "Gimme—and come along." Well, Glenn lost all the Blue Danube pebbles except one which he hid. It is in his garden today. But to get it and Glenn free the Department of State had an awful hassle. The consul told him, "It's crazy Americans like you doing crazy things around here that cause all the trouble." He reminded Glenn that a newspaper reporter named Bill Oatis was then in jail somewhere nearby just for trying to get a story, not rocks. But Pete never knew how close his dad came to being another Oatis case. Pete might have been answering questions, "Where's my Daddy? Oh, he's over in Siberia mining salt!"

At such introspective moments Glenn Ford sometimes wonders if he's a model block for the chip he sees before him. Actually, of course, Glenn is going through a common soul-searching sooner or later encountered by all fathers of sons. Actually, no dad, in Hollywood or elsewhere, has been closer to his son. And no parents—because Eleanor Powell has something to do with it too—have done a better job by starting a boy in the fundamentals. For faith, health and character, Peter Newton is an example of conscientious homework.

PETE HAS YET to go to bed without saying his prayers with either Ellie or Glenn, yet to miss grace at dinner. The Presbyterian church in Beverly is a family must, with Pete singing in the boys' choir and Ellie teaching a Sunday school class. One look at Pete's sturdy build—he's going to be a bigger man than his pop—attests to the patience and ingenuity expended in getting him to clean up his plate. Setting the right example almost fattened Glenn out of pictures until he learned the ruse of heaping his own plate with impressive but low-caloried hunks of lettuce.

IN MATTERS OF discipline and physical courage Glenn has been a stickler. When Pete gets cracked with a baseball and starts to water up, Glenn is prone to yell—to Ellie's horror—"No tears—not unless I see the bones sticking out." Being a hard-headed Welshman himself, he has encouraged thrift in Pete, a penny a pound for wood he stacked, fifty cents for the weeding job, etc. Pete is already a good business man. In Brazil when he uncovered a particularly repulsive but harmless giant beetle, the director got ideas to have it crawl over Glenn's sweaty face in a scene. "I'll rent your bug, Pete," he offered.

"How much?" asked Pete, and haggled the dollar offer up to three. Back home the money he had collected went into an ancient power mower for his dad. He dug it up for five bucks around the neighborhood. And although it cost Glenn a hundred to make the thing run, he was proud of his kid.

Glenn knows that besides bugs Pete has collected the right instincts by now. He's not worried about that or about the way they are instilled. You're the right kind of guy and your kid can't miss. You give him security, teach him manners, consideration and honesty, how to handle himself and how to stay away from danger. You feed his early hungers, prod his inquisitiveness with toys, flood him with books if he's a bookworm like his dad, buy him records if he likes music like his mom. Give him love, understanding, encouragement and care. Simple enough. But what dents a wrinkle in Glenn's brow these days are the nebulous issues, the yes-maybe-no problems a pop faces when a subtle yet all-of-a-sudden change takes place in his house.

Pete Ford will be ten on his next birthday, in fifth grade next year and already Glenn's pride and joy is beset with vague questions. He's knocking his brown head against the world, having scraps with the boys, puzzling encounters with females, angling toward the track he'll follow to manhood. Glenn knows that now is the time for him to pitch the right answers Pete's way. But how can you serve them up except from your own experience? After all, you have only a few opinions you've gathered on debatable subjects, some right, probably a lot more wrong.

The other day Glenn came home, riffled through his mail and held a lacy heart-shaped object in his paw, wondering who had sent *him* a Valentine. Then he saw the scrawl. It wasn't for him; it was for Pete. A gypsy girl made goo-goo eyes on the other side. "I'll be your loving, wan-

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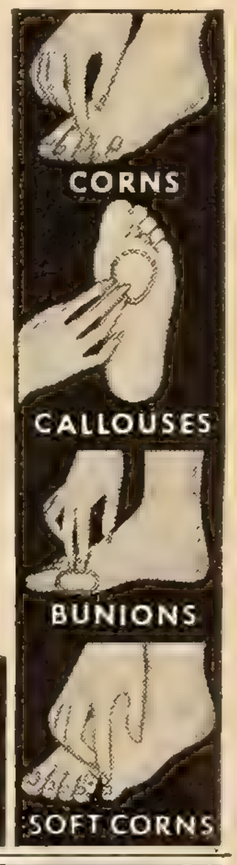
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dering Valentine," it read. "Guess who."

Glenn mused. Well, this was what had come of giving in on dancing school. It wasn't much of a family issue really. He just thought Pete was too young to get exposed to that school of social manners and dancing. But Ellie snorted, "He's nothing of the sort. I'm not going to have my son grow up a tanglefoot like his father." So he gave in. After all, Ellie had accomplished a thing or two in the dancing department and had a right to feel strongly on the subject. Glenn was thinking guiltily, too, that in all their married life they'd been dancing exactly twice—at Mocambo once, Ciro's once. He'd walked around the floor those times, as usual. Never had learned to dance worth a nickel, since—wow, this was 'way back—his first public performance.

He was in first grade at Venice, California, right after they had moved down from Canada, and there was this May Day pageant. The teacher dreamed up a kiddie take-off on *The Merry Widow.* Because he had black hair that could be slicked down they picked him to play John Gilbert and that was great because the girl chosen for Mae Murray was a taffy-topped cutie named Elaine Shaeffer, his dream of dreams. But at rehearsal when he rapturously pranced out with Elaine the teacher said, "No, Glenn—no! I didn't say 'walk out'—I said 'waltz out.' "

"I can't dance," he'd blurted.

"I can!" piped up a freckle-faced guy named Vernon, his arch rival for Elaine. So Vernon waltzed dreamily in the spotlight while Glenn sulked in the corner of the big production, ignominiously dressed as a clown and feeling every inch the part. Maybe Ellie was right at that. But now look. Girls!

"Hey, Pete," he called a little later. "Uh-how do you get along with the girls?"

"Okay, I guess. Why?"

There might be a way to stall this off a little longer. "The way to handle girls, Pal," said the voice of experience, "is to play hard to get. Keep aloof, pay them no mind. They love it."

Pete nodded without much reaction and Glenn forgot the whole thing. Just what followed he's not quite sure. But at Miss Ryan's Pete is the beau of the ball, a snap dancer who has the girls fluttering around him like butterflies, including such cuties as Van Johnson's daughter, Ann Sothern's, and Pete's special throb, Edgar Bergen's Melisse. What his dad would like to know (but doesn't dare ask him) is, did he follow the advice, or didn't he? Glenn has evidence—less happy to be sure—about another word of wisdom concerning manly affairs he passed on.

He'd noticed unmistakable signs when Pete came home from school—ripped shirts, scuffed knuckles, scratches here and there and once the beginnings of a black eye. He'd seen Pete right at home wrestling around with this and that kid. "He's turning into a little roughneck," concluded Glenn. "Got to stop this." Again a memory bulb lit up. His coach at Madison School in Santa Monica had a system. When kids tangled in the schoolyard he drew a ring, put them inside and made them fight it out. Glenn had been in that ring only once. That was because of an argument with a much bigger kid, and miraculously he'd been able to dust him off. After that, he noticed, nobody picked on him and life was a breeze.

"Look Pete," he counseled. "I don't care how many fights you get into but there's just one rule: See that you always pick a bigger guy than yourself to mix with."

Pete stopped brushing his hair and struggling with his tie. "Why?" he inquired in amazement.

"Because," said Glenn, "it creates respect. Now, at this party you're going to this afternoon—when you walk in look around for the biggest boy there. If there's any trouble make it with him. From then on your problems will be over."

About a half hour later the phone rang. A highly indignant hostess shrilled in his ear, "Mr. Ford, I'm sorry, but you'd better come get Pete. He has just created a terrible disturbance."

So Pete was in the car, mussed up again and chewing his lip. "I didn't do anything wrong—just what you told me to, Daddy."

"What was that?"

"Why, like you said. Right off I picked out the biggest guy there and I told him, 'I can lick you.' "

"What happened?"

"He knocked me f-flat on my ear!" sputtered his son.

And I knocked you out of a party, Glenn groaned to himself.

THE TROUBLE is, Glenn realizes at such anguished moments, that you forget your words are literal gospel. Before you pop off, you've got to stop and think, "I'm this little guy's hero. He thinks I wrote the book." And since you didn't and can still learn a lot yourself—why, this hero role is the roughest ever. That's how it seems to Glenn, and he's played plenty of other hero roles for the cameras (done all right, too) which is another thing that turns a black hair grey for Glenn as Pete sheds his kidhood and looks around.

Since the day Pete was born Glenn has been hipped on one thing: Pete was going to have a normal American boyhood, just as he'd had. There'd be no puffed-up movie star's kid around his house. Not that Glenn Ford has anything against movie stars. He has enjoyed solid, satisfying success, collected a healthy bank account, interest in some oil wells and paper mills, and a devoted wife, Eleanor Powell, who was a very big screen star herself. Glenn and Ellie have been super wary from the start against spoiling Pete. They know how easy it is for an actor's only son to get high falutin' ideas.

Despite their comfortable station in life, Pete has never been pampered. He didn't have nursemaids; he had his mother and dad to take care of him, busy as they were. Glenn even pitched all by himself once when Ellie went off to dance in London—and came back spurning five-figure paychecks and junking her career for keeps because, "It isn't worth it to leave Pete."

Glenn has kept the home atmosphere plain—even sometimes sternly severe. There's still a rule that if Pete breaks a toy, he either fixes it himself or does without. He has had the responsibility of tidying his room since he was six. He earns his own Christmas money. Last year he

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE!



After seeing Jerry Colonna on stage in Hartford my friends and I went to an Italian restaurant for dinner. We looked up when the door opened and Jerry walked in with a group of people. As he passed I spoke his name and he stopped to chat for a minute. I asked him if his mustache were real. He said, "Don't tell anyone; this one is false. The real *one I carry in my pocket!"*

Mrs. Angela Scaramozza
Hamden, Connecticut

came home with a flashy gilt compact for his mother, encrusted with glass diamonds and rubies. Ellie uses it and prizes it more than another she owns that's the McCoy.

The only time Glenn indulged Pete was with the swimming pool, and in a way he earned it. When he was only six, Pete asked Glenn about that.

"Tell you what," Glenn said. "When you can swim the length of the Beverly Hills Hotel pool, turn around without touching and swim back, you get your own pool." Soon after, Pete took his dad down to the hotel and proved he could do it. So the pool went in.

FOR A LONG TIME Glenn managed to keep Pete in the dark about what he did for a living. When he'd go off to the studio it was just "on business." But sometimes he had to rig up at home in high-heeled boots and a Stetson. Then he told Pete, "Got to go help a man with some horses." Pete got the idea his pop was a ranch hand, which was okay with him. He was nuts about cowboys, and Glenn could remember when *he* had thought Tom Mix was a far greater man than the President of the United States. So he kicked the gag along. The only pictures he'd let Pete see were outdoor ones where he rode a horse. The first set he took Pete on was *The Redhead And The Cowboy*. Pete began to compare his dad with other two-gun heroes like Hopalong Cassidy, Roy Rogers, Gene Autry—and especially his TV favorite *The Range Rider*, Jock Mahoney. Glenn suspected that comparisons weren't rating daddy so high.

So when he'd watch *The Range Rider* with Pete, and Jocko would pull a particularly death-defying feat, Glenn would scoff, "Ah, that's easy. I can do it better than that." Or if Pete admired a certain horse, he'd say, "My horse is twice as fast and smart." But he got skeptical looks and sometimes a "Yeah?" And it began to get his goat. After all, Glenn is human.

The thing ate on him so that he collared Jock, whom he's known for years and asked, "Do me a favor, will you?"

It wasn't long after that seventy kids were whooping and tearing around the Ford home at Pete's birthday party when the doorbell rang and there—wonder of wonders—was the Range Rider himself, pistols, fancy boots, buckskin shirt and all.

"Hello, *hombre,*" he greeted Pete. "Does a cowboy named Glenn Ford live here?"

"Yuh-yes, sir. He's my father," gasped Pete, as the seventy gaping revelers crowded around. "I'm his boy, Pete Ford."

"Well, now, you're a mighty lucky boy." Jock played it to the hilt. "Matter of fact, I've come out here to thank your dad."

"What for?" Pete tingled to his toes.

"What *for?*" boomed the great man. "Why, sonny, your father taught me everything I know. He's the greatest cowboy of them all!"

Of course, such deceptions no longer work. A fourth grader at El Rodeo public school in Beverly Hills knows a thing or two. If he doesn't, the kids tell him. So of course Pete came home one day with an awed and questioning look in his eyes.

"Dad, are you a movie star?"

"Don't know about that," said Glenn. "Let's say I make my living as an actor."

"Gee," Pete whistled. "I wanna be an actor, too, when I grow up."

Well, there it was. Like father, like son. Was there ever a kid who didn't want to be what his dad was? Glenn had wanted to be a railroad engineer just like his dad, and if the Fords had stayed in Quebec he might have been. What could you expect of a boy whose parents were both entertainers? He checked up. Yep, there it was in old Pete—the same imagination, which his dad had subconsciously stimulated from babyhood. All Glenn's tall tales and poses were catching up on him. He didn't tout Pete onto his spinach any more with tales of his friend Cecil, the seal, who lived under the house and brought it in especially for him to eat. He didn't hide chewing gum in the magnolia tree and tell Pete it grew there just for him. He didn't make up a hair-raising bedtime story each night about his—Glenn's—astounding prowess with rod, gun and wild-bucking broncos. He didn't have to. Pete dreamed up better ones.

Last summer down in Brazil staying at a *fazenda* (like a ranch house) Pete knocked out a front tooth when, playing pool with another kid, a cue ball bounced up and smacked him. But what did he tell the gang when he came home? "See this tooth? I lost it in a fight with a panther. He clawed it out before I finally got him." And right before his own dad too, without batting an eye. Where did Pete confidently announce he was going next with Glenn? The Fiji Islands, no less, and following that a tiger hunt on elephant back with the Maharajah of Hyderabad and then a big game safari in Kenya. And who had given him those ideas and someday would have to make them good? What had Ellie always said when Glenn racketed off on those location trips to Europe, North Africa, Yucatan? "Don't worry about me. I'm never really lonesome when you go away. You see, I have two Glenns." Um-hm—and both with itchy feet.

"No, Pete," Glenn said, "you don't want to be an actor. Anything but an actor."

"Why?"

"Well—" How could he tell his boy that the odds were too long, a million to one? How could he tell the kid who worshipped him that he, Glenn Ford, had made it only by the rarest luck? How could he say what he really felt, "I still don't know how it happened to me. It's still just playing cops and robbers." But Pete liked to play cops and robbers, too.

"Oh, it's a hard life," Glenn lied. "Look, isn't there something you'd rather do?"

"I like music. How much do musicians make?"

Too close. "Oh, not much. Two or three bucks a day," he cut it way down.

"How about a doctor? I saw that bill on your desk—twenty-five dollars. Did the doctor get that just for looking at you?"

"Well—he has to know a lot to look at me."

"How much do doctors make?"

"Forty or fifty thousand a year if they're good." Glenn built that one way up.

"I'm going to be a doctor," decided Pete.

Glenn started to smile—but it wound up a frown. He'd talked Pete right into that. He felt a little ashamed of himself. What business was it of his what Pete wanted to do? What difference did it make whether he was a doctor, lawyer, plumber—or actor—so long as he was a good one and, more important, a good man? He'd find his way and in his own way. Pete is his son, but Pete is a person, too, part of a million other people stretching way back into time. The trouble with fathers like himself, Glenn decided, is that they overplay their parts—like ham actors.

YOU'VE GOT A son and you've got a second chance and that is both a privilege and a responsibility. But it's no mandate to make over anyone in your own image, even if you could. That's the danger of looking too closely and trying too hard. Sure, you die a thousand deaths trying to do the right thing, but the right thing is not steering him but backing him up. Funny, you worry about teaching Pete, and all the time he's teaching you. What was it that poet wrote? "He doesn't die who has a son." Well, you don't live unless you have one either, thought Glenn Ford.

"All that stuff's a long way off, Pete," he said. "Let's see what's for supper." **END**

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how tony and janet saved their love

(*Continued from page 55*) And they caught up on talk—not studio talk which is mostly on their tongues when they are working, but small talk—the little things about each other that each wants to know and can't find out when they are busy at the studio.

"Why don't you ever imitate Cary Grant's voice any more when you telephone me?" she asked one afternoon.

"I don't have to now," he said, "because I know you won't hang up on me. That's why I used to do it then."

About the third night after their arrival they decided they were strong enough to do a little dancing, and in a dreamy moment Tony wanted to know how Janet could be sure she was still interested in him.

"Funny you should mention that," she said, "because one of the ways I'd know whether I still really have 'it' for my husband is whether or not I still like to dance with him; whether when the music gets real soft, so do I, and whether I have that real gone feeling when I'm in his arms."

"Well?" he asked.

"Well, what?" she wanted to know.

"Well, you know what," he said.

"Yes," she said, and buried her face deeper in his shoulder.

WALKING HOME from the movies one night they met an old New York friend of Tony's who said, "Well, so long, you old car thief." Janet was curious. As soon as they were alone she wanted to know about that. "That man was kidding, of course."

"No, he wasn't kidding," Tony told her. "It's true. I—I was a car thief in New York. Dum-de-*dum*-dum!"

Janet laughed, but her hand was at her heart and she was already wondering where they might find a lawyer to fight extradition. Then Tony explained. He put his arm around her and picked the shadowy places on the street to walk through while he told her the story. It wasn't automobiles he had stolen, he said. It was a trolley car—a full-sized, Third Avenue trolley car. He was nine years old then.

"But why?" asked Janet.

"It was a slow afternoon," replied Tony, "and I had nothing else to do. A bunch of us kids were wandering around and suddenly we found ourselves in the car barns on Third Avenue in the Sixties. Somebody said something about liking to go for a ride so I got in one of the cars and—it was so simple—a couple of gadgets to work and the car moves. Who could resist working them? First thing you know, I was running the trolley down the street!"

"What did the car people do?" asked Janet.

"They chased us—in another trolley," Tony said. "I slammed on the brakes and we all jumped out and scattered. End of story. End of criminal career. What's your reaction?"

"I think that before going to bed I'll have a chocolate fudge sundae," said Janet.

"Poor thing," said Tony, comfortingly. "I don't blame you. I'll have a salami on rye with cheese."

"I'm not going to try to do anything more about the way you eat," Janet told him. "I think you could digest granite with the right seasoning."

"Sure," Tony agreed. "The salami people pay me for the endorsement. If I tried to eat frou-frou salads like you I'd disappear like Judge Crater. By the way, who was Judge Crater?"

"A guy who disappeared," said Janet.

Tony stopped short and waved his arm at all of Palm Springs which lay before them, dark and sleeping under its rustling palm trees. "Between Janet and me," he announced to whom it might concern, "we know everything."

Among the friends they met there was Ed Trzcinski, one of the writers of *Stalag 17*. Tony did a nice portrait of him. Ed was so pleased that in return he offered to teach Tony enough Freud to enable him to psychoanalyze Janet. Tony refused.

"I don't want to analyze her," he said. "I just want to idolize her. And I know I can't have both."

"That's the nicest thing you've ever said about me," Janet told him. "I think."

THERE WERE serious interludes, too, during the vacation, like the afternoon Tony revealed to some of their friends that he and Janet were not at all unmindful of their future and the necessity of planning.

"We have a feeling that one day we might want to pull up stakes and maybe go to New York, produce our own picture abroad, or something like that," he said. "If that turns out to be the case we don't want to be walking around with a mortgage and a pair of worried looks. We want to be able to take off in a couple of days."

"So that's why you rent a house instead of buying, eh?" he was asked.

"One of the big reasons," he replied. "We could slap enough money down now to 'go into escrow' on a mansion somewhere, but it wouldn't be wise. Outside of the fact that we want mobility, we want to be liquid. I mean we never want to have to accept a role just because we need the money for our obligations, real estate or otherwise. We owe it to our professional selves to keep out from under pressure and to determine all our moves by artistic considerations. We don't want any of our followers to have to see us do anything which is not suitable for us and which we would not do well.

"For instance, even though Janet and I partnered up for *Houdini*, and we fit well into our next co-starring picture, *The Black Shield of Falworth*, we are *not* a team by any means. Just because *Houdini* did wonderfully at the box office and they predict the same thing for *The Black Shield Of Falworth*, doesn't mean we should work together again—not ever if the right roles don't come up. We are essentially just two people who happen to be married, not an actress and an actor who married because it was a smart thing to do professionally."

Everybody said Tony had the right idea, but a girl who had been listening to him asked Janet if this reasoning suited her. "After all, you want your home and your homemaking now, don't you?" she asked.

"I have my home now," replied Janet. "It's a rented one, but if Tony and I hadn't been fortunate enough to be in pictures, and be making the salaries we do, a rented home would have been all we could afford anyway. And we'd have loved it!"

"Yes, but a home that isn't your very own, really your own, doesn't feel the same, does it?" asked the girl, persisting. "I mean nothing has a sense of permanence and you don't feel it's a place with all the things that, well—like the song goes, 'All The Things You Are.'"

"All those things we've got and we're still getting," Janet assured her. "We've got probably the only eight-room bungalow in Beverly Hills with only one bedroom. Don't you think that's individual? Everything except the dining room, living room and kitchen has been turned into a den, nook or plain hideaway. Of course we call them the bar room and the trophy room and what not, but they could turn out to be nurseries!

"In the meantime our little memories are accumulating, if nothing else. I love to be in the bar room sewing when Tony gets home from the studio. It's like a little ritual as he moves around, letting me know he's home in his own way, going about the business of forgetting his workaday world and fitting back into the role of husband and man of the house. He does it with a kiss, with a word about this and that, with the strange, gentle jazz music he likes to turn on every night. I'll say, 'Will you have a little glass of wine?' And he'll reply, 'Can't I have both?' And I'll ask, 'Meaning?' And he'll say, 'Meaning you.'"

WHAT JANET knows about Tony, and likes to make plain, is that he doesn't think actors should be stable—like bankers. "The thought frightens me," he has said. "The minute you are settled, then you no longer want to gamble. To young people like Janet and me the picture business is still great adventure—like the wildcat oil business. We both know this may not be a sensible viewpoint but we are both for actors not being too sensible.

"I know I could be criticized for this but I don't mind. I don't mind almost anything reporters have to say about me. I'm lucky to get my name in print, if you ask me. Sometimes, however, I wish they wouldn't get off on a wrong kick like with that thing about Jerry Lewis and me feuding. You know how that started? Aw, what's the difference? If stories like that can get around about two old friends none of us has to worry about being too stable."

On the tenth day after their arrival at Palm Springs Janet and Tony went out to the pool to soak up a last dosage of sunshine. Charlie Farrell, their host, came by to lark around with them and bid them godspeed. A messenger walked out on the lawn paging, "Mrs. Tony Curtis," and handed Janet a package. Janet and Tony always open packages when they are delivered. She had to show it—an inscribed cigarette case for him.

"I hadn't meant to give it to you yet," she said. "The boy *had* to bring it out here!"

"Well, it's a nice present," he said. "But what's the occasion?"

She thought for a moment. "Oh, I haven't figured that out yet," she said. "Would St. Patrick's Day do?"

Tony responded to the best of his ability and then lay back in the sun again, closing his eyes. Janet leaned way over.

"I know," she said. "Him's baffled at me."

Tony reached up and around for her.

"Always," he said. **END**

NOR HEED THE RUMBLE OF THE DISTANT DRUM



Two years ago I visited Sugar Hill, an off-Broadway night club. The tables were pushed close together and right next to me sat Dane Clark and Phil Foster, making the rounds stag. The lights were dim and a lovely Negro girl was dancing to the beating of drums. At the very climax of the dance, when all was still and expectant, Dane Clark yelled, "Tondelayo!" and convulsed the nearby tables. Later on they good-naturedly signed autographs and took pictures with us.

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